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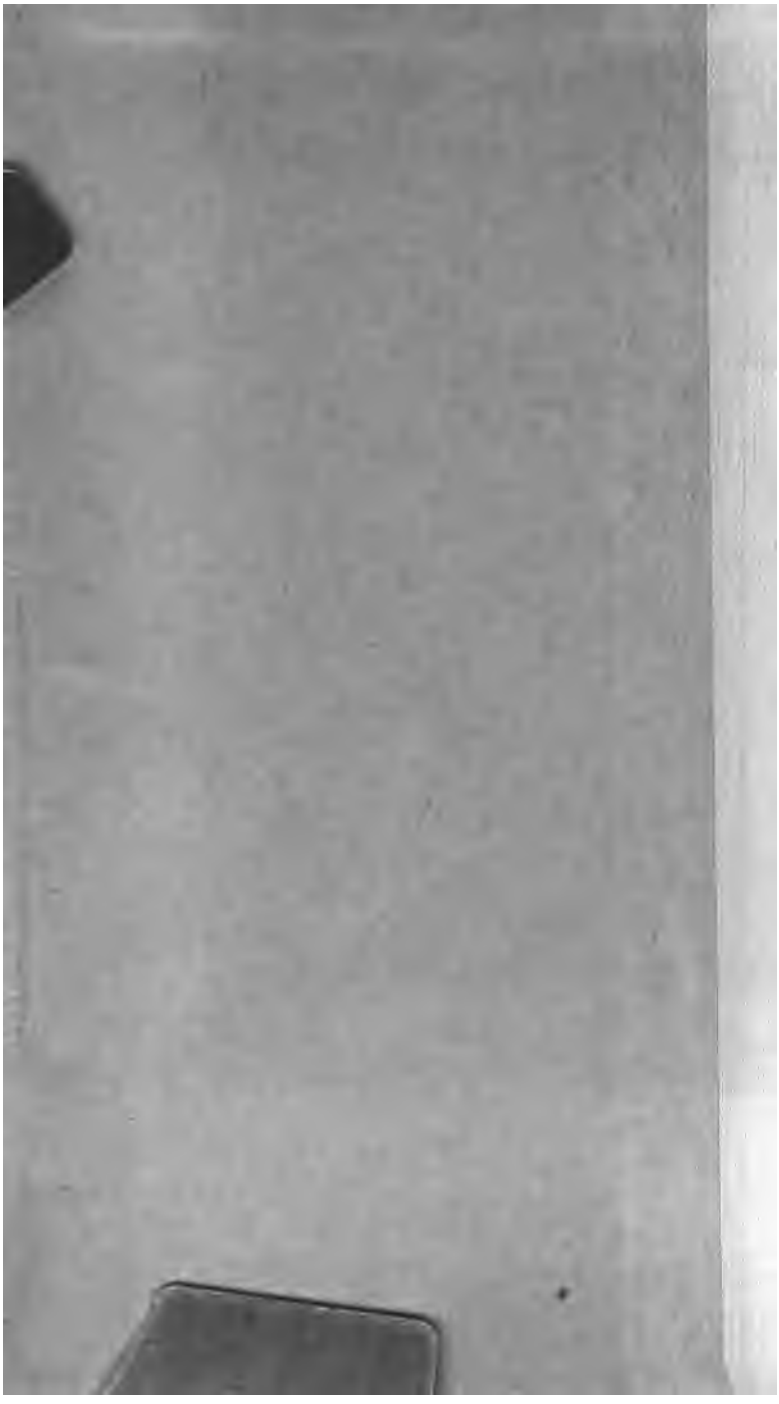

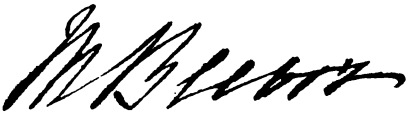

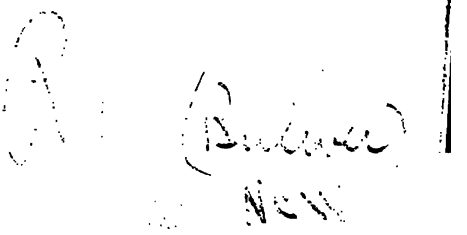

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE;

OR, A

PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE.

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A Photographic Novel.

[redacted] BY

[redacted] LYTTON.

THE SCENES," &c.

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LONDON:
CHARLES J. SKEET, PUBLISHER,
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A Photographic Novel.

BY

LADY BULWER LYTTON.

AUTHOR OF "CHEVELEY," "BEHIND THE SCENES," &c.

"What a poor, what a paltry, what a merciless passion is this passion of *Gallantry!* yet (among a certain set) it reflects no scandal whatever upon its followers, tho' it begins in the most despicable falsehoods, and terminates in the most irreparable destruction."—*Kelly's* "*Word to the Wise.*"

"I know there are rascals, but the world is good in the lump, and I love all human kind; kings, lords, commons, duchesses, tallow-chandlers, dairy-maids, Indian chiefs, ambassadors, washerwomen, and tinkers; they all have their claims upon my regard, in their different stations, and hang me if I don't believe there are even *honest attorneys!*"—*G. Colman's* "*Who wants a Guinea?*"

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THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE;

OR,

A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE.

CHAPTER I.

The Bereavement.

"TATTERS is took!"

"Lawr! Bob Bumpus! you don't say so? with them there teeth of his, a mouth full of man-traps, I calls 'em, he'd never let nobody go for to take him, sure-ly," said a sceptical lady at a washing tub, pausing in her occupation, and wiping the suds off of her arms, as she addressed an individual who rushed into the kitchen of a half-farm, half-alehouse, situated in a sort of close called The Priory Close, in a provincial town of the West of England, and which being much frequented by farmers and drovers on market-days, was with a sort of double-barrelled compliment ad at them and their cattle, designated by the somewhat ryphical sign and name of "The Top Boot and

Horns," the execution of which was both witty and sentimental, for there was much *point* about the horns, and a great depth of *sole* about the boots, so that a poet, if poets (even small-beer poets) ever frequented alehouses, might have taken it for an allegorical tableau of Italy, between the horns of that social and political dilemma which seem ever to prevent her getting (except *à propos de bottes)* a proper footing among nations.

This hospitable open house was kept by one Bridget Bumpus, a widow, who was blest, or it might be, distressed with three sons, the eldest of whom was professionally parish clerk, and socially parish schoolmaster, holding his academy in an out-house adjacent to his mother's premises, which had once been a brewery, but was now formed, desked, and whitewashed for scholastic purposes, so that where beer had erst fermented, birch now tormented, and both, to attain the same ends, though by different means, namely, that of getting something into empty heads. The pedagogue was named Moses; why he took the *pas* of the national school was that he *professed* Greek, having been a Sizar at Cambridge, but this did not make him proud; for, like the French professor, he seemed fully aware of the orthographical difficulties of the English language, and like him, seemed quite convinced that the gist of the matter consisted in when you wrote Nebuchadnezzar, pronouncing it Sardanapalus.

But whether owing to Greek or grammar, the birch, or the *Belles-lettres*, all or neither, certain it was, that he was by far the best son, and the nearest approaching to a comfort that the widow Bumpus had; for while he wrote up his own rules and regulations in his school, and called them "The Laws of Moses," he never seemed to forget that one of those laws (in the original) enjoined duty to

his mother. Being much afflicted with rheumatism in the head, and therefore naturally dreading the currents of air from the continually opening school-room door, his official costume consisted of his old black stuff college gown, a Welsh wig drawn down over his ears for their protection, but surmounted by his square college cap, and though only thirty, his sight being none of the best, and his nose large, with a bridge rising in the centre like the Rialto at Venice, was peculiarly adapted for a hippodrome to a pair of large, round, silver-rimmed spectacles; and as in case of his requiring to be "*assisted*" by it in the marriages he was ever solemnizing between learning and stupidity, he held the birch sceptre-wise during school hours, so while seated in his two-armed old oaken high-backed chair, with his red-and-white checked cushion, Moses Bumpus was altogether "grand to see!"

The widow's second son, Robert by baptism, but Bob by custom, was, we are sorry to own it, the fast fatality of the family. Races and thimble-rig were his *forte*, cream of the valley his weakness, *Bell's Life* his study, and comic songs and tricks with cards, his *spécialités*. He, to his mother's great despair, affected the *dégagé* in his attire, till it almost amounted to slovenliness, the coats he generally wore looking as if they had originally been made for a giant, so that the tails on him nearly dangled to the ground; the elbows were generally ventilated with at least one large hole, through which his shirt appeared like a flag of truce. But if his coat was too long, his waistcoat was invariably too short, so that again he was put to his shifts, which appeared more *en evidence* round the waist, than that quiet, unobtrusive garment generally does in good society. Some great naturalists can, or say they can, which does just as well, tell by a single tooth whether the

animal to which it had belonged was carniverous or herbaceous, but unless *Sartors* of equal acumen existed who could, from a single button, pronounce a decided opinion as to what genus trousers had belonged, it would have been utterly impossible to have come to any verdict touching those of Bob Bumpus, except that from circumstantial evidence it might have been supposed that they had been originally corduroys, from a large, pale, arid patch at either knee, and the evident manner in which they recoiled at the ankles, from associating with his highlows. Not so his blue coat, though decorated with gilt buttons, that many an atmospheric and tavern storm had "taken the shine out of," its tails were continually flapping against his heels, like the flaccid wings of a broad-cloth bat.

His throat was encircled with a wisp of a red and white bird's eye cotton kerchief, twisted into such servile imitation of a rope, that it looked as if he were endeavouring to thoroughly ground his neck in the rudiments of hanging. This, with a totally napless and nearly rimless hat, worn horizontally at the back of his head, completed his costume. His person is not so easily described; for his features, without having any pretensions to beauty, were in their original form equally removed from ugliness; that is, from anything bad or mean, which alone deserves the name, but now they were shrouded in a mire of low dissipation, which, like all calumnies, eclipsed the truth, and the sunken hazel eyes in which a Lavater, in spite of alcohol, might have discovered the halo of a heart, to the ordinary observer, presented nothing but a blear. His nose, which, though rather large, was well formed, at times looked so volcanic, that it would have converted the greatest sceptic as to spontaneous combustion; and even

the mouth—that most unalterable of all features—though naturally almost handsome, had also undergone the Silenus transformation of his other features, and the slang which he affected (for it was but affected, as for his sphere, Robert Bumpus was a well-educated, and even a well-read man) seemed to have permanently vulgarized it. Though only nine-and-twenty, his brown hair was already grizzled, which is generally Time's first mortgage on dissipation.

Bob's outward passions were his dog Tatters, the race-course, and, we must confess it, the dice-box. We say his outward passions, for the human tenement, like those of brick and stone, has its exterior and its interior, and verily in both, even to the most intimate, who have the *entrée* of the latter, still are there recesses known only to the owner; and so to the world (his world) Robert Bumpus was a social, joyous, reckless fellow—ay, reckless that was he; for mirth and happiness, though so often mistaken the one for the other, are not related. Happiness has a home, and seldom leaves it. Mirth has none, and so flies from one excitement to another till it becomes recklessness, and the bitter lees of this sparkling, foaming, effervescing recklessness, are ever a sorrow, an injustice, or a remorse. Those who have no one to care for them, seldom care for themselves; and as Bob fancied that no one cared for him, he, like the farinaceous philosopher of the river Dee, cared for nobody, at least so he let everybody think, with the exception of his dog Tatters, who appeared to be *the* passion and the solitary affection of his life.

Tatters was a sort of dark slate-coloured skye terrier, the very *beau idéal* of beautiful ugliness, with of course, steriously luminous, and magnificently intelligent, and glot brown eyes, but his coat was a curiosity, being so and matted as to closely imitate a bundle of jagged

and very dirty rags, and hence his name of Tatters. But if he failed in costume, he more than made up for it in cleverness, for whether in smoking a pipe, picking a pocket, simulating death, making the tour of the room on two legs, and those a front and a hind one, selecting any command card from a whole pack, or exercising his *légère de patte* in conveying any stray coin of the realm from table or mantel-piece to his master's pocket, Tatters was unrivalled, for he had been educated in a circus, and seen much of the insular world by constant travelling from fair to fair in the United Kingdoms, which had greatly sharpened his original Celtic and canine shrewdness. How he had originally come into Mr. Bumpus's possession is not quite so clear: he said he had bought him; however, as all purchases require money, and that (doubtless from a dread of appearing purse-proud), nothing of the sort was ever seen with Bob Bumpus, for even his scores at all the public-houses throughout the county were settled in some mysterious way, independent of the circulating medium.

That legend was always deemed rather apocryphal, though furnished with a pendant, of Mr. Bumpus having one Derby day "refused from a nobleman on the course a matter of fifty-two *pun* ten, for Tatters," which standard anecdote was always accompanied by an energetic thump on the ground with a knobby oaken stick which he invariably carried, more as a very necessary means of support than for the carrying out of any foppish fantasies, and was sure to be followed by this supplement:—"No! nor if so be as he had made it an *undered* he shouldn't a *ad* Tatters, for where Bob Bumpus is, Tatters is, and where Tatters is, Bob Bumpus is; so offers for Tatters don't suit my book. Now, gents, clear the course, for the osses is a going to start," and other similar figurative expres-

sions, for Mr. Bumpus's conversation was always spiced with sporting phraseology.

But, notwithstanding his great talents, and the great store set upon them by his master, and the varied and numerous circles of choice spirits that he frequented, there was a melancholy expression in Tatters's face, which neither his unbounded *succés de société*, the tid bits it produced, nor the constant change of air and scene, which his master's migratory habits procured for him, seemed capable of dispelling; there was, in truth, a sort of fallen canine angel look about him, as if he had originally come not from the Isle of Sky but from the sky, where as "bright canis" he had figured as a constellation; in short, to improve upon Malebranche's idea, of animals having incurred death by having eaten forbidden hay, Tatters looked as if he had committed sin, and entailed sorrow, by having eaten forbidden bones, and was expiating his fault in a life-long moral indigestion.

Sometimes indeed, his master feared that "Tatters was a *gitting converted* up at *them* Morningtons, as he irreverently called the Lord of the Manor's family, who were a serious family, with the exception of the second son, a Captain in the Guards, and his eldest sister, a Mrs. Delmar, a very pretty young widow, suspected by her mother, Mrs. Mornington, who belonged to a sect of her own, of having in her last visit to London acquired a twist of Puseyism, and a probable successor to "Poor dear Delmar." But though at the Manor House the prayers were incessant, Mrs. Mornington and her eldest son Luther (now Lord of the Manor, for his father was dead), not being content with a simple grace before and after meals, but insisting on a long Litany, still the provisions were equally plentiful, and it is to be feared that the latter it was, which

were the attraction to Tatters, whenever he found himself at Field Fleury, as we shall call the village in which Mornington Manor and "The Top Boot and Horns" were situated.

But Tatters's master had another fear, touching his favourite's constant visits to the Manor House, not indeed that pretty little Miss Eva, who was very fond of him, would *'tice* him away, but that Spriggs, Captain Mornington's groom, a Melton man and a knowing hand, might do so, on one of his occasional vists to Field Fleury, but in this, Mr. Bumpus was only following the usual purblind course of human nature, and dreading an evil from the quarter whence it was not to come; for alas, upon the day which we have introduced him to the reader, he had just returned from the Derby, and on that course it was—that course so fatal to so many—that he had lost or been robbed of Tatters: a catastrophe which, on rushing into his mother's kitchen he had announced by the racing phrase, that he had been taken or as he called it "*took*."

But one more member of the widow Bumpus's family remains to be mentioned, which was her third son, Edward, better known in that and the surrounding hamlets as Ned Bumpus—"an artist," as he flatteringly denominated himself— "a *hanimal* painter," as his brother Robert designated him, and he it was, who had condescended (though out of his usual line) instead of attempting a wonder, to produce the sign over his mother's door. All that depended on him to become a genius he had done, for he wore his shirt-collar open—his hair (which was a dry dusty brown), long, lanky, and in disorder:—was particularly addicted to smoking, and not particularly addicted to soap; however, he had the good sense to confine his studies to the nature within his reach,

and therefore unlike the late Mr. Turner, his pictures were not as some one wittily said of those of the defunct R. A.'s, "Pictures of Nothing and very like;" but they were a sort of retail Teniers, pictures of pots, pans, pigs, cats, and cabbages, with the obligato amount of dust flying about them in such a state of graphic insurrection, that it might have deceived the oldest duster in the parish, and thrown a thrifty housewife into hysterics.

He had improvised a studio, in one corner of the kitchen, by partitioning off a triangle of the red brick floor with a deal form laid horizontally along it; from this niche he could command a full view of his mother's petticoated, blue stockinged, round-capped figure, as she stood at her washing tub; the sunbeams from the open door, falling in an artistic light athwart the railways of moats that intervened diagonally between him and the *lavandière*: the said sunbeams resting eventually on the mimic alps of soap-suds that the good woman was creating, in a thousand bright prismatic hues, like those atmospheric sapphires, rubies, and opals, which gem a Jura sunset.

At the artist's feet reclined a small China pig, fast asleep, dreaming no doubt that he "dwelt in marble" stys, and apparently ignoring the very tempting large cabbage and bunch of carrots that lay within such tantalizing reach of him. A little further on, was a demure looking tortoiseshell cat, with its tail curled round its two fore paws, while it was busy with its tongue "doing up" the beautiful white ruff that encircled its neck, till suddenly its attention was arrested by a suspended cage, just above the artist's head, in which a mouse was kicking for its ture; all these accessories, Ned Bumpus was work- into a tableau, the ordonnance of which he had nged, and had just caught the predatory fire in the

cat's eye, when his brother Bob rushed into the kitchen, overwhelming like an earthquake the diagonal railways of dust, as flinging himself on a bench and thumping his knobbed stick furiously on the ground, without a word of greeting either to mother or brother, after three weeks absence, he exclaimed—

"Tatters is took!"

And Mrs. Bumpus, disencumbering her wrists of their soap-sud bracelets, paused, by resting her hands on the sides of the tub, and expressed her wonder, that in spite of his teeth, Tatters should have allowed such a disaster to have befallen him.

"Tatters lost!" echoed Ned Bumpus, thrusting his brush through the hole of his pallet, and forgetting his annoyance at having the dust disturbed, and the cat's attention called off, in his regret at the loss of Tatters, who like all clever dogs was a general favourite. "Tatters lost! poor fellow; and before I had done his picture, too—how on earth did you manage to lose him, Bob, I thought you and Tatters were one?"

"And so we was, till they tore us—*reglarly* tore us asunder—as I may do this here *ankerchir*," said Mr. Bumpus, attempting tears, but from his chronic dislike to water in any shape, signally failing in the attempt, as he drew from his pocket a segment of cotton manufacture, of a nondescript colour, which he deliberately, but energetically rent asunder, thereby typifying how he and Tatters had been severed; with, it might be, a symbol of a broken heart thrown into the bargain.

"Law, Bob! don't you go for to destroy yer ankerchers in that way, I'm sure rags is plentiful enough with you, without a forcing on 'em like musheroons in a 'ot bed," remonstrated the mother.

"Ay," sighed Mr. Bumpus, leaning both his elbows on the table, and covering his large face with his large hand—his nose glowing like a bude light through the interstices of his fingers, as he sighed out "ay, rags is plenty, but Tatters is scarce: give us a drop of summut, I'm not particklar, and I'll tell yer all about it; but what's one man's meat, is another man's *pison*, as the saying is, and though I've lost Tatters, I've got a *scollard* for Moses."

"Oh! but one as 'ill pay, I hope," said Mrs. Bumpus: at this announcement producing,—not indeed the bottle, with which she never trusted her hopeful son; more it must be confessed for monetary than for moral reasons,—but a glass containing what she considered a fair allowance.

"What's this for?" said Mr. Bumpus, with great self-denial pushing away the glass; "these here trifling odds dont suit my book;—here Polly," continued he, turning to a thick-set, cherry-cheeked maid, who at that moment entered, with a cullender full of spinach that she had been washing at a neighbouring trough, "you hand out that are black cream-jug, as has got a cork in it; and if so be as your missus thinks as I'm a going to be a defaulter, tell her you knows better, and will trouble her to chalk down nothing; but *jist* settle the cream bill out of this here *goold*-finch, and hand over the difference."

And suiting the action to the word, to the unspeakable surprise of Polly, and still more to that of his mother and brother, he flung her a sovereign, which alighted in the very centre of the spinach, where it gleamed like the setting-sun through an American prairie. The bottle was instantly produced; and Mr. Bumpus having repudiated small glass, and asked for what he called a theatrical tleman, vulgo, a tumbler; and explained to his mother

as he poured the contents of the small glass into the large one, and pointed first to the latter and then to the former: —"This here is what you calls 'a go,' but that ere, is 'no go.'" And then as a spirited prelude to his ensuing communication, he swallowed at a single draught the quantum contained in the tumbler.

"You see," recommenced Mr. Bumpus, "ven a cove is hon the turf, it *natrelly* brings him acquainted with all the nobs, gents, big-wigs, and such-like, in the land;—for the *Hoakes* hand the Derby, like Love and Death, levels all distinctions; and very proper, too,—cause *that's* what's meant by a free-born Briton, Civil hand *Religus* liberty,—the Jews' Disabilities Bill, Free-trade, Municipal Reform, a Henglishman's ouse being his castle (heven hif he ha'nt got niver a ouse), hand hall the hother *priwilleges*, hand disorders of our *glorus constitootion*. Vell vots the hupshot? S'pose has Bob Bumpus *is* poor?—s'pose further, that he may be a trifle hout at *elbers*?—'spose, halso, to go igher hup in what the parliament gents hon the *ustlings* calls the 'social scale,' spose, I say, he *ave* got a shocking bad hat, that don't make no odds, so long as he've got brains hunder it; for if he ave, the fust lord in the land will tip him the wink, hand say—

"'Bumpus, you're a clever fellow, hand are hup to a thing or two.'

"'Make it the arf dozen,' I says, 'my lord, hand you von't be no loser, for I shan't bolt.' His lordship laughs and we gets as thick as two—no, that warn't genteel for a lord—but leastways, as thick as the heads of two men in hoffice.

"'Secrets, you know, hin hevery family, Bumpus,' says his lordship.

"'A few, or thereabout, my lord.'

"'I hear, Bumpus, you have a brother a schoolmaster at Field Fleury, a very worthy man?'

"'Better than if he was worse,' says I, not liking to bet too largely on a foal of my own dam.

"'Little boy, eight years hold, chestnut hair, friends unknown, to be put to school, no questions asked, and £50 a year, paid quarterly, till removed to college, or continent. You take, Bumpus.'

"'Bumpus taken,' says I, writing it down in my book as if it was a bet. Lordship laughs again, pulls hout his *puss*, hand putting (but that's nothing to nobody) it into my hand, says, 'I don't wait to pay up hat Tattersal's; I pays on the course.'

"'But to Tatters all, your lordship,' says I, a whistling to Tatters, hand *pinting*, at the same time, to my own *elbers*.

"Lordship laughs again, and tells me has I war to get a new rig hout, and call for the young gent next Tooseday, at Paddington, where I should find him hall ready packed and directed, ven I vos to bring him hon here to Moses. That's what I calls *business*," concluded Mr. Bumpus, replenishing his glass, and draining it at the same time with a sonorous smack of the lips.

"Lawr, Bob! and the lord's name?" asked the widow distending her eyes so wide that they looked as if they never would get back to their ordinary dimensions.

"Couldn't on no account think of calling lords names," said Mr. Bumpus, shaking his head mysteriously, compressing his lips tightly, and plunging both his hands into the nethermost abyss of his trouser-pockets.

"Well, but the young gent's name, surely you must know *that*; for how could Moses teach a *schollard* without a name?"

"Oh, ay! the young gent as is entered to win at the next Birch Meeting; here it is," said he, excavating a very dirty betting-book from his pocket, and by means of a grand junction canal effected between his thumb and his tongue, turning over the leaves till he came to one particular leaf, when he read out, "Walter Selden. But," continued he, again filling and emptying his glass, "ham I not a man and a brother? so when once the sun began to shine, I did not *forget you*, Ned Bumpus, for it haint no manner of use being modest with great folks; for hif so be as *you* has *ort* to know yourself don't think nothing of yourself, it stands to reason as *they*, who knows nothing about you, will take their cue from that, and won't think nothing on you either; but always begin by ticketing yourself with a high figure; and though they *maynt* hin their hown minds set the *same* walley hon you, they can't for shame venter to hoffer you so *wery* much less than your *hown price*, hand in that way you walks hover the course. So arter I had secured the fifty *pun* a year for Moses hand netted my hown winnings, I says to his lordship, as fresh as a four year old, 'My lord,' says I, 'I've another brother a *hartist*, who is *purdigus* hanxious to travel; he's always a talking about going to the *Rhind*, which I *'spose* his hin the Prince of *Horange's* dominions.'"

"'Umph,' says his lordship, pulling his under lip, in a sort of *thortful* hesitating way like; and arter a minute he says, says he, 'What's his name?' I know'd quite enough to know as it is honly names as *gets* hanything, hand that some names is always the right name in the right place, in has much has that *no place* comes a miss to 'em, so I hups and says, has bold has brass—for there's no use in oping to *git* hanything unless you is so—'has for his name, I says,

my lord, his name's all right enough, his name's Helliot.' I see at once as the name took *effec.* 'Ho Helliot,' says his lordship, pat as possible, repeating the name for surety's sake, as a cashier would the signiture of a cheque, to be sure it was all right, 'Helliot Bumpus; well, we must do something for him, we'll see about it.'

"'I don't want to put your lordship to any *hunnecessary* trouble, the *fust's* enough, I shall be quite satisfied if you'll *do* it; no occasion to see about it, my lord.'

"His lordship laughed *agin*, and said—'Well, Bumpus, when you honpacks Walter Selden's things, you'll find your brother's passport made out for the *Rhind.*'"

I'm very, *very* much obliged to you, Bob, I'm sure," said the young man, his eyes sparkling with delight, as he flung down his pallet, passed the rubicon of the barrier form, and advanced up the kitchen towards his brother; "but you know, Bob, my name is *not* Elliot"

"Well, if it's not it *ort* to be, since you've got all you want for only the trouble of axing; but axing, as Moses would say, is the axis hon vich the world turns: but Ned, Ned, for hall these here favours of fortin I'm a miserable man, a bereaved hindiwidual—for here, as *you* would say, his the *rewerse* of the picter. Ven his lordship 'ad agreed in the ansomest manner to hevery *hitem* of my little account I turns round, the world was at a hend, Ned,—TATTERS WAS GONE!!"

"No, no, poor fellow, let us hope not," said the brother. "I have such faith in Tatters's cleverness, sagacity, and geographical instincts, that I've no doubt he'll find his way back wherever he is."

"I should think so, too," *desponded* his master. "If so as he'd been the plague of my life, but I knows the lad better than you, Ned Bumpus, hand hit's a thing

unknown, that when one loses a comfort, a friend, a *appiness*, or a shilling, that they hever comes back. Vell, it von't bear thinking on; Tatters is took, and no mistake. Mother send for Moses, that I may tell him about the *schollard* I've got for him, for he don't like me going into his grammar-shop among his young *hidears* as he's a teaching how to shoot; don't think I'm smart and genteel enough, and all that sort of thing," concluded Mr. Bumpus, stretching himself full length on the bench where he had been seated, and covering his face with the better—that is with the larger half, of the kerchief he had so remorselessly torn in twain.

"Lawr, Polly's a new *gurl*, I doubt as she'll find the school-house," said Mrs. Bumpus, as if fearing the alternative of being obliged to go herself.

"Oh, yes, mother," said Ned Bumpus, calling Polly. "I'll shew her where it is from the door, and she can't miss it," and as soon as Polly re-appeared he added, pointing to the tenement in question—

"There, you see that second long straggling building in the field, with a stone cross on the top of the arched doorway, and a window like a church window at the side?"

"Ay, sure, sir."

"Well, that's the school-house; go and knock at the door, and tell Mr. Moses his mother would be glad to speak with him a minute."

And away went Polly to what was now the school-room, had been the brewery, and before that again, in the olden time, the refectory of the monks, when Field Fleury had boasted a considerable priory, from whence the land on which the Widow Bumpus's house was situated, was still called the Priory Close, and the adjacent fields the Priory Meadows.

"Hellow," cried Bob Bumpus, suddenly regaining his

perpendicular, and uncovering his face, which bore considerable traces of gin and bitters, poor Tatters having, on this occasion, furnished the bitters. "Hellow, I say, Mother, the young gent as I'm to bring from Paddington is to be boarded, and he haint to have his *witttuls* with us on no account."

"Nor need he," said Mrs. Bumpus, to whom fifty pounds a year for the keep of a child of eight years old, seemed an inexhaustible mine. "I'm sure the poor child pays enough to live like a prince, and the two rooms over the school-house, as has been used as lumber rooms for years shall be cleaned out and put to rights for him, and they'll be very comfortable when they are tidied up a bit; and I dare say Mrs. Basket will lend me a looking-glass, and a chest of drawers and such like from the Manor House, so as to make the rooms more as the gentlefolks has them."

While she was still speaking, a man in the street began bawling out at the top of his voice, in the true last dying speech and confession style—

"All for one halfpenny! the true and particklar account of the last moments and *hexecution* of Joseph Jennings, for the murder of James Netherby, with a description of the culprit's deportment and behaviour at the gallows; a warning to all youths, and prentices in particklar, to avoid *vicious* courses and *hextravagant abits*—all for a halfpenny! only one halfpenny!"

But before the itinerant moralist could re-commence his exordium, Bob Bumpus sprang like a tiger from his lair and seizing a birch broom that stood in a corner, conveniently at hand, rushed to the door with it, threatening to sweep the crier from the face of the earth, if he did not instantly vanish from that particular portion of it which

formed the *point de mire* from "The Top Boot and Horns," and then returning, apparently as much exhausted as if he, single-handed, had defended another Thermopylæ, he again replenished his glass, and hastily drank off the contents.

"Lawr, Bob," said the widow, staring at him with astonishment, "you used to buy all them there murders; it's something quite new, your putting yourself in such a fanteague with that poor man."

"Who said it was a murder?" said Bob, glaring savagely.

"Why, he said so; the murder of one John Neth—"

"There, there! Do you never have any dinner in this house?"

"Dinner! lawr, Bob, we've dined hours ago; it's near three o'clock, but you shall have some if you like; will some eggs and a rasher do for you?"

"Ay, ay, rasher—the rasher the better," said Bob, in a husky voice, again helping himself from the black bottle.

"No now, don't 'ee, *pray* don't," said his Mother, forcibly removing the bottle. "It's enough to burn your very inside out Bob, it really is."

"Ha! ha! ha! and 'spose it does? Bob Bumpus is insured," laughed he, pulling a worsted stocking out of his pocket, apparently full of gold, and holding it to his left side. "Here's the plate, the sign of the Phœnix, too, that *persewering* bird, as rises *agin* from its hown hashes."

Here Polly returned, somewhat out of breath, and looking much bewildered, saying that Moses would come in a minute.

CHAPTER II.

SHEWING HOW TATTERS BECAME A RED-TAPIST, AND FOUND THAT HIS TRICKS WERE NOTHING COMPARED TO THOSE HE HAD AN OPPORTUNITY OF ACQUIRING IN DOWNING STREET, WHERE THERE ARE SUCH CLEVER DOGS THAT THEY CAN STAND ON THEIR HEADS WITHOUT HAVING ANY HEADS TO STAND UPON, AND TURN TAIL AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

HUBERT de Vere, Earl of Portarjis, Viscount Clanhaven, and Baron Derrersley, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, a Baronet of Nova Scotia, and a Knight of the Garter, was, what in England was emphatically called, a clever man; that is, he parcelled out his existence into two distinct and separate portions of small vices, and great talents; the latter were duly burnished, gilt, and emblazoned for the public service, and, unlike the apartments at Windsor, and Buckingham Palace, were open *to the public* and the newspaper press *all* the year round; while the former were thrust into a private reservoir as concerning no one but himself: wise precaution, in general use among clever men, for

Familiare est hominibus omnia sibi ignoscere,

and no man likes to subject that which he most cherishes to any severe censor.

Lord Portarjis had not speechified in both houses of parliament, presidented it at public dinners, platformed it at public meetings, and Samaritaned (?) it at public charities for twenty-five years, without being one of the largest manufacturers of *popularity* in England, and was therefore well aware that it mattered not an iota how ugly and mean the groundwork of this tissue was, provided the tinsel *appliqué* stood well out and glittered on the surface.

Had he possessed sufficient genius to be an originator, which he did not, he had too much prudence ever to take the initiative in any improvement, attack, or act of justice, knowing perfectly well that whoever plants an amelioration or a benefit for mankind, plants at the same time a martyr's stake for himself; whereas he who merely clings to the branches when the innovating germ has struck its roots, and spread and flourished into a goodly tree, covers himself with laurels, and becomes a gilded and marketable idol, like those manufactured at Birmingham for wholesale traffic and world-wide exportation, and whatever adepts the Anglo-Saxons may be at breaking laws, they are no Iconoclasts, but have a sort of Chinese idolatry, for any image set up, deity or demon, matters little, so long as the pedestal on which, or the niche in which it has been placed, is sufficiently elevated for vulgar eyes to be raised to it.

Lord Portarjis, who knew his Rule Britannia by heart, was so perfectly aware of this, that he had improved upon Cæsar's "Oportet imperatorem Mori," and even upon Bishop Jewel's amendment of it, and thought that a statesman (?) ought to die humbugging. As we have

before said, Hubert de Vere Lord Portarjis abounded in small vices, for the greater a man's vices are, the more meannesses they inculpate. It is true that as young ladies change their whole wardrobe upon their marriage, profligate men remodel their vices upon that event, but after a similar fashion, as it is more an exchange for a more costly and decorous outward apparelling, than a total renunciation of their former habits: and Lord Portarjis on his marriage (some ten years previous to the commencement of this history), with the beautiful and amiable Lady Honoria Fitzallan, had disencumbered himself of his *maitresse en titre*, by marrying her to a sporting Provincial Solicitor, whose convenient acquaintance he had made, at that emporium for good society and moral training, the race-course. The Peer's mistress and the Solicitor's wife had died in undue haste, some four or five years after her marriage, giving rise to many dark stories, and leaving four children to the care of the bereaved Solicitor, the eldest of whom, the scandalous Chronicle asserted, had nothing legal about him, not even in his birth.

Like most profligates, Lord Portarjis was a considerable marital tyrant and martinet, and poor Lady Portarjis, among her other crimes and misdemeanours, had four daughters and only one son, and as Lord Clanhaven was an exceedingly wild, headstrong boy, for truly—"Sarpe solet similes filius esse patre," there was a hundred chances to one that he never grew up; however, all misfortunes have their one shade of advantage, and their one grain of consolation: and this deficit of heirs gave Lord Portarjis a plausible excuse for forwarding his wife to Ems every year, at a time when business detained him elsewhere, but these arrangements related to his Lordship's private life, with which of course nobody has any business,

and which has nothing whatever with a man's—that is with a gentleman's (?) character, the said private life being in English statistics a mere myth, of which public life is the only acknowledged and tangible reality, a man's public character being, in fact, the brass plate and letter-box on his street door, and as long as they are kept bright and polished for all passers-by to see, no one has any business to enquire, much less to meddle with what may be passing within, and for that matter, the question which Seneca had the "bad taste" to ask, and the temerity to answer—

> "Quare vitia sua nemo confitetur?
> Quia etiam nunc in illis est.
> Somnum narrare vigilantis est,"*

is quite as applicable (if not more so) to our modern Babylon as it was to his ancient Rome.

But whatever Lord Portarjis's vices might be, which in our moral state of society, are always sacred mysteries between a man's self and his victims, his virtues consisted in belonging to that large flock of biped sheep, which, like the quadruped fold of Panurge, always followed in the safely-indented footsteps of a leader. Consequently, like all persons who run no risks on the score of originality or singularity, Lord Portarjis had acquired the reputation of having a sound head, and being a most practical man, while his diurnal punctuality in Downing Street had superadded the certificate of his being "a capital man of business;" and indeed all that red tape could typify, or foolscap foreshadow, Lord Portarjis was, and all the rest he knew in diplomatic circles was considered bosh!

* Namely—"Why does no man confess his vices? Because he still persists in them. It is for the man who has awoke to tell his dreams.

Pleasure never interfered with business, or at least with its synonyme office; so at noon the day after the Derby, his lordship's dark-green ribbed Brougham, with its silver mouldings and high-stepping bays, drove up and stopped as usual before the door of the Foreign Office.

But this time he was not the only one to enter, for from beneath the carriage, his ears drooping after the willow-pattern of canine despondency, his tail tucked in as if it had been that of a bird of Paradise about to be smuggled through the Customs, and his tongue hanging out like that of the Irish *Jauntleman*, who in making his *début* in London, conceived by a similar proceeding the chimerical idea of catching the English accent, Tatters now issued forth, and so totally devoid was he of the *convenances* of civilized society, that, not knowing a nobleman from a nine-pin, he very nearly endangered the peer's equilibrium, by rushing between his legs as he alighted, as if they had merely been a triumphal arch erected for his (Tatters's) especial use.

"Bless me! where did that odd-looking dog come from?" asked Lord Portarjis, clutching the footman's wrist as he got out of the carriage to prevent his falling during the invasion of Tatters.

"He's been in the stable with the horses all night, my Lord; he followed the carriage all the way from Epsom yesterday.—Come! be off," continued the plush Hercules, pantomimically flinging a visionary stone at the dog; but with the all-enduring air of a canine St. Stephen, Tatters by no means either terrified or persuaded, immediately converted himself into a mendicant friar, by sitting up and begging with the most determined defiance of the Mendicity Society; but footman and statesman being both super-proof, this appeal had little effect upon either the

lord or the lackey ; the latter, indeed, only affecting to aim another visionary stone at his shaggy head, whereupon Tatters forthwith reported himself killed and wounded, by measuring his full length in most death-like rigidity on the pavement ; but this, perfect as the acting was, was another failure, for if a real defunct Duke makes so little sensation, and leaves so small a gap in the world he has quitted, it is not to be supposed that a sham dead dog could create a larger void or a greater stir ; consequently Lord Portarjis was about with much dignity to step over Tatters, as he had often done over far greater obstacles in his path, when that versatile quadruped again sprang to his feet, and tucking up his left fore and hind paw, as though they were luxurious superfluities, he immediately began a circular race against his own shadow on his right fore and hind paw. This wonderful triumph of art over nature not only elicited the smiles and wonders of "The" *Jeames* "of the minute," and his colleague the coachman, but also arrested the attention and admiration of the statesman, who, from this *ne plus ultra* of art, at once perceived with his quick *chic du métier* that there was diplomacy in that dog !

"'Pon my word you're a funny fellow," laughed the Peer, pausing to look at the dog's almost impossible gymnastics ; at which verdict, as if to endorse it, as the Americans say, Tatters forthwith made a sort of perorating summersault, and having tumbled head over heels with the rapid gyration of a knife-grinder's wheel, he finally wound up by standing with great *aplomb* on his head, as a *coryphée* does on one foot, his shaggy ragged coat flying in all directions, not to be sure quite as gracefully as the *Arèophane* draperies of the *danseuse.* At this *finalé* Lord Portarjis fairly laughed out-right, and the servants had

much ado to suppress their irreverent laughter, more especially the coachman, who afterwards observed to Mr. Plume, the footman—

That, "that 'ere raggamuffin of a Skye as followed them yesterday was the cleverest and *curusest daug* as ever he see!"

His master, being apparently precisely of the same opinion, though differently expressed, now whistled Tatters to him, and that sagacious animal, who knew that the only good of making use of one's head is, that one may eventually alight upon one's feet, now regained his, and in the most natural manner imaginable, like a mere ordinary dog ignoring tricks and guiltless of talents, trotted over to Lord Portarjis, and although an expression of earnestness and melancholy reigned in his eyes, and overshadowed his countenance, he sat up and extended his paw to the peer with a degree of canine courtesy and unaffected ease, which no dog in St. James's or Belgravia could have excelled, had they equalled, though albeit their acquaintance with vegetable rose soap and tortoiseshell combs was so much more extensive than even poor Tatters was ever likely to be.

"Well, sir, and what's your name?" said Lord Portarjis, taking the proffered paw, which, considering how often he had been hand-in-glove with far dirtier ones that he had converted into catspaws, was not astonishing. "Eh?" continued he; "can't you tell me? for you really look as if you could speak?"

In reply, the dog made a little low whine, trembled nervously, and looked with those wondrous and luminous brown eyes of his up into the face of his new master, with an enquiring lament for his old one, that seemed to say as plainly as a dog's eyes could speak, "My name? Tatters

is my name, and my heart is tatters, too. I want my old ragged master?"

"Well, poor fellow," said the Peer, thus interrogated, and understanding the appeal, "I know nothing about your master; you shouldn't have lost him. Pepper? Mustard? Pincher? Vic.? Wasp? Dandy? What *is* your name? What! none of those, eh?"

"I wonder what is his name?" added he, turning to Plume the footman.

"I'm sure, my Lord, I can't think; he don't seem to answer to none of the names your lordship have called him. Mop would do for his name, for he looks as if he had been through a quick-set hedge, and got torn to tatters."

The dog, who had sat listening, and turning his head inquiringly from the master to the servant, and *vice versâ*, no sooner heard the old familiar name of Tatters, than he began bounding, cabrioling, and wagging his tail; finally, bursting into a loud bark, and jumping up upon Mr. Plume, to the infinite peril of his plush, and the great terror of its wearer. "Down, sirrah, down," he exclaimed, flipping off the contamination with the corner of his silk pocket-handkerchief, in as much dismay as if the dusty *silhouette* of the dog's paws had been the traces of "Decay's effacing fingers."

"I do believe, my Lord," said he, as soon as his geraniums once more glowed with their pristine brightness under the silken lash he had subjected them to, "I do believe as the dog's name *actally* is Tatters; for he seemed to answer to that *immejet*, as soon as ever I'd said the word."

"At all events it's a very appropriate name for him," laughed his lordship. "Here! Tatters! Tatters!"

And the dog's recommenced eager bounds and wagging of the tail, evinced that there *was* something in a name, and that had he been in Paradise instead of on the *pavé*, Adam could not have named him more appropriately; and so, for the second time in his life, he was christened Tatters, and acknowledged as such, *nem. con.*

"Well, will you go back to the stables or stay with me?"

"Lord Clanhaven and their ladyships would be very pleased with him, my Lord, I should think," put in Mr. Plume, who had a most diplomatic eye to the main chance, and therefore never omitted an opportunity of making, or endeavouring to make, himself popular with the rising generation! for as he was wont pithily to observe in the servants' hall between the hours of strong beer and souchong, "So surely as fennel grows in the nurseries of market-gardeners, as surely may a footman's fortunes spring up in the nurseries of the *harrystocracy*, if properly cultivated."

"Better have him washed, and give him to Lady Naomi and her sister. Lord Clanhaven, I fear, will worry him."

"Very well, my Lord. Here! Tatters! Tatters! here sir!"

But Tatters, like all his race, preferred the master to the man; and therefore, instead of accepting this invitation, declined it in the most summary manner, by pleading a prior engagement, and trotting into the Foreign Office, in as express haste as if all the bags were about to be closed, and he were the bearer of some packet of importance to some poodle at Paris, St. Petersburg, or Vienna, which would be too late.

"Well, never mind him," laughed Lord Portarjis, "you can catch him when the carriage returns;—be here at four."

At the farther end of the hall, and at the entrance of the dark passage, on the left, leading to Lord Portarjis's office, there stood the *avant courier*, Tatters, panting, with his tongue out, and his eyes shining like two enormous topazes; he waited and watched to see which way his new master went, or whether he would ascend the stairs; but soon perceiving that he came straight on towards him, Tatters bounded forward, till he came to a door at the end of the passage, which impeded his further progress, as if it (the door) had been the House of Lords condensed into one block, and he (Tatters) some bill framed in justice, equity, and common sense: but, unlike any such bill, he soon passed the barrier, by Lord Portarjis's coming up and opening the door.

"Good morning, my Lord!" said a young man, rising from a table where he had been writing.

"Good morning, Vernon; I assure you," said the Peer taking off his gloves, flinging them into his hat, and then laying it on the table, "you have much the best of it *here*, in what the 'Times' calls 'the cold shade;' for the heat is something over-powering."

"Capital day yesterday; I never remember a better Derby," said the Honourable Saville Vernon, resuming his seat, flinging himself back in it, and inserting a finger and thumb of each hand into his respective waistcoat pockets; "never saw any thing win more cleverly than Ladybird did. I only wish they had hung that rascal, Jennings, on any other day, for it brought the whole scene before one's eyes,—of the October meeting,—when poor Netherby dropped dead from Bashibazouke five minutes after he had started. I should think all the other jockeys must feel deuced glad that the amiable Mr. Joseph Jen-

nings is now *under* instead of on the turf, and that they are safe from his juleps and stirrup-cups."

"Ah, yes,—very, no doubt,—amazingly so. I wish—that is, I fear—I must trouble you, Vernon, to write in the other room, as I have a tiresome report to make out, which requires my whole attention,—and don't let me be broken in upon this morning,—at least by any one but St. Heliers: I must see him if he comes,—tell Melville so, will you?"

And forthwith, Mr. Saville Vernon gathered up his slips of foolscap, and departed at once, as Lord Portarjis apparently not wishing to lose a moment's time, dipped his pen into the ink. The *attaché*, too, had a report to make out, but it was not one that required the peer's supervision, as it was to Lady Portarjis; whom he thought the most beautiful woman,—and would have thought the most neglected wife in London,—if pre-eminence in the latter crowded category could be as easily ascertained. The report he wished to make was of his own sleepless nights, before her ladyship went out to drive; for like all very young unmarried men, Saville Vernon was both indignant and surprised to see so beautiful a woman so neglected. But, alas; his sympathy!(?) as such sympathy generally does, went on the homœpathic plan of like to like; and thought the best way of healing one injury, was by adding another to it. Hitherto he had only employed the electric telegraph of eyes and sighs; but, on the preceding day, at the races, she had appeared more than usually sad; and upon that hint he spake, or rather determined to speak, and consequently resolved that, after half-past three, the Foreign Office should not hold him that day. And he was no sooner alone than, instead of continuing to fill up the foolscap, with a fine wide space between each line (which by the bye would make an excellent plan on which to build

reception rooms for Her Majesty's levees and drawing-rooms), he selected a much smaller sheet, and began inditing a *catalogue raisonné* of the attributes and agonies of an *attaché*, condemned to the *travaux forcés* of Foreign affairs, with the husband, when his heart yearned for the Home department with the wife; and this "Manual of Devotion," though not exactly "Preparation for the Altar," he had made up his mind to slip into Lady Portarjis's hand —*coûte qu'il coûte.*

Meanwhile, no sooner had the door closed on the *attaché*, than the *paprasse* zeal of the minister appeared to have deserted him also; for he flung down the pen he had seized so eagerly a minute before, and tore open his waistcoat, as if really suffocating with heat, though that large, gloomy, lofty room, was as it ever is, even in the dog-days, cool and atmospherically temperate in the extreme. Tatters who, upon his entrance, and upon seeing another stranger, had crept under the arch-way of the office table, which he justly deemed would make him quite a Palladian kennel, now emerged from his retreat. Tatters, it is true, had been always not only allowed, but incited, by Mr. Bumpus, to wander amid the tape and blue ruin that graced the tables *he* was in the habit of sitting in council at: but Tatters, like many other clever dogs, with all his cleverness, wanted discrimination; and not perceiving the least difference between public-house and public-office tape, or between blue-ruin in flaggons, and blue-ruin in foolscap,—he now sprang nimbly up on the table, and seated himself with infinite gravity, and not without a certain dignity, amid Lord Portarjis's official documents, thus *improviséing* a sort of *tableau vivant* of Voltaire's assertion, that—

"Toujours un peu de verité
Se mêle au plus grossier meusonge!"

"No, no, my fine fellow!—that will never do: down, sir!" And, with one of those looks of mingled resignation and reproach, of which dogs and wives, alone have the secret, poor Tatters sprang from the table, and again retired into private life *under it;* thereby showing that he was of the old school, and that his was the private life of the days of Pitt and Fox. He had scarcely settled his nose between his paws, before a knock, as if with a cane, was heard at the door.

"Come in," said Lord Portarjis, again resuming his pen, which in Downing Street is equivalent to a soldier shouldering his arms,—and at this permission the door opened, and the tall figure, surmounted by the intelligent face of Lord St. Heliers, entered.

"Hope I don't disturb you, Portarjis?" said he, pausing at the threshold; "but Vernon said I might come in."

"Un moment, mon cher, et je suis à vous," replied Lord Portarjis, extending his left hand, while he affected to write with the other, as if riveting a thought that must not be let to escape; but the next minute, laying down the pen, he extended his other hand to shake that of the new arrival, who seated himself in an opposite library-chair. Of course, the Derby of the preceding day was the first subject of conversation, as being the most important: and after Lord St. Heliers had duly congratulated Lord Portarjis on his horse, Ladybird, having won so cleverly, he next expressed his satisfaction that that d—d rascal Jenkins *was* really hanged at last! despite perjury, puffery, Brummagem philanthropy.

"De grâce, mon cher?" cried Lord Portarjis with a very

rigid, not to say rusty, smile, putting up his hands as if imploring for mercy; "for one is almost as tired of the name of Jennings, as one is of the word "mismanagement," which that confounded press has been ringing the changes on, in every possible key, for the last eighteen months."

"Ha, ha, ha!—well, yes,—certainly," laughed the other; "and then, as mankind are *but* divided into two great classes, to wit: those who are hanged and those——who are not." Lord St. Helier's, as naturally as possible, changed the conversation from gibbets to jobbers; and both he and Lord Portarjis were decidedly of opinion, that in the conduct of the war every one, and every thing (even in the ministry) had been to blame *but* themselves; and were "free to confess," as there was nobody there to prevent their doing so,—that nothing could be more absurd, than stereotyping rules and regulations, when the ebb and flow of human events were ever varying, so as to render all fixed rules, with regard to them inefficient,—and make prompt creative genius, and astute resolution, the only antagonists fit to cope with them. It is true, that as they dissected the incapacity of their colleagues, and repeated that nothing could be more absurd than their whole conduct, a looker-on, had any such Asmodius been there, might have been forcibly reminded of a story which Helvetius relates as the answer of another English statesman: The minister was saying to one of *his* coadjutors, that there could be nothing more ridiculous than the manner in which the council of state assemble in some Negro nations; where, in the council-chamber, are placed twelve large jars half-full of water. Twelve counsellors of state then enter, *en costume de Paradis*, and stalking along with great gravity, each leaps into his jar, and flounders in the water up to his chin; and in this pretty attitude

they deliberate on the national affairs. "You do not smile?" continued the minister, addressing himself to another noble lord who sat next to him.

"Smile! No," answered his lordship. "I see, every day, things more ridiculous than *that*."

"Pray, what?" returned the minister.

"A country," rejoined the nobleman, where the *jars alone* sit in council."

"'Pon my soul!" cried Lord Portarjis, shifting his ground as dexterously as if he had been rising to explain in the House, as he turned to the table, and placed his hand on a pile of letters and packets, not written on the official foolscap, but being evidently "elegant extracts" from "De la Rue's best cream laid." It's quite alarming, the way in which all the women in England are taking Lord Lyncius' bill *au pied de la lettre*, and fancying that all of us, who have voted for it, as a party job, really care one straw for the cause that bill affects to advocate—they *are* such geese! they cannot see the difference between voting with one's friend or one's party—stopping the gap of a popular cry, and saddling oneself with sincerity and equity, and all that sort of thing; and I am really overwhelmed—positively overwhelmed, with the *avalanche* of letters every morning's post brings me from rebellious Griseldas, who have the folly to take *that* bill for a new gospel, and to suppose that each of their separate Apocalypses is of the uttermost importance to its propagation; as if any one cared how the deuce they were used; and after all, confound it, a man *has* a right to use his own wife as he pleases; as this bill, if it *is* ever jobbed through Parliament, will plainly prove to them, by tightening their girths instead of loosening them!"

"Well, I can't *quite* see that either," said Lord St.

Heliers; who being no profligate, and whose unaffected piety was evidenced by the pure morality of his life and the equity of his conduct in every relationship of it. "I can't quite see that, either."

"On the contrary, the evil of marital tyranny is becoming so crying, that I think policy alone should urge us to check it; for ecclesiastical injustice has grown into such a mountain of one-sidedness, that women have now arrived at the same crisis as the primitive Christians under Nero; of whom Bellarmine said, that if they did not dethrone Nero and Dioclesian, it was not because they had not a *right* to do so, but because they were not strong enough.

"In both instances, the want of strength arose from the want of unanimity; but the early Christians made use of their strength as soon as they were able—it would be best for us not to force women into doing the same."

Were there only a few more Lord Aberdeens—candidly just without clap-trap—in this cause, we might heartily wish them, as we do him, the realization of his own motto—"FORTUNA SEQUATUR."*

"The devil of it is," said Lord Portarjis, with a shrug, "that this being turned into conscript fathers, or rather fathers confessor, by the pouring out of the grievances of these women, places one in such an awkward position, for one is obliged to say something to them, and the difficulty is, to make that something nothing, that is, to make it as non-compromising as possible; for it don't do for one to mix oneself up in private affairs, and be made the involuntary repository of other men's peccadillos, kickings, bitings, monetary meannesses, and pecuniary defalcations towards their wives, not only on account of the

* "Let fortune follow."—Lord Aberdeen's Motto.

lex talionis, but because when one is making use either of a fellow's brains, or capital, or want of principle, or dining, voting, and politically coalescing with him, it would never do to commit oneself by animadverting on his private conduct, which after all is nobody's affair."

"It is precisely," said Lord St. Heliers, "because nobody will (at least in this country) mix himself up in 'private affairs,' however flagrant, on account of that conventional selfishness which they dignify with the names of 'prudence,' and 'propriety,' that it becomes imperative that there should be some equitable tribunal for public appeal under flagrant marital outrage and oppression, which now there is not, and in this century never will be; but the world-old prejudices on this subject remind one of the Abbé Cartout's eloquent description of the Colossus of Seraphis, for like it, these prejudices are truly more formidable than the Throne or its Monarchs, or even than the Temple and its Pontiffs, for no mortal has hitherto dared to approach them because, as in the case of the monster idol of the Egyptians, men appear to think that the duration of the world is connected with, and contingent on them, and that whoever breaks this talisman of marital injustice will replunge the earth into its original chaos. In Egypt, no bounds were set to credulity respecting their colossal bugbear, about which everything was an enigma, a wonder, and a mystery; all the temples gave oracles concerning it, and all the caverns and dark places groaned forth horrible howlings; everywhere were seen trembling tripods, the Pythia in a rage; victims, priests, and magicians, who, having invested themselves with the *power* of the gods, also thought themselves the delegates of their vengeance. Honour, then, to the first to aim a mighty blow at our Ecclesiastical Colossus! more especially as

Vangelas truly observes, there are more judges of words than of ideas, and the mere name of the thing is enough to endanger the equilibrium of the legislative judgment upon that very narrow plank of custom by which it *will* persist in crossing the gulf of time."

"Oh! I don't at all mean to say," rejoined Lord Portarjis, who had personal and political motives (the only axis on which your "clever men" revolve), for conciliating Lord St. Heliers, "I don't at all mean to say, that when common men desert their wives, and all that sort of thing, that they, the wives, should not be allowed to earn their own bread, if they can, without the husband's interfering, or possessing himself, as the existing laws allow him to do, of their earnings."

"Ah! there it is," smiled Lord St. Heliers, "the common people; we are always ready enough to lop off the ailing limbs, and pluck out the offending eyes, of the common people, but our own more aristocratic king's evil must be draped in purple and fine linen, and not even alluded to: really I begin to think that piece of recondite erudition in the Koran, which asserts that the world is carried on the horns of a bull, may be at least true in a fragmentary degree; for it certainly seems as if the vexed question of injustice to women was at all events for ever wedged between the horns of a dilemma."

"Ah! yes; very true," yawned Lord Portarjis, in a considerable state of boredom; for not only was he totally uninterested in the question, but decidedly averse from any, even nominal, amelioratory measures respecting it being carried out, although he had on party principles, and as a sop to that rapacious Cerberus, PUBLIC OPINION, voted for Lord Lyncius's job; moreover, he was anxious to change the subject, in order to broach one much nearer

his heart, that is to say, his political views and speculations. The fact was, certain rumours had been afloat that Lord Darnmany, who had favoured them with a few dissolving views at St. Stephens' in the shape of a more than ephemerally short-lived administration, was doing the impossible to try and form another; and as his was the very Potichomanie of politics, consisting of every shewy shred and patch of the most flimsy and heterogeneous materials that he could collect, to place on the transparent surface of ministerial *jars*, in order to look like anything but what they really were, and which only possessed one thing in common with what they were intended to represent, to wit, that of being hollow within. An *on dit* had gained ground that the patch-work Peer was trying to enlist Lord St. Heliers, and the truth or fiction of this report Lord Portarjis, by much beating about the bush, now endeavoured to ascertain; but having totally failed in detecting the political poison, by all the colour tests of the most subtle plausibility, like Harpagon, Molière's miser, who when he suspected his valet of having robbed him, and after a diligent search, not finding anything in his pockets, suddenly turned round and said, "Come, give me what thou hast stolen without searching." So, Lord Portarjis, at length driven into the straight-forward and point-blank by stress of failure, said with the *à propos* air of a sudden thought, as he purposely dropped and broke a stick of sealing-wax, with which he had been fiddling,—

"Do you know, my dear St. Heliers, I have been breaking lances for you the whole week."

"For me! how so? Who threw down the gauntlet, and upon what challenge was it thrown down?"

"Why, that champion of all England, Public Report, on

the plea that you were about to desert us and join Lord Darnmany ? I said No ; what say you ? Yes ? or No ?"

"Really," smiled Lord St. Heliers, taking his pocket-handkerchief from his pocket the better to conceal the smile, as he had recourse to the old *mot* of Lord Peterborough's, "I am not competent to give you a satisfactory answer, as I have not seen the papers this morning ; but one thing I can tell you, which is, that Violdegamba is to go to Vienna."

Now this was "the unkindest cut of all," as Lord Violdegamba was Lord Portarjis's Mordecai, and he himself had been wishing and expecting to be sent to Vienna, but while the point and terce of this *assaut diplomatique* were going on between the two Peers, a much cleverer dog than either of them was from under the table watching their every movement, and as Lord St. Heliers took out his handkerchief, a letter fell out of his pocket noiselessly on the Turkey carpet. Train up a dog in the way he should *not* go, and when he is old he will not depart from it ; and amid Mr. Bumpus's diffusion of knowledge, Tatters had also learnt conveyancing, but with a confusion of *meum* and *tuum* not always included in that branch of learning. So, upon seeing the letter fall, he had quietly emerged from his *bel retiro* under the table, and first harpooning it nearer to him with his paw, he then took it gingerly between his teeth and returned with it to his newly-acquired territory, for with the penetrating sagacity of his race, he knew that, for either dogs or diplomatists, "biding one's time" is the grand secret of success ; and, as in all the long course of public-houses he had been through with Mr. Bumpus, one of the chief rudiments of his education had been never to deliver up any stray waifs he might have acquired (either by fair

or questionable means) to his master, till the coast was quite clear, and both Tatters and Bob were "alone in their loveliness," he certainly was not such a *brouillon* as to depart from so prudent a rule, upon finding himself transferred to a public office.

"Well," resumed Lord St. Heliers, too well-bred to dwell upon a subject that was evidently not agreeable to his companion, and putting on one glove as he rose preparatory to his departure. "We at all events have passed Lyncius's Bill through the Upper House, and all things considered, one cannot help smiling at the quarter from whence the impediment arises in the Commons, as there is a sort of retrospective doing as one would be done by in it, which, however, has more numberoneativeness than Christianity about it."

"Ah! yes, clearly," shrugged Lord Portarjis, who knew from long practical experience, no one better, that throughout England, both in private *soi-disant* friendship and public *nominal* justice; apathy, dawdling, selfishness, and Mammon-worship are the rocks upon which all interests, whether spiritual or temporal, vital or otherwise, split; and that the smallest possible globule of deeds, in either case, invariably goes to some thousand bushels of words, and the victims of these verbal panaceas, whether oppressed classes, or outraged individuals, are always voted most impracticable and ungrateful, when, instead of being miraculously and cheaply healed by this syllabic system, they complain of its acting upon their original wounds as a blistering ointment, or irritant.

"Ah! yes, clearly," said Lord Portarjis, "and I, myself, think it is a very clever dodge of our friends, that the Hole affair will blow over by next session, or be thrust by by some fresh cry through the country, and so matters

will remain just as they are; or, if it passes, be made worse by being left to the fiat of particular individuals who can always be *managed*."

"It will be a deuce of a shame if they do," said Lord St. Heliers, who, having no private views to protect, had the plebeian paucity of intellect to be *sincere* in his code political, and to wish justice not only for all classes, but actually for *both sexes!*

"Well, 'pon my soul, I don't know," smiled his companion. "'This Revolt of the Harem' throughout the country, for I can call it nothing else, has nearly endangered the gravitation of the world with the catalogue of female grievances it has brought to light."

"Very likely," rejoined Lord St. Heliers gravely, as he put on his other glove.

"Longa mora est, quantum noxæ sit ubique
repertum enumerare;
Minor fuit ipsa infamia vero."

"By Jove, then, my dear St. Heliers," said Lord Portarjis with a forced laugh, as he extended two fingers to his departing visitor, "you actually threaten us with another deluge of conjugal dilemmas?"

"Perhaps," said the former, as he closed the door, "'*Malo accepto stultus sapit*' you know, and after suffering such cruel evils since the commencement of the world, those hereditary fools—women, are beginning to learn from that most capable of all teachers—EXPERIENCE."

As the door closed, Lord Portarjis tossed his head, protruded his under lip, and as if to give a practical dissent to this assertion, recommenced writing, but it was not on the elongated official foolscap, but on a page of more lilliputian dimensions, which our *spirituels* and always *à propos* Gallic neighbours denominate "*poulet*," from

such sized paper being more especially used for *billets-doux;* the one in question had nothing official, save its date of

F. O. 3 P.M.

as it began,

"Tante Cara, Bellissima, e gentilezza Signora,——"

How it proceeded, it is not for us to say, without following the writer's bad example of prying into other persons letters; moreover, he had only written so far in

"That soft *bastard* latin,"

when Tatters emerged from under the table with the letter that had dropped from Lord St. Helier's pocket in his mouth, and placing both his fore paws gently upon Lord Portarjis's knee, presented it to him, with that intensity of brownness and solemn sagacity in his eyes, which only Skye-terriers, poodles, owls, and Lord Chancellors ever achieve.

"Well, sir, what do *you* want? So ho! I see you have turned postman," said Tatters's new master, attending to the earnest appeal of his brown eyes, and the gentle, and as it were, solemn wagging of his tail, as he took the letter thus presented to him, adding as he looked at the superscription—"Hey day! you should have learnt to read before you got into the post-office, for you have brought this letter to the wrong address."

But Tatters, who had seated himself beside his lordship's chair, continued earnestly looking up in his face with a little low, nervous, interrogatory whine, as if fully expecting the usual remuneration of his felonious proceedings, in a piece of bread, and approving pat on the head, or a pulled ear, as he shifted the weight of his person from one paw to another: but, finding like many others who dance

attendance upon great men, in public offices, that he was only likely to reap his pains for his gains, he at length, with a sigh of mingled resignation and regret, and other mute passages of *canine facundia,* though not of that particular sort specified by Quintilian, as he growled at no one, poor Tatters once more retired into private life by stretching himself on the carpet, and placing his two fore paws like bulwarks along either side of his nose.

Lord Portarjis having seen that the letter was addressed to Lord St. Heliers, and therefore must have dropped from his pocket, was about to put it into an envelope and re-direct it to him, when his attention was attracted by the hand-writing, which was neither that of a lady nor a gentleman, and yet, withal appeared familiar to him. He next scrutinized the seal, which was one of those vulgar adhesive envelopes that common people think such a satisfactory substitute for sealing-wax, while in reality they are only an aggravation upon wafers, from being equally nasty and unsafe with far more pretension, which, like all pretension, only adds to their vulgarity, as if by an involuntary impulse, the Peer half abstracted the letter from the cover, and then paused, having the grace, though alone, to be ashamed of such an act—but—but—it is astonishing how degeneration in the moral and physical world keeps pace; and this reminds us of a story, which has the wondrous merit of being both new and original, as it only happened to a friend of ours some few months ago: complaining to a stationer of the daily increasing degeneration of quill pens, and asking if he could in any way account for the inconvenient fact? that worthy, while magnetising his chin with his finger and thumb, replied in measured and cogitative accents, and with a nasal twang, that would have sounded indigenous in Broadway or at Saratoga—

"Well, ma'am; I think it must be, that since there has been such a demand for gold and steel pens, and that consequently quills have not been so much used, the geese have left off having such good pinions!"

And *cæterus paribus*, we fear that, since there has of late years been 'such a demand' for peers, nature has left off making as good gentlemen as she used to do. Be this as it may, it is certain, that Lord Portarjis again looked at the superscription of the letter, again half withdrew it from the envelope, and again paused on the threshold of so dishonourable an act, indulging, however, this time in the following brief soliloquy:—

"No, it can't be, either; I should think, all common people write alike."

And then once more he turned the cover, and half took out the letter; and, like all persons who coquette with temptation, ended by yielding to it, so that in another moment he began to read this epistle, which was directed to Lord St. Heliers; but previous to doing so, looked (as guilt ever does, even when alone) nervously and furtively around, and felt considerably relieved at finding that the only eyes in the room beside his own, those of the itinerant Mephistophiles, who had placed this snare in his way, were not fixed upon him but were closed, in pursuit of those desultory day-dreams, to which dogs and poets are so much addicted. Thus re-assured—he eagerly ran his eye over the contents of the ill-written scrawl. Before doing so, he had determined to re-enclose it (after having read it) to its legitimate owner, but seemingly the revelations it made were so utterly disagreeable, that biting his lips, knitting his brows, and clenching and tremulously shaking his right hand, as though he had held some springed victim within it, he suddenly changed his mind, and with

a sort of spasmodic grasp, not however unaccompanied by a sardonic sneer, crumpled up the offending document, and holding it to the flame of the ever-lighted taper, soon reduced it to ashes.

"That's all one gets by this confounded educational movement—teaching such people to write," muttered the Peer, as he watched the firmament of rapidly expiring sparks meandering through the blackening fragments of the consuming letter, as they blew in flimsy nothings off the hob, and up the chimney; and having seen the last particle vanish, he flung himself back in the luxuriously-stuffed library-chair, and appeared for some seconds lost in a reverie, which his tightly-folded arms seemed as it were to gird round him, but from which he was aroused by a knock at his door—it was one of the official satellites.

"Beg yer ludship's pardon, but Lord St. Helier's compliments, and wishes to know if he dropped a letter here just now, as it contains the address of some poor person, which address his ludship has forgotten.

"*Tant mieux*," thought Lord Portarjis;" but all he said was, with considerable alacrity, "Dear me, look everywhere for it;" adding, as he backed his chair to join in the search, "I did not see him take out any letter when he was here just now. Who has he sent for it?"

"His Lordship is in the carriage at the door himself, my lord."

"Oh!—then his own servant had better come in, and help you to look for it."

And accordingly, a semi-giant in daffadowndilly-coloured plush unmentionables, and a chocolate coat, to which his well-powdered hair gave the appearance of some huge *jour de l'an* caprice in chocolate, soon made

his appearance, hat in hand, and immediately joined in the hunt, which, like that after happiness, of course proved fruitless, though Lord Portarjis, not only loosened with his own hands, the Venus's Cestus of red tape, which lent a mysterious charm to so many sheafs of folded foolscap, but, in the most inquiring spirit, and with the most complacent courtesy, made over for analytical scrutiny, the contents of two waste-paper baskets, those indispensable official results of so much wasted time; and while ransacking one of these, a serious accident had like to have befallen Mr. Delpops, Lord St. Helier's footman; for upon his condescendingly consenting to find his level in his master's service, and going upon all-fours under the arch of the large office-table in this pursuit of letters under difficulties.

Tatters, albeit unused to any but the very commonest, and most ordinary occurrences of animal life, now seeing his peculiar province of the Netherlands invaded by a huge party-coloured animal, with a large round white head, and a face, from the centre of which protruded a large excresence, like "a red, red *nose!* newly sprung in June," made straight for the aforesaid red target, with one deep-determined war-like growl, and would inevitably have seized it between his teeth, had not the agitation of Mr. Delpops, under these critical circumstances, at that moment like Jove on Olympus, shaken such a cloud from his ambrosial locks, that Tatters, almost blinded, retreated more hastily than he had advanced, sniffing, and snarling, and rubbing his eyes, almost to madness, with his own paws.

Though it is only due to him to say, in exculpation of any appearance of cowardice, this proceeding may have had on the part of so generally courageous a dog, that

this was the first time he had smelt powder; but still, for so clever a dog, he had certainly been guilty of an oversight, for he ought to have known (by intuition), that in that stronghold of diplomacy, he would have been sure to have had dust thrown in his eyes, when he was guilty of the folly of making a straightforward charge.

Meanwhile, Mr. Delpops, who had on his side retreated simultaneously with Tatters, was very nearly having had his retreat cut off, in a manner as unpleasant as it was unexpected; for it so happened that the Honourable Saville Vernon, having a night or two before attended the Speaker's levee, he had dressed for the part at the Foreign Office, and very carelessly left on a chair his steel sword, with its steel basket-hilt, he having disencumbered himself of it, and his valet not being there at the time, it had been left for three whole days in its present awkward situation.

Now, from this basket-hilt, protruded a steel-chain with a hook at the end of it, which, in its proper vocation, served to attach the sword to the dress, and still true to its mission (though deviating in its course), just as Mr. Delpops was backing out from under the table, he was taken with a hook, or rather with *the* hook, which instantly attached the sword to a part of his dress, from which those weapons are not in the ordinary course of things suspended, though amid the numerous indignities that occurred during international hostilities, similar contacts may occasionally be seen at the seat of war. Now, Mr. Delpops had of course, like all the peaceful heroes of his order, fought over every inch of Affganistan from a Windsor chair in "The Chequers" at Westminster, or from an oaken bench at "The Feathers" in King Street; and

had also *seen* the slaughter at Mooltan at Astley's; but now he very unexpectedly *felt* that he was engaged in single combat himself, and whatever the flush of victory may be, he did not at all like this first *plush* of war, and in his strenuous efforts to rebut it, fairly whisked the court-sword out of the chair, so that upon regaining his perpendicular, and resolutely flinging himself back, in order to disencumber himself of his clanking appendage, he found himself miraculously supported by a long prop, as an unfinished colossal statue is in a studio, at which animated struggle between Nature and Art, Lord Portarjis, undignified as such a proceeding was, could not help laughing immoderately; still the before-mentioned official satellite came to the rescue, Mr. Delpops the while not only torn with conflicting hooks, but with conflicting emotions, as he kept apologizing with many bows that such

"A ridiclus haccident should ave hoccurred hin his ludship's presence."

"Not at all, not at all; hope you are not hurt?" condescendingly inquired Lord Portarjis, holding his handkerchief before his mouth to conceal his laughter.

"Honly to think that I should have hunintentionally made so free with your ludship's court sword," bowed the dilapidated and distressed Delpops.

"Quite the contrary," re-laughed his lordship, "it's the sword I think that has made free with you; but it's not my sword," and again the Peer chuckled as he thought how he could introduce Mr. Delpop's misadventure that day at dinner, as "The People's Edition of Hook's Sayings and Doings;" and then, after a few minutes' more hunting for what he knew could not be found, he despatched the rival Tatters to Lord St. Heliers, saying he had not dropped the missing letter there; while Mr. Delpops,

profiting by the sharp lesson he had received from the court-sword, backed out of the room as if it had been out of the presence, though only in reality to conceal "the rent the envious" hook "had made ;" and so the curtain fell upon this farce, verily a far more harmless one than those generally enacted in Downing Street.

But scarcely had Lord Portarjis recovered from his laughter before the door again was assailed by another knock, which having been responded to by a "Come in," a tall, thin, thoughtful, thoroughly respectable-looking man, with straight, pale, well-cut features, dark eyes, and partially grey hair, entered with some papers in his hand, upon which the ink was not yet dry. The black clothes of the new comer were scrupulously clean and well brushed, though not over new, and his linen was dazzlingly white, yet was there a languid drooping of the shirt-collar over his black neck-kerchief, as if *it* also felt sympathetically overworked, for the wearer was Mark Melville, Lord Portarjis's private secretary. Mahomet shut himself up in a cavern to enjoy the credulous adoration of his fellow men, but now-a-days in England we are wiser in our generation, and our literary and legislative Mahomets, have generally deputies to do the cavern sequestration while they strut abroad in the sunshine, reaping the plaudits for, and golden opinions of, the wondrous web woven in the dark, unsuspected nook ; for brain-machinery, like every other machinery, being ignored by the mass in its details, gets little or no credit for its indefatigable achievements, while the plausible and pushing retailer reaps all the profit and pleasure that accrue from them.

Now for fifteen years, Mark Melville had been Lord Portarjis's brain-machine—for a showy speech, damas-

cined with classical clap-trap quotations, or any of the pyrotechnic humbug of legislation, the noble Earl wanted no assistance; but, when some flagrant blunder was to be *explained*, that is, got over, and proved to be not only an act of unavoidable *expediency*, but of astute policy, or some local measure to be brought forward or opposed; for the subtle logic and overwhelming legion of authoritative precedents that victoriously defended the former, or for the carefully collected and well-digested statistics, and profound and curiously analyzed detail, brought to bear upon the latter, it was Mark—not *Auréle*, but Melville, *qui parlait ce n'était pas lui*; and for fifteen years so it had been; and though promotion flew above and around him in the shape of comfortable Commissionerships of Bankruptcy, or Excise, it, or they, never once reached the pale, painstaking, indefatigable man, seated almost like a part of it, at that heavy library-table, in that gloomy Foreign Office room; in truth, what Molière modestly felt for himself when he rejected Boileau's offers on the part of the French Academy, saying, "I may be a tolerable author, but might make a very bad secretary. Let us be careful of displacing ourselves."

Lord Portarjis considerately felt for his *protégé*; he knew him to be an *admirable* secretary, and something more, and was therefore careful of displacing him; and so all that poor Melville had gained in these fifteen years, was his own father's house in Upper Seymour Street, a large family, and a kind of moth-eaten look, from his increasing grey hair; and though it is true that his wife was so ungrateful, as she sat stitching away at the gala-frocks in which her children were to have the honour of occasionally passing the day with the ladies De Vere and

their brother, to murmur regrets that Lord Portarjis did not do something better for Mark, than giving his children an opportunity of getting their clothes torn, and their faces scratched by that very rude boy, Lord Clanhaven. Yet Mark himself was so far from participating in these repinings, that often as he unfurled "The Times" at his eight o'clock breakfast, while he held his cup in abeyance, a smile of conscious but modest satisfaction might be seen dawning faintly round his mouth as he read the "hear, hears," and the subsequent panegyric of the Thunderer on his own compositions, as retailed by Lord Portarjis.

The meal ended, he arose, put on his gloves and his scrupulously well-brushed but somewhat napless hat, to proceed on his diurnal walk to Downing Street; and if Mrs. Melville proffered her usual stirrup-cup of "Well Mark, it *is* a shame that you should have all the work, and Lord Portarjis all the credit of your talents, without ever giving you an opportunity of exercising them on your own account." Imprinting a parting kiss upon her cheek, he would say mildly :—

"Nonsense, Mary. I'm sure he's very kind to us, and you know Hubert is his godson; and I have no doubt when the boy grows up, he'll do something for *him*;" for which profession of faith, Mary had a stereotyped toss of her head, which did not, however, prevent Mark from pursuing the even tenor of his way; and, on arriving in Downing Street, placidly selecting one, from a quiver of quills, and spreading out the as yet spotless foolscap before him. The Abbé de Longuereu used to say, of all the works of St. Augustine, "he only remembered that the Trojan horse was a military machine. So poor Melvill

of all his own works, only remembered that he was a diplomatic machine; and, as his patron's memory ran quite in a parallel direction, the manner in which on the present occasion he said "Ah! good morning, Melville!" really was particularly gracious.

CHAPTER III.

London in Diamonds.

"QUANTUM est in rebus inane!" and though this emptiness or inanity of human affairs applies more especially to politics and political parties, yet evening parties, from Piccadilly to Pentonville, have at least an equal claim to it, and so they must continue to do, as long as society pursues its present conventional course of eschewing all earnestness and sincerity, in everything but vice, and giving to virtue and to right, nothing but apathy and drawling procrastination, deeming all who deviate from, or object to this tariff of well-bred stagnation, vulgar and *mauvais ton*. The great Juggernaut of our Anglo-Saxon social system is PUBLIC LIFE, for which, and to which, everyone and everything is sacrificed, from human feeling up to human probity. For th altar of public humbug must be served, and is insatiabl in the Holocausts it requires, and the solemn shams i

exacts. The innocent and uninitiated are some time before they discover this, and consequently imbibing their modicum of patriotism and philanthropy through the carefully-filtered columns of a newspaper, their verdant hearts and eyes dilate, when "a noble lord" in the Upper House thrills with his eloquence the very arras of St. Stephens, in appealing against the barbarically iniquitous laws now in existence for the oppression of women. Or, when an "honourable member" in the Commons himself becomes nearly black in the face in inveighing against the inhuman traffic in sable humanity carried on in America. But, on the strength of the former, let some morally and physically lacerated wife send a statement of her individual wrongs to the chivalric Peer who has so ably and eloquently endeavoured to legislate for her sex (as she, poor fool, thinks), and not only will no human feeling, nor even common courtesy be shown to her, but ten to one she and her statement are in the most treacherous and dishonourable manner betrayed to her legal oppressor. Which apparently incredible and unquestionably disgraceful fact arises from two causes, both contingent on the exigencies of political life, which the silly appellant ignored. In the first place, the seemingly enlightened and Catholic measure brought forward in the legislature to redress (as she and they, silly creatures, thought) a whole sex, was in reality a mere private and personal job, got up to play the game and gratify the vanity of the Messalina of some other noble lord. And the pre-concerted juggle which had not one grain of sincerity in it was agreed to be passed through the Lords, and spoked in the Commons, and moreover the noble lord who brought the nominal amelioration-bill must, of course, think his party, and screen and play into the hands of the

members of that party, however vicious, crooked, or scandalous their private lives may be. And consequently, though even Lords and Commons may be unanimous in acknowledging that "Sir Bluebeard Lyeandspye is a confounded blackguard," yet, as a most useful and unscrupulous doer of dirty work for the party, he must be supported by the party. So much chance of human sympathy, let alone justice, the legal victim of such a man has, at the hands of even the most silver-tongued and golden-sentimented legislator.

On the other hand, let some equally honest, ignorant, and credulous John Bull be writhing under a flagrant piece of injustice from the honourable Anacharsis Howard Brotherlylove Scaremwell, the rich American planter, as practised upon the brother of a black servant of his own, and fly, with this strong case in point, to Mr. Nimble-tongue Niggerwhite, the eloquent and energetic denouncer of negro-slavery in "The House," and he will be much surprised to find that, either from being a personal friend of the honourable Anacharsis Howard Brotherlylove Scaremwell, or from some unsettled hocus-pocus still pending about the "Bulwer Clayton" swindle, or because a rich female cousin of the honourable Anacharsis is about to bestow herself and her dollars on a poor relation of Mr. Niggerwhite's, or for some other equally cogent reason "still unexplained," that gentleman "cannot possibly interfere in *private affairs*," for by that all-comprehending and all-negativing term is the impenetrable Ægis called, behind which, English apathy, selfishness, truckling, and injustice, shelter themselves from the odium that calling things by their right names would entail, or the persona risk or inconvenience, pursuing the right and straigh path might incur.

Private affairs! that great social Alpha and Omega, that unsolveable enigma of our conventionality, upon which that true Sphinx, INJUSTICE, may insure her life, and go on quietly devouring her victims, for where is the Œdipus that shall dare to resolve you into your first principles, as Death resolves man into his original dust? And yet, what on earth are these sacred and untangible PRIVATE AFFAIRS but the foundation of public affairs? "My Lord, with all due deference, why that little arrangement by which a certain *crim. con.* was hushed up, by a friend paying the damages, and thus securing a peerage for himself as well as to you, was once upon a time a strictly private affair, though it may now be proclaimed upon the house-tops, for what can you expect of a cat but its skin? Oh! ah! yes, very true; but *Miniver*, you know, is different; pardon me, madam, even if your name is Danaus, and you should have fifty daughters to marry, it is only a distinction without a difference. And what, pray, is every job hatched by the legislative incubators in Downing Street, at the Treasury, the Horse Guards, in "The Editor's Room," or my Lady Protocol's Saloons, but strictly private affairs? till they are exposed and made public; which, if we had a little more conscience, and a little less conventionality, a little more of the thing called honesty, and a vast deal less of the name called Honour! (??) and a decimal coinage of patronage, *would* be made public at a much more railway-speed than they at present are. And now, though albeit no admirer of Laurence Sterne, nor of any other sentimental *vaurien*, we will conclude these reflections with a quotation from the original "Tristram Shandy," and assure you, my dear reader, that as long as we are nationally agreed in England that the impervious and betinselled mantle of

public humbug, shall, ought, and *must* cover every and any amount of private vice and deformity, we shall, in the words of Eugenius, have to continue "to wind up the last scene of the tragedy with CRUELTY and COWARDICE, twin ruffians—hired and set on, by MALICE in the dark, who shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes. The best of us, my dear lad, lie open there; and trust me, trust me, Yorick, when to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and helpless creature, shall be sacrificed, it is an easy matter to pick up sticks enow from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with."

Cela posé—let us follow Monsieur Antonine Nevers de Bussy, and the Honourable Saville Vernon (who had just alighted at Lord Portarjis's house in Piccadilly Terrace), up the exotic breathing staircase, as Lady Portarjis had a reception, and watch London in diamonds, collecting its little bundles of sticks, ready to sacrifice any plethoric reputation which has not a sufficient sense of expediency, like the hunted beaver in the fable, to divest *itself* of the only part the hunters care for, and fling it to them, which in the human animal is its character.

And be they male or female, who voluntarily abandon all pretension to that encumbrance, they will be sure to pass, not only unmolested through the devious thickets of our "*moral*" (?) society, but to accumulate, *chemin faisant*, troops of partizans, coadjutors, and admirers.

For we are too generous and courageous a people to attack the lost and the fallen; it is only the Gibraltar of virtue, or rectitude, that we assail.

And who knows but that all this may be a kind, though oblique way, that society has of acquainting its rival armies of votaries and victims; that to attempt to *get on* in

England, either politically or socially, *without* a party, or a *clique*, is indeed to attempt to fish in the air, or to hunt in the sea, or to indulge the insane chimera, that right is stronger than might.

"How you do, mon cher?" said the French *attaché*, laying two fingers gently on the English one's shoulder, as the latter with his head down, arranging the opal buttons of his waistcoat, was about to ascend the stairs.

"Ah! c'est vous, beau sire," smiled Mr. Saville Vernon, extending his whole hand with immense cordiality to Bussy; for the truth was, the pair fully exemplified the affection proverbially attributed to two of a trade.

And being rivals in most things, save languages, in which Saville Vernon had indisputably the advantage; they mutually feared, and consequently disliked each other—and, as the diplomatic *un*natural result of so doing, could not live out of each other's society, which passed for a most romantic friendship in the world.

Vernon was decidedly handsome; but in the true, stagnant, Anglo-Saxon style; by no means *under*rating the attribute, but thinking that conquests and every other *succés de societé*, must, as a matter of course, *come to him*.

And, therefore, there was no earthly use in his endangering the set of his hair—or worse still, of his collar, in running after them.

And so, when he came forth,—like Waller's Sacharissa, he merely "suffered himself to be admired."

And as long as British *females* are what they are, he could not possibly reckon without his host—of ladies, young, old, and middle-aged—making all possible advances to him. The Frenchman, on the other hand, though he had in reality quite as high an estimate of his

own attractions, and as sincere an admiration for them, yet, from an hereditary way they have in France of always treating every woman with the respect due to a queen, and the devotion awarded to a goddess, he made a point of presenting arms, that is, of lowering his own Narcissian *oriflamme* to any of the other sex. *Au reste*, with regard to his general character, he was both nationally and naturally much more mercurial, as like his red-bearded ancestor, "Le Seignieur d'Amboise;" he also was a "beau chercheur de noise," and therefore, when unrestrained by the regal presençe of the gentler sex, at *petits dîners* or *soupers de garçon*, he would give way to animal spirits so perfectly gymnastic, that merely witnessing them was quite sufficient to make the more *amadou* temperament of Vernon feel languid and fatigued.

"Oh! by the bye, Bussy, will you dine with me on Thursday next?" said the more quiescent dandy, pulling up at the first landing, just as the groom of the chambers was about to boom their names through the densely crowded rooms.

"How manys?" asked the other, fiatically, as he twirled his moustache, in a state of suspended deliberation.

"Only seven if you come, my dear Apicius," smiled the Amphitryon.

"Bon; septam convivium, novem convicum."* Je suis des votres, mon cher Lucullus," responded the gastronome, with a pendant twirl of his other moustache, "mais je vous avoue, dat I trembles at çes dîners de garçon en Angleterre, except ven dey are gives at ze clobes, for you have salles à manger no biggers zen glove-boxes, and zo,

* "Seven is a banquet, nine a brawl," a favourite maxim with the Roman epicures.

vous autres Anglais, savent très bien avaler, vous ne savez pas manger."

"Eh pourtant! mon cher, il y'a des choses que nous ne saurions avaler; et cependant que nous font manger à ceux qui nous les offrent."

"Les quelles, je vous prie?"

"Why, when we make people eat their words."

"Eats dere vordes? *diantre!* if dey is de English vordes dey most be as *coriace* as dere meats,—bien!" cried Bussy, suddenly nudging his companion as they entered the first ante-room, to call his attention to a skeleton studded with diamonds, in the person of the dowager Lady Agincourt, the palsied motion of whose head, as she macadamized a Moral Essay to Lady Pumperville, caused the three rows of splendid brilliants, intersected with pear-shaped pearls, on her neck, to bob about as if they were playing leap-frog with her collar-bones.

"Hein de grâce regardez la vielle Agincourt avec ses minauderies surannées, et ses rivières de diamans qui se promenent par sauts et par bonds, en trébuchants à chaque instant, contre les protubérances escarpés de son effrayant décolletage d'honneur, c'est impayable, elle, et la Pumperville, qui rachête en morale prêchée les dévergondages de leur jeunesse, qui du reste ont été assez lestement troussées."

"Ha! ha! ha!" gently cachinnated Vernon. "Voila pourquoi elles finissent en capucinades."

"En effet," responded Bussy, with another twirl of his moustache, c'est presque toujours le bréviaire des anciennes pécheresses, elles n'y manquent non plus, que mars en carême."

The subject of Lady Agincourt's homily to her friend, Lady Pumperville, was a regret at the romantic and sen-

timental turn of Lady Portarjis's mind, for that sort of women, when they were unhappy in their *ménage*, were so apt to ruin themselves with some silly, serious attachment, as from not being able to control, or rather to conceal their feelings, they never knew how to manage little affairs of that kind, and then *esclandres* were not only so vulgar, but were positively the detective police of civilized society! not stopping at the culprit actually denounced, but stirring up and dragging to light a thousand other extraneous matters.

"Ah, very true, my dear Lady Agincourt," sighed Lady Pumperville; "exactly what I used to tell poor dear silly Lady Nelborough, who might have gone on till now, had she only taken my advice, instead of going off and making one of those epoch scandals, which become historical in society, and are therefore past either negativing or varnishing, really of the two, *prononcées* feelings are even worse and more *mauvais ton*, than *prononcées* manners; look now, on the other hand, how beautifully dear Lady Templeton always managed, even during Lord Coverdale's lifetime; every one knew of her affair, not only with Lord Templeton, but all her other little episodes, but nobody ever thought of saying a word about them, or of breaking the seal of Lord Coverdale's content, as long as he stuck to his claret, and left Lord Templeton his Countess; and when at last he had the good breeding to die, and Lord Templeton married her, you know it had quite the effect of a beautiful long attachment and constancy-rewarded sort of affair, and though foreigners are guilty of innumerable *bévues* and *gaucheries*, in complimenting her on the intense likeness of all the Coverdales to Lord Templeton, still, that is only a *petit mot pour rire*, and she has such charming manners, and is such a popular person in society, that she

is quite as *répandue* at 'our virtuous court' as any where else."

"What a pity it is, then," concluded the virtuous (no *prudent*) Lady Pumperville, with another sigh, "that women *will do* silly things, when even men can't afford to be openly vicious now-a-days. You and I, my dear Lady Agincourt, are old enough to recollect what a simpleton poor Lord Byron made of himself, by not only *affichéing* his *lése morale*, but actually doing it in capitals! whereas there are——and——and——and——fifty thousand times greater profligates than ever he was, and ten million times greater monsters as men, and brutes as husbands, than he was, or had time to be, and yet, you see by dint of the most adamantine hypocrisy, well seasoned with sprightly lies, and solemn perjuries, and fine sentiments in print, and in public, they get themselves actually puffed off as great moralists!!! which is the *nolo mi tangere* thistle they throw to that *âne monstre*, the public, to prevent its interfering with their private peccadillos. But, poor Lady Portarjis, I fear, with that crystal face of hers, which lets every feeling be seen through it, will yet do some silly thing. Ah, Talleyrand should have gone a step further, and said that words were not only given to us to conceal our thoughts, but above all, to conceal our actions."

"Comme vous dites chère," nodded the old Lady Agincourt, while the diamonds continued to jump about in the most mercurial manner, as if proud of their pertinacity in being the only brilliant things that still hovered round her.

But here, the old Duke of Longchin, looking blue as his own garter, at the remorseless manner in which his feet (albeit more tender than his heart) had been trodden on in

the crowd, approached the two Dowagers, who speaking in their highest key, in consideration of his deafness, simultaneously expressed their regret at his being "the star" they had missed, not exactly from heaven, but from every crush they had been at, for the last fortnight.

"Ah!" said he, with his hand to his ear, to catch the sympathetic sounds; "I have been at Brighton, flying from my annual foe, the hay fever."

"My dear Duke," said Lady Pumperville, putting her lips close to his ear; "you see you have the advantage of us all, for each succeeding year you can count upon being in your *hey*-day."

The çi-devant jeune homme, did not catch the exact purport of her words, but assuming from her manner, and from the La Tremouille blood she boasted in her veins, that as usual, Lady Pumperville was paying him some compliment, for with such, is the daily bread of rich bachelor Dukes in all countries kneaded; he replied with a bow—"Toujours, amiable chère Comtesse!" and the trio then proceeded to discuss the — Coronation, when the Duke informed them that he had had all his cameos, onyxes, sardonyxes and intaglios, mounted in a *pareur* for his niece, Lady Honfleur, to wear on that occasion, upon which both the dowagers duetted—

"Charming! but my dear Duke you *have* such taste!"

While Bussy, who heard this startling announcement, as he bowed to the group. *en passant*, muttered with a shrug of his shoulders, "Ciel! qu'elle idée! elle aura l'air d'un Bahut de la Renaissance!"—the two attachés darned their way through the crowd impervious to the *prévenances* of the young ladies, who not only so kindly

offered to share their seats with them, but added the *da capo* of "*Do* come here? there is plenty of room!"

They at length beheld a vista of the fourth room, and Lady Portarjis, at the end of it, looking very handsome, very languid, and very much bored, from her prolonged search for civil things to say to her guests of all nations.

The velvet and gems, of social civilization were easily found for France, Spain, and Italy, and the geographical foes, Russia and Turkey, were at least congenial in requiring nothing from a beautiful woman *but* her beauty. Germany, too, she could supply from its own intellectual silver, and silver lead-mines. The most difficult of all to cater for, were the endless social degrees and grades, of her own compatriots, floating like so many uniform passionless, colourless lilies upon the surface of the frozen stagnant pool of their own conventionality. These, coupled with the "raw material" coarseness of American independence, were the "flat, stale, and unprofitable" portions of her weary way through the crowded desert. She had once a week during the London season to traverse at her own house.

"Comme elle est belle, ce soir!" said Bussy to his companion, honestly lauding his own taste as he glanced towards their beautiful hostess. But as Mr. Saville Vernon had not yet had, or made, an opportunity of conveying to Lady Portarjis the Manual of Devotion he had drawn up a few days before at the Foreign Office, he took refuge in his national anti-demonstrativeness, which on such occasions generally deviates into the antipodes of sincerity. So, imitating one of Bussy's shrugs, he *nonchalantly* replied, "Elle n'a plus la beauté du diable."

"Soit, mais elle est toujours diablement, belle" rejoined the Frenchman. "Et c'est une beauté accentuée, qui vaut tout un sérail de ses jeunes *meeses*, avec leur langues qui parlent sans cesse, et leurs figures, qui ne disent rien."

"Hallo ; old fellow," said Vernon, stopping Mr. Frederick Vileways in the door-way of the last saloon, "where the deuce have you been hiding ? Berkeley Square knows you not, and Tattersall's no longer echoes with your name ; but now that you *are* caught at last, will you dine with me on Thursday ?"

"Caught at last ! Good Gad ! my dear Vernon ; what Cursitor Street phraseology you indulge in," drawled the dandy, turning away his head, and holding out both his hands in a deprecating manner, with an expression of ineffable disgust.

"Eh, nothing personal, I hope ?" laughed the other ; "but *will* you dine with me ?"

"Dooced sorry, but I *can't*, — obliged to travel — for my health."

"Why, what the deuce is the matter with you ? I think I never saw a fellow look so disgustingly and plethorically well."

"Ah ! general health ! yes ; *pewaps*, but the chest ! —the chest !—is weak, and our confounded climate too hot for it—ha ! ha ! ha !" laughed the Honourable Frederick Vileways, as he pointed with the forefinger of his very *amandine*-looking right hand to the ruby and diamond studs that glittered like a dioramic firmament along the milky way of his cambric shirt-front, and then contrived to slip himself neatly in among the dense crowd, as adroitly as he would have inserted a supernumerary trump into a pack of cards at Boodle's when it was his deal.

Though with regard to the pulmonary inconvenience he had complained of, the honourable gentleman only spoke monetarily and metaphorically, as "*The Morning Post*" two days after explained, by announcing his departure for the Continent, owing to the amiable little circumstance of his thinking so much more of his friends than of himself, that he had actually made the awkward mistake of appending their signatures to sundry bills instead of his own; so that, *pour le coup*, he was obliged to prolong this fit of *absence* by remaining for an indefinite period abroad.

"C'est un véritable anguille, que çe Miriflore de Vileways," said Bussy, looking with a degree of wonder not unmixed with envy, at the retreating head of the dandy, as he watched it like a dissolving-view nearing the last room, while he himself was effectually kept back by the human wall he had not the art of penetrating.

"Anguille à la Tartare, donc, vû que c'est vous qui l'accommode," laughed Lady Selina Vileways, touching the arm of the speaker with her fan, not so much by way of defending her brother, as to detach herself from her mother's arm and take that of Bussy, whose sallies she always found so much more amusing than her mother's crinoline politics, and *paperasse* party-spirit, that she was never tired of doling out to every old woman of either sex, which so retarded their progress, as to make the transit of the smallest room a sort of journey from Dan to Beersheba, wherein poor Lady Selina found "all barren." Seeing that Lady Jarnley, when disencumbered of her daughter, was about to pounce upon him *faute de mieux*, as one breathing at least, not exactly the odour of sanctity, but of its antipodes, state papers.

Mr. Saville Vernon, espying an open side-door, made a

precipitated and diagonal retreat, knowing that that passage once reached, he should be able, *viâ* a boudoir at the end of it, to get into the room where Lady Portarjis was without any further impediment. On entering this temple of the absent divinity, which still breathed as it were of her, for verily the bitter herbs which were crushed to offer up in incense on the Hebrew altars, are well and abundantly replaced by the crushed feelings and bitter thoughts that most women are ceaselessly offering up from that desolate and desecrated altar of a martyred faith, their own heart. And the atmosphere of this quiet niche in the great house, now seemed redolent of the sweet, sad, but withal holy incense of many sighs, as if

> "Some softening dream of love and prayer
> Had lingered on each mute object there."

The light shed from one pale, rose-coloured, ground-glass, lotus-shaped lamp, suspended from the ceiling with chains of silver lilies, was as soft and shadowy as all the other harmonious blendings of the place, and seemed more to circle them like the gentle memory of some long-set joy, than to glare on them with the prying intensity of a vivid ray. The shrine was worthy of the divinity, being a perfect gem of its kind; the doors were of the most elaborately and delicately-carved Ceylon ivory, lined with blush-coloured pink satin, with draperies (forming *portières)* of Valenciennes lace lined with the same. The walls were hung with a similar shade of satin, embroidered in bunches of silver lily of the valley, standing out in natural relief, with draperies of lace all round, caught up at intervals with silver cords and tassels, while in the centre pannel of two sides of the room, and over th mantel-piece was inserted an oval mirror, reaching fron

the ceiling to the ground, with an archway of gilt trellis-work projecting from the top and sides, and covered with a profusion of luxuriant growing foliage, which, with the illusion produced by the looking-glasses, had the appearance of so many different *charmilles* leading on into a vista of enchantment worthy of the gardens of Armida.

The carpet of this mimic *rus in urbe* was not only beautiful in itself, but was a *chef d'œuvre* as a work of art, being composed of beautifully shaded green chenilles, which perfectly imitated the freshest and softest moss, amid which spring up a perfect enamel of equally natural wild flowers, acting their parts so well as to rival the elasticity of their prototypes, and never appear the worse for being trampled upon. In two corners of the room, at right angles, were two alabaster fountains of perfumed waters, the one group representing Hylas borne away by the nymphs ; the other, Ægle, and two other Naiades gathering water-lilies, also sculptured in that same pretty *femine* marble. In the other two corners were semi-circular bookcases, reaching from the ceiling to the ground, the fronts of which were also composed of ivory, inlaid with gold, the piece of leather descending over the books being of pale rose-coloured kid, stamped with gold, while all the books were uniformly bound in white vellum and gold ; but what gave to these book-cases a peculiar lightness was that they were in the form of miarets at the top.

With regard to the *bijouterie* and objects of *vertu* scattered artistically about, the Vatican or Louvre themselves, could scarcely have shown a more costly display of onyx, sardonyx, ruby, and Benvenuto Cellini tazzas, ornaments, and intaglios. A beautiful enamel copy of the *Mona Liza* was among the pictorial gems, in a folding up book-like frame; one or two exquisite modern Sèvres

vases, in Constantin's happiest style, with little fairy-like masterpieces of Petitots, which might have passed for the court beauties of Oberon and Titania. The Piccolo piano was also carved ivory, inlaid with gold, and on the top of it, lay in most coquettish contrast, a real old Mandolin-shaped Estramadura guitar. The circular table near the couch, was covered with a sort of green velvet housing, made to fit it, reaching to the floor, and bordered with a deep bullion fringe; a few books were scattered about it.

In the centre was a green circular tin, which being filled with flowers formed a wreath, that looked as if it had just been unbound from the brows of Flora herself, and flung down upon the table. At each corner of the velvet-covered mantel-piece, was a large osier hat-shaped basket, richly gilt, and filled with the rarest flowers. The jewelled Sèvres time-piece was an allegory of the world-old gospel of "*Le temps fait passer l'amour*;" and here, at one end of the gilded boat, the veteran was rowing briskly and steadily away, while at the other end, tired to death, and looking even more bored than tired, sat listless Love, with drooping wings, and the oar dropping from his enervated grasp. As this *pendule* was in the Louis Quatorze taste, it might have been, and most probably was, an experience of one of the Fontanges, Lavallières, or Montespans, rendered permanent in *Vermeil*, by Madame de Maintenon, and surmounted by the frail and brittle graces of the royal "fine porcelaine." The luxurious causeuse and cabriole chairs, with their eider-down squabs, were also of inlaid ivory, covered with pink satin and silver brocade.

Having taken all this *entourage* in at a glance, the intruder looked through the door, that opened into the suite of reception-rooms, and there beheld, in the one next adjoining, the object of his adoration—no, of his pursuit

—for the so-called gallantry of men of the world, seldom or-never deviates into the former sin of idolatry, but is generally begun, ended, and all comprised, in the latter orthodoxly conventional vice.

With hair of an almost purple black, Lady Portarjis united a skin of the finest texture and the most dazzling whiteness, and eyes of the darkest and softest blue, long cut and almond-shaped, with white heavy lids, fringed with long dark silken lashes, so long, that they cast their shadows upon her soft and faintly tinted cheeks. The nose, without being absolutely Grecian, was straight, finely chiselled, and of the most delicate whiteness, harmoniously blending with a beautifully short, curved upper lip, whose twin under one, had a slight pout, but when both agreed to smile, they did so in the most charming round little dimples imaginable, displaying two rows of small pearl-like teeth, beautifully arched in the lovely head that served them for a casket; a head most exquisitely set on the small white round neck and gracefully falling shoulders. Nothing could exceed the symmetry of the slight yet full bust, except perhaps the beautifully modelled arms and hands appended to it; too well proportioned to appear as tall as she really was, the *élancée* slightness of her figure gave to her all the charm of *petitesse*, combined with the elegance of height.

Her dress consisted of a perfectly plain purple velvet robe, without guipure or any other ornament, save a girdle of brilliants, marking the *svelte* outline of her waist; and one white moss rose in the corsage of her dress, whose leaves could scarcely have been distinguished from the bosom on which they reposed, but for their green foliage. The rich masses of her dark hair were wreathed in plaits, plainly round her head, and the one thick cable

that circled her forehead like a diadem, alone was studded with diamond stars, the centre brilliant of each star being set loose like a pendulum, emitted meteoric scintillations every time she moved, and amid the mid night of her hair, really glittered like a firmament.

Withdrawing his eyes from the mirror in the boudoir, and actually for a few seconds forgetting the omnipresence of his own identity, Saville Vernon stood contemplating this beautiful vision, and as he did so, he sighed—was it a sigh arising out of that compound of admiration, vanity, and selfishness, for which, to find "a local habitation and a name," the generality of men purloin, and profane that of love?—or, was it a genuine heart vapour, emanating from a better source; in a word, was it a sigh of regret, at contemplating the desecration of one of the fairest living temples? Neither the one, nor the other; and if that sigh *had* a meaning, and that meaning had been translated into club, or drawing-room vernacular, the sentence would have run thus:—

"Confounded bore! all these people being here; but between one thing or another, a fellow never has a chance;" and then he sighed again; but this time it was decidedly truffles—or that Chipolata pudding—for he had dined at Lord Mount Fungus's, and as Bussy truly remarked—"Ces dîners Mount Fungus, vous disent des injures, pour huit jours aprés;"—nevertheless, it must not be supposed that there was anything particularly bad about Mr. Saville Vernon—far from it; he was too indolent to be even *very* vicious, and on the other hand, he had not stuff enough in him to make a villain; he was merely one of the mass, eminently selfish, and pre-eminently conventional; culling all his experiences from the most ordinary and commonplace intelligences, and obtaining his sentiments (such as

they were) like his shirts, ready made, and of the most *répandu* pattern; and so he admired Lady Portarjis, because every one said "she was a deuced nice woman," and fancied himself in love with her, "because so many fellows" said *they* were; and then again "it decidedly gave a fellow a lift in society—it was, in short, equivalent to having a celebrated *chef*, or possessing an unique collection of old ruby glass, or Capo de Monte china—or out-bidding crowned heads for a Murillo—or the Rothschilds for a Landseer—or being a *sine quâ non* to the yearly flitting to Balmoral, to be after a woman of that sort."

Moreover, Portarjis was too bad! and *did* behave devilish ill to her, *ergo*, of course she was, or ought to be, quite ready to let other men follow his example. Not only did it never enter his head to think what might be the consequence to Lady Portarjis, were those pretty little incitements organized into a successful scheme, but he did not even contemplate the matter from that point of view, few men do; and from the one he did look upon it, namely, the possible *contretemps* and chances it might entail upon *him*, he instantly reassured himself by the highly satisfactory reflection that *grandes passions*, elopements, and compromising *esclandres* of that description were now thoroughly exploded, except among hairdressers' apprentices, and maids of all work, whereas cases, and that sort of thing, were always going on in society.

While Mr. Saville Vernon was involuntarily putting himself through this little course of one-sided moral philosophy, which, indeed, was no other than that particular species of sophism in rhetoric, technically and appropriately called "A CROCODILE,*" and satisfactorily weighing

* As the origin of this rhetorical term of "Crocodile" may not be known to all our young lady readers, it may be

his own masculine limited liabilities, and at the same time jilting his own image in the glass to gaze upon Lady Portarjis's glorious beauty! his nerves, or rather his dandyism, received a severe shock by the approach of a trio towards the beautiful hostess, whose parallel, or prototype, he had never seen in those rooms, nor indeed in any other London rooms before. They consisted of two female, and one male specimen; the first of the former being a pale-eyed, pale-faced woman, of about sixty, with a sort of battle-axe sternness of feature, which gave to her countenance a most *tranchante* and relentless expression Her dress (and dress it might be,) though gown it certainly. could *not* be called, consisted of a tight casing of black satin, made like a *cuirasse*, high up to her throat, almost

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as well to state that the source of its being so applied was from this old fable of the poets:—"A poor woman, begging a crocodile who had caught her son while he was walking by the river side, to spare his life and restore him to her; the Crocodile replied that he would do so, provided she gave a true answer to the question he should propose. The question was, 'Will I restore thy son or not?' To which the poor woman, suspecting a deceit, sorrowfully answered, "Thou wilt not," and demanded to have him restored, because she had answered truly. "Thou liest," said the Crocodile, "for if I restore him to thee, thou hast not answered truly; I cannot, therefore, do so, without making thy answer false."

APPLICATION.

The snares profligate men spread for their victims are all sided, against which, TRUTH in their prey, is no defence; but, on the contrary, often only serves as an additional springe for the Arcana of their destruction.

to her chin, where it appeared to be doing a little homœopathic martyrdom for her, in the shape of gentle strangulation, while the *coïffure* that surmounted this peculiar, or perhaps we should say, serious costume, was of a more nondescript character still, as it was an elaborate edifice in white tarlatan, evidently intended as a sort of triple compromise between the domestic bereavement and repose department of a widow's cap, and a night-cap, on the one hand, and the conforming to the gauds and vanities of the world, in an attempt at a turban, on the other, though it must be confessed that neither the

"Fly from the world, oh, Bessy to me,"

of the cap side of the question, nor the

"We met, 'twas in a crowd,
And I thought you would shun me!"

of the turban illustration, derived any additional grace from the two braids of iron-grey, thin, straight hair that bordered them in a dark, hard, barrier of outline that Albert Durer might have equalled, but certainly could not have surpassed. The pendant female figure was that of a decidedly young and pretty woman, with a little more of her ivory throat to be seen, though none of her shoulders, except the rounded *silhouette* that appeared through the high black crape dress, lined with thick lutestring. She also wore a sign—as a widow's cap may be called, when surmounting a young and pretty face, whereas, when those signals of distress are hoisted by perfect Gorgons, they may fairly be denominated "wonders!" for one cannot *but* wonder how certain faces ever came by such things.

But this particular "widow's cap had nothing weedy and

wan about it;" on the contrary, there was a light ætherial fluttering, as it were, in its impalpable gossamer texture, which plainly told to all whom it might concern, that, that croaking crone, Experience, was safely buried four fathoms deep with "the dear deceased," and Hope alone dwelt there, making merry music with Folly's cap and bells, stuck jauntily on the top of her anchor. There is no exactly telling whether it was the thousand and one pretty little chimeras she kept whispering into the young widow's ear, or a conscientious conviction of how much more beautiful she could, and would, have looked, had she been dressed like a Christian instead of like a saint, as her mother insisted she should dress, which caused the latter to blush so deeply and incessantly, as she made her way through the crowd, or a latent sense of the ridiculous, at the ill-advised charge they were making upon the unities of that aristocratic mob, by their three-abreast advent, for the sedate young widow was divided by her solemn brother, from her serious mother.

Now, if the most accomplished fine gentleman that ever lived, from the unencumbered estate days of Adonis, down to the heavily mortgaged with starch and broad cloth ones of Brummel, wanted to take out a patent for looking ridiculous! he would only have to go to a poulterer's and get himself trussed for a woman on each arm. What, then, must have been the appearance of a very lank, very tall, male individual, with those elongated coat-tails peculiar to Roman Catholic Priests and Puseyites, a plain dog-collar in white cambric round his throat, his head rising from his long neck in Noah's-arkish fashion above it, and a pair of round-rimmed tortoiseshell spectacles adding "lack-lustre" to his eyes, refracting all sorts of zig-zag shadows over his magpie costume, and giving him a

faux air of an ambulating Hexapla,* with a female figure, such as we have attempted to describe, tucked under each arm.

The air was perfectly tesselated with the mosaic of different ejaculations, this extraordinary trio elicited from the assembled spectators; as the former advanced in an unbroken column, that did infinite credit to the strategy of the Church militant. But above all these faintly suppressed exclamations of surprise, accompanied as they were with an obligato giggle from the young ladies, might be heard the "good *gwacious* Heavens!" of the *boulversés* dandies, who were, to a moustache, perfectly electrified at this vision! which they declared *nem. con.* exceeded the "Uncle Tom" assifications at Stafford House; for the Duchess of Sutherland only had Mrs. Beecher Stowe; but where on earth *did* Lady Portarjis mean to *stow these* natural curiosities of *hers?* and who were these

"Three Black Graces?"

Neither Law, nor Physic; though, according to the estimate that two of them had of themselves, they might lay claim to divinity, for the broadcloth and the weeds, were the flower of a serious family, being no other than Mrs. Mornington, of Mornington Manor, Field Fleury, her eldest daughter the pretty widow, Mrs. Delmar, and her eldest son, Luther Mornington, or as his mother called him, an advanced centurion in the Army of Martyrs! But as the mother and son, with their pretty daughter

* A book containing the Hebrew text of the Bible written in Hebrew and Greek characters, with translations of the Septuagint, Aquila, Theodosian, and Symmachut, in six several columns.

and sister, pursued their solemn progress towards the fair hostess, who was the handsome young guardsman, in a very differently cut black coat from Luther Mornington's; propelling himself through all impediments, as it were, by a vigorous, yet nervous twirling of his moustache, and evidently endeavouring to cover his retreat at the other end of the room, as Sir Hugh de Byons, his glass fixed in his eye, very inopportunely barred his passage, by calling his attention to the strange group, *viâ* the following remark:—

"A devilish pretty face, that, 'pon my soul! peeping through that quagmire of weeds; but who the *dooce can* they be? As you are sometimes on *dooty* at the Tower, Bowes, do you recognise the male and elderly female specimens, by which it is flanked, as any *escapades*, or ticket-of-leave tigers, from that menagerie, eh?"

But the snared victim, now struggling frantically in the springes of the white-gloved hand, the bore had laid on his arm in propounding this query, being no other than Captain Bowes Mornington, of the Grenadier Guards, son and brother to the accused! of course did *not* know; and looked in any direction but the one indicated by Sir Hugh; wilfully letting his eyes rest upon a tall, ungainly figure, with grizzled grey hair, darting perpendicularly out in all directions,

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;"

the spectacles he wore adding to the solemn vacuity of his appearance, so that he looked like a colossal statue of a galvanized owl; and a little evaporated woman in white dangling on his arm, like one of the stray feathers he had moulted.

Bowes said, "Do you mean those?"

"Those! no, my dear fellow;—what are you thinking about? Everyone knows Sir Noodle Fitz Doodle and his little squeaky wife, as *they* belong to our own drawing-room edition of 'Les animaux peints par eux mêmes;' but I mean those three new importations now holding out their paws to Lady Portarjis—whence come they? from the north or south poles, New Zealand, Central America, or Timbuctoo? or, can it be possible that the indefatigable Layard has actually succeeded in catching a leash of live—*ancient Ninevites?*"

"I am happy, Sir Hugh De Byons," rejoined Bowes Mornington, coldly and sternly, but with the same manly bearing and unflinching courage that had been often tried and never found wanting in the trenches of a battle-field, "to be able to satisfy your curiosity, for those ladies (he did not think it necessary to include Luther in the inventory, and so cut his brother according to his coat) are my mother and sister; there is nothing extraordinary in their being here, as Lady Milverton, Lady Portarjis's mother, and my mother, were half-sisters."

"My dear fellow, I beg you ten thousand pardons," said De Byons, with a sort of frank embarrassment that was far more effective in obtaining the pardon he asked than the most subtle *savoir vivre* could have been, "but as I have got into a pretty mess, I must only stand my ground, therefore, I *maintain* that your sister *is* one of the prettiest women I ever saw. Now, you can't deny that, can you? And I think, you must also own that it is impossible to put a better face on the matter," added he, holding out his hand to the handsome guardsman, who shook it as cordially as it was offered.

"I only wonder," resumed the baronet, "that I neve had the good fortune to see that lovely face here before."

"My mother has not been in London for ten years, and it was by accident she and Lady Portarjis met yesterday in the Crystal Palace. I am surprised that my mother, who thinks there is something sinful in a crowd of well-dressed human beings congregating together in well-lit rooms, should have come here this evening."

"*Paritur pax bello*, vide Cornelius Nepos," laughed Sir Hugh; "and, perhaps, the war your mother wages against the world, spiritually, makes her wish to be on peaceful terms with it corporeally."

While this conversation was taking place between Sir Hugh De Byons and Bowes Mornington, at one end of the room, Lady Portarjis was receiving her strange-looking kinsfolk, in her most amiable and graceful manner, at the other; for, perceiving the ill-suppressed titter their extraordinary costume excited, she said, audibly, as she took Mrs. Mornington's rigid hand, cased in a large, white, thick leather glove, which might have been goat, but was decidedly too tough for kid, and looked as if it were, with its protruding, unfilled-up finger-ends, the legitimate property of some mute at an old maid's funeral.

"My dear aunt, it's very kind of you to come to me to-night, as I know you don't like going out of an evening, or, at least, coming to *réunions*.

"Honoria!" responded the matron, in a shrill, clear, chanticleer sort of voice, that seemed to awaken the very marrow of all who heard it, like the crowing and wing-flapping of an ornithological conscience, "Honoria! to the PURE all things are pure. MY carriage has been seen before now, at the doors of the lowest sinks of infamy, through which *I* have gone unscathed, for *I* walk by faith and not by sight; and, whatever, scenes of iniquity we may be called upon to mingle in, during our earthly

pilgrimage, those who, like *me*, are to rise in the first resurrection, will be fully able to give a faithful account of their stewardship. I could have come to see you in the morning, which, as far as my own feelings go, I should have much preferred; but, in truth, I came here this evening to spoil the Egyptians, for I want to get up a concert of sacred music at my house, for the purpose of raising funds for converting the Nepaulese ambassadors and their suite: so I have brought you a few dozens of my guinea tickets to dispose of among your set, but as children are always comparatively innocent, Luther has brought some half-guinea ones for them, your own, or any other of the little perilled souls of your acquaintances."

This was almost too much for Lady Portarjis's gravity, but she promised, nevertheless, to *faire son possible*; and then turning from the formidable full-blown widow to the pretty widow-bud, on the other side, she said—"As usual, you are looking charmingly, dear Amy. How is Eva? is she growing up as lovely as she promised to be as an infant?"

"She is very pretty—it may be vanity in me, but, do you know, I sometimes fancy she is like you."

"Her spiritual beauty, I am happy to say, improves daily," put in Mrs. Mornington, her shrill voice again flapping its wings, clear and sharply, above the hum of the whole suite of rooms, and truly a strange *mélange* was at all times to be seen in those rooms of Clanhaven House, to which de Bussy had given the *sobriquet* of "L'Hôtel des Quatre Nations;" for politics being Lord Portarjis's end, popularity was his means; therefore, every one distinguished for anything was sure to be found, that is seen, at Lady Portarjis's weekly receptions. Science, literature, and art, he of course affectioned, or at least affected—who

does not in these days? and looked upon all their representatives as so many advertising columns for himself, in their respective and distinct spheres, and being too well born to have any taint of snobbism, cared little for the plebeian, or worse, *unknown exterior* of any one, and was quite equal even to such extreme cases, as Luther Mornington and his mother; knowing full well, that however base or worthless the human coin might be; that circulated through those rooms, *his* invitation was the hall mark that gave it the stamp of currency and conventional value IN SOCIETY! And yet, notwithstanding the galaxy of science, genius, wit, and every small change, talent, so heterogeneously crowded together in these assemblies, nothing could be denser or duller than they were, for each particular star seemed to want an orbit of its own, wherein it might do all the shining, and think very little of the scintillas emitted by its neighbour, thereby fully illustrating that most profound remark of Helvetius, that—

"Let a Newton, a Quinaut, and a Machiavel be brought together, let them not be named, let no opportunity be given them for conceiving for each other that kind of esteem which may be called esteem upon trust, it will be found that, after having reciprocally, but to no purpose, endeavoured to communicate their ideas to one another, Newton will look upon Quinaut as a paltry rhymer, while Newton will seem to him, a maker of almanacks, and both will consider Machiavel as a mere coffee-house politician; and, in fine, all three, by calling each other men of very little genius, will revenge, by a reciprocal contempt, the mutual uneasiness they experienced." And verily *this*, may be accepted as the real solution of that dull, back-biting, stagnantly conventional, and irresponsive enigma—ENGLISH SOCIETY!

However, no rule without an exception,—and Mrs. Mornington, who lived much in solitude, fully appreciated the society she had the privilege of enjoying; and consequently, prominent and legible, as the startling "MENE, THEKEL, UPHARSIN," at Belshazzar's feast, had the hard lines on that self-righteous lady's forehead stereotyped the Duchesse de la Ferté's modest proclamation—"Ye people, I assure you that *I* alone am *always* in the right."

Despairing of finding anything to converse with the rigid matron upon, Lady Portarjis had recourse to persons, and said, "Do tell me something about poor Lady Clairville, whom I hear is now living at Field Fleury?"

"I don't visit her," snapped Mrs. Mornington, severing the sentence from her tongue at one blow; and, having given her interlocutor this set-down, she gave herself another, by dropping into a chair, as if exhausted from the effort required to utter so many profane words; while poor Lady Portarjis, involuntarily passing her hand across her throat, as if to ascertain whether it still adhered to her shoulders, was glad to bow her head as much in gratitude as courtesy, as she recognised in the door-way the tall figure of Mark Melville, and his pretty, quiet, blush rose-looking wife, leaning on his arm.

Mrs. Melville liked and admired Lady Portarjis; but she did *not* like these gatherings, and on the "few, and far between" times she came to them, it was to please Mark that she did so; for though carefully kept in the dark as to the prison-house sins of the host, by her husband's iron-chest secrecy as to those, in England, sacred mysteries—his patron's private vices; yet, with her woman's instinct, despite all the *prévenance* and blandishment of Lord Portarjis's manners, she *felt* that he was

a bad man, a conclusion which his non-advancement of Mark after so many years of faithful, arduous, and unremitting services, confirmed her in. Moreover, the mother as well as the wife, had its part in making her dislike the honour of attending Lady Portarjis's Wednesdays; for, as Chancellor of the Nursery Exchequer, she was always calculating the amount of little shoes and sashes, the mere adjuncts of her dress, such as gloves, bouquets, and flowers for her hair, could have been converted into; a paroxysm of financial fever, that was greatly aggravated when (as in the present instance) Mark in his way home from Downing Street had taken the long Overland Route of Waterloo Place, and brought her a new dress from Howell and James's.

In short, on these, and all similar occasions, Mary Melville laboured under a severe attack of that most painful of all maladies,—the unequal struggle between gentle birth and ungentle poverty! which, for want of a better classification, may fairly be denominated ANGINA PURSE-STRINGS! And as she was just then suffering from a crisis of one of its most severe attacks, she had no ambition to wade into the *Arcana-cana* of the inner room, and be jostled by the very plebeian rudeness of aristocratic dowagers; or scowled at by their unsaleable daughters, because her face was unfortunately fresher and fairer than theirs. So she was quite content to remain on the Frontiers, wedged amid the mob of nobodies, or little unknowns, which formed as it were the elective franchise of Lord Portarjis's diplomatic necessities,—the Pot-Wallopers in short of all his popularity—consisting of influential editors, and their dowdy, or vulgar wives, as the case might be,—clever Legion of Honoured members of the French Academy, Ponderous Professors from Gottingen

Weimar, and Bonn, with impartially-cut coats, which did not decidedly adopt any particular fashion that had alternated through Europe for the last half century, but with full-blown roses, or camelias, in their button-holes, according to the most approved portraits of Jean Paul. Strange amphibious-looking animals of both sexes, who were neither professors nor performers, but yet who must have had *some* collateral meaning, or been of some remote use; or they would not have been there; for, in the political, as in the physical creation, the most ugly, the most venomous, and the most insignificant, all have their latent use, which is neither apparent nor intended to be so, to the ordinary and superficial observer.

But to this filling up stuff or ballast, to his lordship's political bark, the United States, of course, sent their quota, in the shape of cute down easters, who knew how to feed on fresh Britishers, and pickle them for future use, by booking them on their return to America. Prominent too amid this *chère à la célébrité* or *matériel* for popularity, were long-nosed gentlemen from beyond the Minories, who never having known a bill (or its holder) that they could *not do*, always excepting that little protested one concerning themselves in Parliament, seemed to look with contempt on the empty titles, and corresponding pockets around them, doubtless considering as—

> Upstart each name, that Doomsday book discloses,
> Compared with theirs, old as the book of Moses.

Next came a milder form of the yellow fever, in the shape of substantial Anglo-Saxons, city men, known to be good on 'Change for any amount, short of the national debt, and not so constantly, but three or four times in the season, might be seen, though never on the same evening,

but alternately, the brothers Quirker, of the firm of Quirker and Springe, his lordship's solicitors. Mr. Crosbie Quirker was a portly, full-breasted, white-waistcoated gentleman, very clear-headed, inasmuch as that he was extremely bald, but making up on the cheeks, for what he lacked on the cranium, by an exceedingly bushy pair of whiskers, which being perfectly white, had a *faux air* of a tuft of marabout feathers on each cheek. Withal, there was an air of Brummagem candour and confiding benevolence about Crosbie Quirker, that might have deceived the sharpest Old Bailey barrister into the temporary belief, that chicanery and quibbling, were but the fictions of the law; and truth, justice, and dove-like simplicity its great facts.

Nevertheless, in the profession, Crosbie Quirker was considered all to nothing the sharper of the two brothers; though for mole-like, underground ferretings, and back-stair voyages of discovery, Terps. Quirker, as he was called by his *confrères*, had no equal. His baptismal name was Roger; but in very early life he had been of such a mercurial temperament, that the only safety-valve for this surplus physical energy, his parents deemed would be making him a dancing master, and so, for some time he cut his family in Bedford Row, and capers in the provinces; but at last having put his foot in it, by proposing himself as a partner for life to one of his pupils, the daughter of a Yorkshire Baronet, he sold his kit in disgust, and returned to his kin, when (that his antecedents might be less known) he was articled to a solicitor in the vicinity of Hanover Square.

Alas! Vain are all human precautions for the preservation of secrets—for the anxiety to prevent a circumstance from being known, is the very thing that gives it an

impetus towards publicity. Thus, though nature had made Roger Quirker in a very different mould from his portly brother, as he was small, wizen, and particularly ignoble looking; yet he had so trained his feet in the way they should go, that the oral tradition of his having been a dancing-master, first began to be suspected, and then roundly asserted, so that the *sobriquet* of Terps, (the by no means euphonious diminutive of Terpsichore) soon flew from clerk to council, till within the Inns of Court, and without them, from bar to bench, and so on, through every circuit, Roger Quirker was known by no other name than Terps; and possession being, as we all know, nine points of the law, there can be no doubt that had he ever after his misadventure with the baronet's daughter, succeeded in getting a lady to enter into partnership with him, the event would have been recorded in the public journals as follows:— "On the first, or any other instant, Terps Quirker, Esq., to Miss ——, daughter of ——."

But nick-name or no name, the brothers Quirker were invaluable to Lord Portarjis; for while the portly Crosbie was the syren that lured, the tortuous Terps was the harpy that clutched any prey his lordship might require, so that being in possession of much of his secret history, this knowledge served of course as a chamberlain's key, to give them the *entrée* at Clanhaven house. On the present occasion, it was Crosbie Quirker, and not Terps, "who strutted and fretted his little hour" through those gorgeous rooms; and now as the portly Crosbie, from time to time, caressed his whiskers and chin, looked about him, and wished he knew a *little* of some of the other people there, as well as so *much* of Lord Portarjis, a group of four persons from the opposite side of the doorway were

looking at him as scrutinizingly as if they were taking an inventory of him for a bill of sale. This group consisted of M. Abraham Levi, Moses Aaron, Mr. Solomon Izaakes, and a gentile friend of theirs, one Mr. Spencer Thornberry, a barrister.

"Beg your pardon, sir; but pray may I ask if that gentleman in the white whiskers and waistcoat is Mr. Terps Quirker?" asked Levi, addressing himself to Melville.

"Oh no, no," replied Mark, with his usual mild courtesy; "*that*, is Mr. Crosbie Quirker; he has much the advantage of his brother."

"Ugh!" cachinnated Mr. Thornberry, with a guttural noise between a grunt and a laugh. "Ugh! and if he had not the advantage of him, he'd have soon taken it."

"What, is he so wide awake as all that?" inquired the three Mosaic gentlemen with a laugh, and a look of evident admiration at the object of their inquiries.

"SLEEPLESS!" laconicized Thornberry.

"Well, I must say," put in Mr. Solomon Izaakes, looking somewhat superciliously at all the blue, and red, ribands around him, and even including in that Mosaic Arab look of disdain, their female pendants glittering as they were in diamonds, worth at least a Jew's eye—"I must say, the English aristocracy are a stupid-looking set."

"Of course they are," regrowled Mr. Thornberry. "Queen Christina of Sweden, accounted for that long ago."

"Did she indeed, sir—As how pray?" asked the inlessing-minded Izaakes.

of Hause and effect, sir; cause and effect."

Alas! yes sir," but what is the cause?"

tion of sec think I have no fear of those great bulwarks from being

of our court and crosettes,* 'The Morning Post!' and 'Court Journal!' before my eyes, that I should tell you; besides sir, I always do all my own quotations (as no doubt you do yours on 'Change), and expect every man to do the same. But you may read the why and wherefore, for yourself in the life of Christina; as it is all condensed in one of her pithy maxims on monarchs," croaked the bland Thornberry.

Here, Lord St. Heliers, who had just arrived, bowed courteously to all as he passed, whether he knew them or not, and with that magnetic inclination, caused a passage to be opened for him on either side, that all the elbowing and pushing in the world would not have achieved, even Mr. Thornberry bent his head deferentially as he fell, or rather squeezed backwards, and contributed his small modicum of room, and the three mosaic gentlemen, albeit as we have seen unmoved by the other stars and garters by which they were surrounded, seemed as they made way for him, to look on his, with as much reverence as if they had been the sacred and gorgeous ephod of one of their own high priests, so certain is it that the *prestige* diffused by the qualities of a real gentleman never goes unacknowledged, even where those qualities may not be exactly appreciated, any more than those of the *vrai moine depuis que le monde moinant moina de moinerie.*

Lord St. Heliers, as he passed, merely kissed the fingers

* Really Mr. Thornberry is too recondite in his terms, as every one may not, like himself, have built up such an edifice of information, and therefore may not, like him, be aware, that crosettes in architecture mean the returns in the corners of door-cases and window-frames, called also ears, elbows, ancones, and prothyrides.

of his left hand glove, which he held in his right hand, to the host.

Seeing that he was occupied in trying to look interested and proportionably profound, while undergoing a sort of argumentative shampooing upon men in general, and national pre-eminence in particular, from a Monsieur Vercoquin, arrived that morning from Geneva, a square-built, under-sized individual, with hands that indicated his being a lord of the soil, somewhere, as they bore evident traces of soil about them; and the little glass cup of cherry-water, which he held in one of them, after a Mahomet's coffin fashion, suspended between heaven and earth, was in the energetic gymnastics of his disputation, for ever in danger of baptizing Lord Portarjis with its contents, while, that the carpet might not feel itself neglected, Monsieur Vercoquin occasionally improved his oratory, by expectorating on it, with as much energy and sonorousness, as if he had been assisting at one of those strange *sans gêne* and *sans cérémonie* affairs *à prêche* in the *Temple* at the *Fustrie*, in his native town. The premises M. Vercoquin had laid down, were (of course) that a Republic was the "discretest, wisest, best" form of government; and that all the goodness and utility arising out of it, were the effects of the most profound human forethought and deliberation, and of the highest human intelligence; whereas, added he, with more self-satisfaction than suavity or truth, "Whatever greatness in science, art, or even in morals, you achieve under a monarchical form of government, is purely accidental: look at the innumerable instances my great compatriot adduces of this—was it not the mere accident of the adventures of Achilles, firing the imagination of Alexander, that gave him the thirst for glory, and caused him to destroy the empire of

Darius? just as Quintus Curtius was the patriotic myth, that was the real instigator of the victories of Charles XII, and the tears of Veturia by disarming Coriolanus, consolidated the power of Rome, which was on the brink of crumbling under the efforts of the Volscíi, and occasioned that long train of victories, which changed the face of the world, and to which Europe owes its present position. And the Abbé Vertol tells us that Gustavus went in vain through all the provinces of Sweden and wandered above a year in the mountains of Dalecarlia. The mountaineers, though preposessed by his good countenance, the tallness of his figure, and the muscular strength of his body, were by no means determined to join him, till on the very day on which he harangued the Dalecarlians; an old man of the country remarked, that the north wind had for some time constantly blown. This wind appeared to them as a certain sign of protection of heaven, and as an order to take up arms in favour of Gustavus—now what does this prove?

"Why, that it is an ill wind, that blows nobody good;" chimed in Mr. Thornberry, stopping with his hands behind his back, on his way out of the room, to hear the conclusion of the Genévois harangue.

"*Excusez, Monsieur*, it proves," re-gesticulated the latter, "that it was chance, mere chance, the chance of the north wind that placed the crown of Sweden on the head of Gustavus Adolphus:—and in science, was it not also chance, that caused the tranquil soul of your Newton to be startled by the fall of an apple; as thinking of nothing less, he walked in his garden, and so got the first idea of his system of gravitation."

"Garden, for garden, my dear sir," smiled Lord Portarjis. "Florence was a Republic, and yet, was it not also mere

chance that led Galileo into the gardens of the Boboli, when the gardeners were working the pumps, and not being able to raise the water above thirty-two feet, they asked him the cause? which question, first, piquing the vanity of the philosopher, next, caused him to put his vanity into action, till he discovered the weight of the air, and with it, the solution of the problem. But," added the peer, with a somewhat more invidious smile, "will you not also allow, that chance may have had likewise something to do with William Tell sending the arrow through the apple, instead of through his son's head?"

"Ahem! ahem!" preluded Mr. Thornberry, before the struggling M. Vercoquin had time to reply, and finishing him as it were, with a blow from hissledge-hammer. "That," my lord, may be too far back for Monsieur to remember; but, according to his doctrine of chances, perhaps he will have the goodness to tell me, how it would have turned out for Geneva, and the *Genévois*, if, instead of John Calvin having paid them a visit, his right jovial friend, "*le bon, le docte, le sage, le tant humain, tant débonnaire et equitable* François Rabelais (as the said Rabelais said of his friend Tiraqueau) had settled amongst them?" This was too much for even Lord Portarjis's good-breeding, and gravity—so he was obliged to laugh outright, while Mr. Thornberry, with the most solemn and imperturbable seriousness of visage answered his own question, by saying, "I think, sir, that had the chance fallen out, Rabelaisien, instead of Calvinistic, the result would have been (and a blessed one, too, for posterity) that though there might have been more public *laisser aller* amid these worthy Republicans; that is, that the women might have been less *guindées*, and the men more *galants*, there would also have been more virtue, though

less cant in private, and though you might have had no *dames du haut*, neither would you have had any so so; had you had the good fortune, or chance as you call it, to have had Pantagruelism, instead of Calvinism, in your little Republic." Poor M. Vercoquin actually gasped as he stared at that aggressive interloper in the discussion, Mr. Thornberry—but word he uttered none, being as pre-eminently gifted with *l'esprit du lendemain*—that never has a reply ready, as most of his compatriots. We read in the Travels of Alexander Von Humboldt, that in the missionary-station of Esmeralda, he became acquainted with that curious and partial poison called "Curare," equalling in deadly subtlety the Ticunas of the Amazon stream and the Upas of Java, but differing from them in this, that when taken *internally* the Curare is a salutary medicine, and antidote for certain diseases; whereas, when used only superficially or externally, more especially when coming in contact with any excoriated spot, its effects are mortal and instantaneous.

Now Cramming, whether conversational or oratorical, may be fairly considered as a sort of parasite curare, growing on the tree of knowledge, which, like its other fruits, when taken internally and well-digested, is a salutary specific, but which generally proves fatal to those who merely make an external and superficial display of it, as in the case of crammers; for, having but the certain quantity, so used, they have nothing to fall back upon as an antidote, and so once down, are completely at the mercy of their adversary; and such being the case with poor M. Vercoquin, we shall pusillanimously leave him in the clutches of the ruthless Thornberry, not caring to be a spectator of the proceedings of the latter, while

"Thrice he slew the slain:"

but return to the boudoir where we left Mr. Saville Vernon revolving what would be the safest, most expeditious, and least compromising—for himself—mode of proceeding, with regard to "the little affair," (as breaking the seventh commandment is called, or rather miscalled, in good society) he had so kindly chalked out for Lady Portarjis:—cogitations which were suddenly and strangely interrupted, as we have before stated, by the advent of that "grim white woman," Mrs. Mornington, her daughter Delmar, and her son Luther. Having stared at them till he began to suffer from an indigestion of surprise, as to what they were, and wonder as to who on earth they could be? the former feeling always jostling and baffling the latter conjecture. At length, fairly exhausted between the two, he lowered the *portière*, to shut out the inexplicable vision, and sank into a *bergère*, determined to wait till all "those confounded people were gone," when he thought Lady Portarjis would be certain to return to her own room, *viâ* the boudoir, as it opened on the landing, opposite to the stairs, leading to the bed-rooms. To be sure it was, as he himself thought, "a confounded bore for a fellow to pass so much time alone," and therefore, he resorted to every resource within his reach to beguile it—first looking at his exceedingly well-made and highly-polished kid boots, as he elongated his feet, then passing his hands in review, more especially the state of his nails; but as, "on revient toujours, à ses premiers amours," he once more returned to the glass, and having arranged, for the twentieth time, his hair, beard, and moustache, and viewed his face in every possible direction, in front, in profile, and three-quarters, he summed up the evidence his judgment had passed upon the examination, in the following sentence—"Well! she might do worse!"

After this, determined to continue *en bonne odeur* with himself, he tried all the different perfumes in the various *flacons* scattered about the room, till, somewhat overpowered by the *mélange*, he again went back to the *dolce far niente* of the eider-down *bergère*; and wishing, in vain, that he had a cigar, he was at length driven, by stress of yawning, into actually opening a book, which turned out to be Charles de Bernard's exquisite tale of "Le Paravent." Lured on by the charm of the style, the flesh and blood vitality of the characters, the artistic working out of the *dénouement*, and the masterly social diplomacy with which that *rarâ avis* of mothers-in-law, Maxime's mother, *déjoué'd*—the roué *Vicomte's* designs—upon her son's wife, he, in spite of himself, read on to the end. Then, closing the volume, he flung it from him with an impatient jerk, as if he had been listening to a tissue of the most pointed personalities, which he was obliged to endure from having no means of resenting, though he did relieve himself by the following soliloquy—"Ah, well; it's lucky that out of that book there are no such *belles mères*, or there would soon be an end of all society; for a fellow might just as well have a division of the detective police in the room every time he spoke to a pretty married woman, as a dowager-dragon of that description."

This truth uttered, he had again to seek a safety-valve for his *ennui*, and so began opening, and examining divers square and oval morocco-cases upon the table, containing miniatures of Lord Clanhaven, and the ladies Gemma and Naomi de Vere; at length he opened one that had more interest for him than the youthful effigies he had just been looking at, and that was a portrait of their mother, exquisitely painted, and satisfactorily, as well as

beautifully like. For a few seconds, the dandy forgot himself in more senses than one, while looking at it, and after a hurried chain of reasoning—no—of floating egotisms, which ended in the following assertion:—

"A deuced nice thing for a fellow to have on his toilet some years hence, with lockets and rings, and knots of ribbon, and all that sort of thing."

And with this prudent provision for the future by, like Dr. Watts's "Little busy bee," improving "each shining hour," he was about (acting under the influence of Mercury, that tutelary deity of lovers and thieves, those Olympian synonymes) quietly to transfer the treasure to his pocket, when he was disagreeably and unexpectedly prevented, by a *pendant* piratical illustration of Dr. Watts's *poetry* and of Priscian! in the shape of—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature *to!!!*"

For Tatters, who had been quietly curled up under the sofa all the while, and had hitherto contented himself with following Mr. Saville Vernon's every movement with his intensely brown eyes round the room, and fixing them upon him from between his paws while the former gentleman sat reading, yet no sooner did he attempt to franchise the barriers of civilized society, by pocketing what

"Was not *hisen*—"

than Tatters (though languid from a long course of nursery worrying on the part of the little lord, his new master, from which he had escaped to his present *retiro*, at an early hour of the evening with one of the maid's caps tied to his tail) Tatters, we say, who in the *réunions*

he had been in the habit of frequenting with Mr. Bumpus, knew that

"Every dog was expected to do his duty,"

one part of which was that of a four-footed policeman, whenever he detected anything finding its way into the wrong pocket, consequently he now made a spring from under the sofa, barking loudly, till seizing the exquisite by the ankle, the bark was exchanged for a *roulade* of the most *con spirito* growls, accompanied by a vehement wagging of his be-furbelowed tail, while the white cap of the nurserymaid seemed to be here, there, and everywhere, like that rallying point of victory, the *panache blanc d'Henri quatre.*

"Oh! oh! get away, you horrid wretch," screamed the terrified dandy, dropping the miniature as if it had been a burning coal, and then defending himself with one foot and both his hands against his canine assailant, but all in vain, so looking hopelessly, helplessly, despairingly! around for an auxiliary weapon, the only one within his reach, pegged down as he was like Gulliver by the Lilliputians, was a long spiral bottle of eau de Cologne, which, seizing from its stand, he remorselessly poured its contents over his antagonist, but luckily for the poor animal none of it went into his eyes. He still growled bravely on, without relinquishing his grasp, though considerably incommoded by the unwonted fragrance, more accustomed as Tatters was to its smells of Cologne, as enumerated by Coleridge, than to its far-famed water.

At this crisis of the combat, Lady Portarjis, being about to leave her now nearly-deserted, *salons* and hearing the screams from the boudoir, concluded that, as usual, Lord Portarjis had counter-ordered her mandates, and given

Lord Clanhaven permission to come down and sit up; instead of going to bed; so fearing that, as was generally the case, his disobedience to her commands and defiance of her wishes, had been followed by some untoward accident or catastrophe, she rushed to the door, and raising the *portière* in great alarm, exclaimed—

"Good heavens! Clanhaven, what is the matter? How comes it that you are not in bed yet?" But upon perceiving her mistake, and also the critical position of the unfortunate *attaché*, whose discretion and diplomacy, were alike at fault, and after looking from him to Tatters, and from Tatters to him, she ended by calling off the latter with a smile.

"Here, Tatters! Tatters! come here, sir, directly. Tatters, come this minute when I call you!"

Thus appealed to, Tatters reluctantly relinquished his hold, and, with his head and ears downward, and a low growl at his released prey, *en passant*, came over to his beautiful mistress, wagging his ad *cap*-tandum tail, and putting out his shaggy paw, which she took in her soft white hand, reading him a homily on canine courtesy, and doggish delinquencies.

"Oh! thank you, my dear Lady Portarjis," gasped the emancipated hero, rubbing his wounded ankle with one hand, while he fanned himself with his pocket-handkerchief with the other: "thank you, for calling off that confounded cur!"

"I hope he has not bitten you?"

"No, no,—not exactly; but I feel the pressure of his infernally sharp teeth even through my boot. I thought Lord Portarjis had ordered him to be given away?"

"Well, so he had; but the children took a fancy to him, and begged him off, poor fellow!" continued she, patting

the dog's shaggy head as he laid it on her velvet lap; for tired with so many hours standing, the *dame du logis* had seated herself upon the sofa, on perceiving that Mr. Saville Vernon was more frightened than hurt; poor fellow! poor old doggie! but you really must leave off your *cabaret* manners, Tatters, and not fly at people as if they were thieves."

"Thieves!" sighed the *attaché* in his turn, seating himself, and gradually approaching his chair, nearer to the lady, as tightly pressing his hat into a still flatter crush, he looked up over it intently, or, as *she* thought, impertinently, into her face.

"Do you know who are the worst sort of thieves?"

"No," she replied, with a slightly satirical inflection of voice, as she stretched across the table to reach a book that she did *not* want, to give her a plausible pretext which she *did* want, for removing some degrees farther from the proximity of Mr. Saville Vernon's chair, "No, for I was not aware that there were any *good* sort of thieves!"

"What! not when angels are thieves?" again sighed the exquisite, with a large round look of calf-like vacuity, which he intended for sentiment.

"That is a sort of calumny difficult to refute," said Lady Portarjis, between an exhausted yawn, and an apathetic smile; "for as angels dwell in Heaven, one cannot suppose there is anything on earth that they would think worth stealing."

"Ah!" said, or sighed, her companion.

But, as "Ah!" is not an ejaculation of that specific character which absolutely requires an answer, Lady Portarjis made none.

"Oh!" was Mr. Vernon's next attempt; but that

being colloquially—precisely in the same category as Ah!"—there was nothing to be said to it, either; so, to fill up the awkward pause, the little Sèvres time-piece struck two.

"Two o'clock! I fear I must *congédier* you; for it is time for all sensible people to be in bed," said Lady Portarjis.

"Oh! but *I'm not* a sensible person," rejoined the *attaché*, accompanying this supererogatory piece of candour with another look of still softer goose-down than the last.

"It is not civil to contradict people, nor right to praise one-self," smiled the Lady; "but I do lay claim to as much sense, as is comprised in being always glad to go to bed when I'm tired."

"And *can* you sleep, when there?" asked Mr. Saville Vernon, in a tone of inquiring reproach, that might have served as a model for the ordinary of Newgate, in his last night's interview with condemned criminals, on the eve of their execution.

"Of course, I can—as I don't think it requires any great degree of talent to be able to sleep when one is sleepy;" in corroboration of which axiom, the fair speaker gave another yawn.

"There is something that awes a fellow confoundedly! with these matter-of-fact, cold, stately women," thought the discomfited *attaché*, "but perhaps, after all, I'd better leave the packet with her, that I've got in my pocket; Bussy says, 'women like to have declarations legally drawn up in black and white (and one need not sign one's name), and poetry, and all that sort of thing;'—ah, but the *deuce* of it is, that I never can remember any poetry." But all this, was merely a neutral electric flash, ending

with—"Oh! ah! yes—Hamlet by Jove!" which he put into words, by exclaiming, with an abortive attempt to take her hand (for seeing the movement she parried it)—

"And in that sleep, what dreams may come."

"Exactly," said she; "dreams, which are to sleep, what the soul is to the body; it's better, because it's immortal part; were our life not 'rounded by a dream,' it would indeed be a sad, harsh, rugged, angular affair."

The *inamorato* breathed more freely—he began to see *twilight*, for when she talked about dreams, he thought there might be some chance of her being caught napping. Still, he felt that, in an encounter of wits, or even of words, he was no match for her; so, withdrawing the long-written declaration from his pocket, he was in the very act of presenting it to her, as having succeeded in seizing one of her hands, and raising it to his lips, he said,

"Most lovely of women! here are some dreams of *mine*, if you will but——"

When the door opened, and the Groom of the Chambers entered, but was about as suddenly to retire, on seeing the room was still occupied, with an apologetic bow, and an "I beg your ladyship's pardon; I came to put out the lights, not being aware that anyone was still here."

"I *was*—going Jackson — so light my hand-candle, —and here," added she, casting a glance of mingled scorn and *espièglerie* on the overwhelmed *attaché*, "take this packet to Lord Portarjis, if he has not gone to bed yet, as they are papers Mr. Saville Vernon wishes him to see."

"No, no,"—gasped that unfortunate personage, "I find I have brought the wrong papers, Jackson, so must wait till Lord Portarjis comes to Downing Street to morrow."

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"That will be quite time enough, Sir," bowed Jackson, as he handed the lighted taper to Lady Portarjis, "for his lordship went out about an hour ago, as soon as the company was gone, and has not returned yet."

"Good night, Mr. Saville Vernon," said the hostess, holding the candlestick in one hand, and her fan and gloves in the other, so as to preclude the necessity or possibility of shaking hands. "I am sorry Lord Portarjis could not see your papers to-night, but I suppose to-morrow will do as well?"

"Oh! quite," stammered the discomfited dandy, as he bowed, and descended one flight of stairs, while the lady ascended the other; and so the Honourable Saville Vernon learned for the first time, by practical experience, that—great truth,—that

> "Une femme d'esprit, *peut* trahir son devoir;
> Mais il faut pour le moins, qu'elle ose le vouloir;
> Et la stupide au sien, peut manquer, d'ordinaire,
> Sans en avoir l'envie, et sans penser le faire."

As Mr. Saville Vernon crossed the hall, he had (if it were one) the satisfaction of finding that he was *not* "the last man," as a very elaborately got-up personage, a Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty, one of the *état major* of a leading morning paper, the *Tyburn Tonans*, emerged from the library, where he had been ostensibly to look for his hat—a certainly not very useful article among dead men's brains.

CHAPTER IV.

London in Rags.

NIGHT was going, morning coming; slowly and dreamily, the latter opened her blue and languid eyes upon that moiling, toiling, murky, pleasure-circled, and sorrow-paved great city of Plutus—LONDON! which, having quaffed from its myriad cups of crystal, gold, and clay, its divers draughts of deadly wine, now lay like some huge giant stretched along the banks of the sluggish river, sleeping its heavy sleep. Almost every sound of human life was hushed, save the faint echoes, here and there, of the sobs and sighs, which sleep returns as an acknowledgment of the costly capital of human ills she has received into her temporary keeping.

At length, morning opened wide her ruddy lips, and yawned out day-light on the world, when London's diamonds returned home to their cases, and London's rags gave themselves "the rousing shake," and began to emerge from the holes and corners where they had not exactly rested, but subsided, for the few small link-hours that intervene between day and night. Among the first

trailing footsteps that awoke a thick, indistinct echo along the anti-ambrosial streets of the eastern quarter of the great city, were those of Tatters's bereaved master, Robert, more commonly called Bob Bumpus. His costume was precisely the same as that in which he was first introduced to the reader, so that—as kind people are always ready to tell us that which we already know;—had any of the boyhood of great men, *alias* embryo burglars and pickpockets, been yet astir, they would have no doubt informed him what a shocking bad hat he had. But as Mr. Bumpus was then *en voyage*, having walked up from Field Fleury by easy stages of twenty miles a day, his travelling attire consisted simply of wisps of hay round his legs, and pieces of whip-cord crossed, sandal-wise, round his ankles from either side of his shoes; the whole of his luggage being contained in a blue and white checked pocket-handkerchief, the van for which, was a thick oaken stick, on which the bundle was slung, the stick itself resting on his left shoulder. He stopped, and looked about him, for the street "was all before him where to choose his place of rest;" and so he selected the kerb-stone in front of the magnificent emporium of "Messrs. Moses and Son;" and leaning his right shoulder against the post of the gas-lamp, after elongating his feet into the kennel that flowed at the side, by way of a sort of *al fresco* foot-bath, he next took off his hat and laid it on the pavement beside him, which uncovering to the morning air, was somewhat a work of supererogation, it must be confessed, when it is taken into consideration how exceedingly well-ventilated the said hat was in all directions. Though his doublet was not intended to represent the fashion formerly rife throughout Spain, yet it so far resembled it, that being slashed at the elbows—and that not through any Sartorial

art (but from "time and the hour"), which impartially wear through the longest day and the stoutest broadcloth,—his shirt-sleeves were prominently visible through the apertures. But as his eyes fell heavily and sadly on these rents, they appeared to make corresponding ones in his feelings, for, pulling out first one, and then the other in long loops, with a gesture of impatience, he apostrophized them in the following strain, passing the back of his hand hastily over his eyes the while—

"Ah, well, it seems as there aint to be no tatters of no sort for me; rags is good enough for rogues and wagabones, as the magist*rate*s calls us coves, ven ve has the least spree as is not according to church and state, vether it's thimble-rig hon a race-course, or vith them poor gals, as they calls slop-workers, who is hexpected to grind their bodies and souls out for three-halfpence a-day in such Vanity Fair slaughter-houses as that ere;" and here, Mr. Bumpus "suited the action to the word," by pointing with the thumb of his left hand over his shoulder at the gorgeous plate-glass windows of the adjacent "emporium," which were as yet concealed by their oaken veils of window-shutters.

"But," continued he, in the same anatomy of melancholy strain, "for the gents and nobility, hof course the same things, or wuss, has totally different names. Ven osses, and jockeys, and trainers too for that matter, is doctored in a vay as is not quite according to the College of Physicians, it stands to reason that the nobleman or gent as pockets the thousands hon the transaction, knows nothink vothever as to *ow* it vos brought about. And as for ruinating on women by scores, *that's* in course the nobility and gentry's private life, that nobody, and least of hall the lawr, has no business to meddle with. Like poor

Polly and her child! ven five year ago, I fished her and it hout of the Paddington canal, and ve vos hall three tookt afore a magist*rate*; and she vos a going to tell as how a nobleman ad fust ruinated her, and then deserted her and her child. The magistrate stopped her has soon has hever she vos a going to mention the nobleman's name, saying as he couldn't have a *lord's* character! compermised by a ooman of that sort.

"Then ven I upped and axed *who* had made her a ooman of that sort? I was a hinsolent *wagabone*, and ordered another month at the treadmill; and ven I kem out, cause I could not let poor Polly and her child starve about the streets, and I took em along with me to my place; then the same 'worthy magist*rate*,' as they calls em in the noosepapers, told us as ve vos a living in wice. 'No ve baint yer vorship,' says I—'ve's honly a starving in wirtue. The nobleman as druv Polly and her babby into the canal, is living in wice, and no mistake, and wouldn't I sarve him out; if so be as I could only know his name.

"But from that day to this, I've niver bin hable to git it hout of the poor soft, silly cretur, as fears if so be has I knowed it, I'd git myself into trouble a takin hon the lawr into my own ands, hand so I would, too; for the lawr, vot's the lawr? but a sort of wrap-rascal for the rich hand the great, to kiver hover hall their sins and wices; and that done, the lawr jumps Jim Crow, and turns itself hinto a sign-post, vith a oss-air vig hon the top hon it, to pint out hevery crooked road a poor devil turns down, to pick up a few rags and bones.

"Ho! but it's they public char*act*ers! parliament-men, speechifiers, hauthors, hand sich like, has is the woppingest humbugs! of the whole lot. They's like blow'd hout bladders, filled chuck-full of wind, they his, which sarves

to keep themselves hup safe enough. But jist let any one run the sharp pint hof a single truth hinto these here public humbug-balloons, hand they'll soon find the hempty hair has they'll git for their pains." In short, though he expressed himself somewhat differently, Mr. Bumpus was quite of old Peter Charron's opinion, that "the honesty of wisdome is very rare, for there are very few that do know the first lesson, or how to study it. There is not a man that is master of himself, much less of another. In things *not* necessary and strange, there are many masters, many disciples. In this point we are never with, nor within ourselves. We always muse of outward things, and man better knoweth all things than himself. O misery! O madness! To the wise in this point it is necessary that we know all sorts of men, of all airs, climates, natures, ages, estates, professions (to this end serves the traveller and the history), their motions, inclinations, actions, not only public (for they are the least to be regarded, being *all feigned and artificial*), but private, and especially the more simple and peculiar, such as arise from their proper and natural jurisdiction."

But Mr. Bumpus had warmed with his theme; so, first abstracting from his bosom some fragmentary specimens of party-coloured cotton, which had once been a pocket-handkerchief, he wiped the pearls of eloquence that bedewed his forehead and face; and then, as the neighbouring church-clocks struck five, not having tasted anything to signify since four o'clock, he untied the corners of the blue bundle, withdrew from it, a metal flask, which he applied to his lips; and, after literally draining it, and announcing his approbation of the contents by a peculiar noise of his tongue against his palate, he shook the flask, which returning no sound, he said with a sigh, and a toss of his head—

"Hempty! like hevery think else; for there haint nothink, hin hany think has I can see."

And then he proceeded to turn over the remaining contents of the bundle, which were more useful than either ornamental or varied, consisting of one shirt, an equal profusion of stockings, a black silk neck-kerchief, a piece of twine, an old iron-holder, that did duty as a housewife, having two large needles darned through it, on which were spitted four shirt-buttons, and a skein of thread. The rest of the casket was composed of a short and well-blackened clay pipe, a pack of very dirty cards, a corpulent and well-thumbed "Little Warbler," containing the *répertoire* of comic songs, with which he was wont "to set the table," or at least the tap, "in a roar," and the before-mentioned betting-book, which, in truth, was his *vade-mecum*. Having for some seconds contemplated these treasures, more with the eye of an amateur than of a connoisseur, he began leisurely turning them over, much after the same fashion that a dog does a heap of rubbish in quest of a bone.

"Vell! there haint never no bread; and vot vould be the use hof it hif there vos? Poor Tatters! he used to *henjy* a crust *hunkimmon* arter one of our long tramps. Poor feller! poor feller! he hand I von't never break bread together no more hin this vorld, hor *wale* of tears, as Madam Mornington calls it. Vell, howshever, she hand Mister Luther may shut up their cant-castors for the futer, about my throwing hon the children's bread to the dogs. Hat hall events, poor Tatters did more credit to his crusts than Mister Luther does to all they there flesh-pots of Egypt hup at the Manor, as Madam Mornington calls the hstuffing and cramming as goes on there; for arter all, she blat least honly looks like a haporth of soap arter a hard

day's wash, but a haporth a soap as ad put a hend to hits *suffrens*, by throwning hon hitself hinto the starch basin.

"Poor Tatters! hif so be has I could honly know vere he vos, and as he vos tookt care hon, I should be a deal heasier hin my mind; but it's no use thinking hon it! Vot's done his done; vot's past his past. Sorrow han't got a pretty face, that she should make any that has once past hon return; and Regret's no tinker, and so never yet mended nothink. No, not heven hall the rents has was made hin the commandments ven Moses took hand let 'em fall, and they vos broke hall to pieces; and that's the reason I 'spose has they've niver been kep but in little bits like hever since, the rich *allaise* having hon the *very* smallest bits, thinking it warn't *gen*teel to take a large piece hof any think, and so that's the reason 'cause I, Bob Bumpus, appened to 'ave a heye for oss-flesh, and liked the smell of turf, his a rogue hand *wagabone*; 'specially as I fell hin with one has *vos* a willain, hand no mistake. Since he hended by riding a hacorn's foal, or vot they calls at the Hold Baily being *ung* for gitting hon too many relations and race osses hout of the vay vone arter another. Ugh! he *vos* a hugly customer, sure enough, for all he looked as smooth hand soft has gruel; and it's Bob Bumpus as vishes he'd retired hinto private life, like his brother Moses, hand been content with seeing the vorld from two pints of view, a boy at one hend, and a birch hat the hother, afore he'd come across sich a ——. Vell, thinking haint no good; I vos neither his pal, nor his 'complice, I warn't. I vos honly his tool hand his fool. Ugh! but it'll leave a taste of pison hon my whole life.

"Never mind, try again. Vich thimble his the pea

hunder? The vone in the shape of a coronet, to be sure. *He* gets rid of his cast-hoff missus, there's no harm in *that;* that's vot they calls sowing hon their vild hoats, and turning hover a new leaf; but ven a county 'torney like that 'ere Joe Jennings, marries her for valley received, he's a shabby feller has nobody likes to 'sociate with, and then he comes hout hon the turf, and there's rum stories about osses bolting, hand successful bets agin the favourite, though it's his own oss; but has long as Jennings *vins*, in course no one han't no right to say nothink, or least ways, he's hevry right to be treated as a 'spectable man, for has long as the pockets his vell lined, no fear of the character hever being maligned; besides, so many noblemen hand gents vins largely hon these little transactions by Joe Jennings, so in course it is hall right, hand there can't by no possibility be nothink wrong.

"At last, poor Sam Netherby falls dead from his oss, five minutes arter starting; fortins is lost hand von! hand the *haccident losers*, grows wenomous, and says, *taint* no haccident; hinwestigations takes place; many nobs, hand gents has as netted thousands hon the death of Netherby, his much *talked* hof has aving been consarned with Jennings in the matter; but nothink of this gits hinto the noosepapers, has hit is hall made pleasant hin some way hor hother. Hall *they* know his, that they von; in course they can't be hexpected to know *how* they von; it vos hall chance; but the death hof Netherby was brought home to Jennings, with many more; so Jennings was hanged — that vos a mischance; hand I vish has I'd been hanged, too, afore he'd made me take that glass of sperets to poor Netherby, though I knew no more what that willain had put in to it, than the child hunborn. Ugh! I feels a rattle in my throat like, when hever Hi thinks hon it; hand Hi'd

pretty vell sworn has a race-course should never see Bob Bumpus again; but, lawr, vot ave we to do vith ourselves? Its Fate as 'goes a dragging hon us hup hand down, hand round about the vorld, has the Nussmaids does the babbies hin them there prambleaters, hand, like the poor hinfants, ve may scream hourselves black hin the face; hit vont be no elp to us, hand a race-course vos *natral* like, to me hand poor Tatters! so ve found ourselves quite *permiscus* hat the last Derby; and vile I vos a valking vith my ands hin my pockets, (vere they ad it hall to their selves,) Ned Lancaster, Jennings' trainer, touches me hon the shoulder, a cold shiver ran hall through me, and down my back-bone, like winter rain down a spout at his touch, hand I says, 'Pawes hoff Pompey!' says I, 'for I haint a going to have nothink more to do with none hof ye.'

"'Bumpus, my man,' says he, 'don't ee be such a woundy fool as for to go for to quarrel with your bread hand butter.'

"'I haint no happetite for bread and butter,' growled I, short and sharp, has Tatters hisself.

"'Nonsense, Bob, I've got a job for yer,' says he. 'Aven't you got a brother as is a schoolmaster?'

"'Vell, and vot if I have? don't the gents tell us as goes a-flaring hup about the country at Mechanics *Hinstitoots*, hand such like, that the Schoolmaster his abroad?'

"'Gammon!' says Lancaster.

"'So hit his, hand no mistake.'

"'But I've a snug job for you, Bumpus—certain gain—no risk, and no trouble.'

"'I von't ave none hof your jobs,' says I; 'for there's more of the same hemp a growing as made the rope as hung Jennings, and the same hacorn has foaled his last ors can foal more.'

"'Hit haint nothing consarning heither osses nor jockeys, says he; hit's hall hin the hinnocent line—merely to put a little boy to school hat your brother's, down at Field Fleury, and hax, nor hanswer no questions. You'll be paid by a nobleman, like a prince; for he'll give you fifty pun a year for yourself, giving you the first fifty hin advance; hand hif you'll jist step with me behind the stand, I'll bring yer to his lordship, who vill also pay your brother fifty pun a year for the young gent's sculing, till further notice.'

"I began to give way, for I thought with fifty pun a year I should be hable to make a honest ooman of poor Polly at last, hand I knowed has that vos vot she vos a fretting about hand a hankering arter. 'Hand pray,' says I, sticking my hat a one side hand taking hout my betting-book to do business, 'who's to hinsure me hand Moses the riglar payment of these here two fifty puns a year?' 'Oh, the nobleman's Lyer ill do that.' 'Ugh,' says I, 'talking O Lyers haint the way to make a cove agreeable.' 'Oh, but hits the vay to make the money sure,' says he. This vos vot they calls a *conwincing hargeement;* so Bumpus vos took, hand led like a lamb to the slaughter, that his, behind the stand, to the party as vos to fork hout the shiners; hand there I sees a little hatomy of a feller, a stanning vith his ands hin his pockets, his eels close together, cheek by jowl, hand his feet turned straight hand stiff hout, like the two harms of a sign-post a pinting hout two different roads, his ead hin the hair, has hif a trying to make the most hof his self, hand his little sharp-pinted nose a follering hon the hexample of his ead, hand looking for hall the vorld has hif it vos a trying ard for a day's fishing among the clouds, vile his little grey heyes seemed continually a looking round the corner at his ears, vithout his hever a moving on his neck.

"'That baint no nobleman,' says I, a heyeing hon him from ead to foot, vich vornt arf a minute's vork, 'Bumpus knows better, for, in fact, he knows *vere you comes from.*'

"'No, no, my friend,' squeaks he.

"'No friends, if you please,' says I, a stepping back a pace or two; 'familiarity breeds contempt, hand that's a breed has never vins hon hany course, leastvays hin the long run.'

"'I vos honly a going to hobserve,' says Squeaker, 'as you vos quite right; I ham not his lordship, I ham honly a Lyer.'

"'Hit's hall the same thing,' says Ned Lancaster.

"'Wery hoften,' says I.

"'Lancaster ave told you the business I required hof you,' says Squeaker, 'hare you ready to hundertake it, hand to preserve the strictest secrecy hon the subject?'

"'Praps I ham, praps I haint; and spose I vos? vot,' says I, a holding hout my hand, 'is to conwert Bob Bumpus's two lips hinto one hof them there hadhesive henwellops?'

"'This,' says Squeaker, taking hout a long red puss, full hof Queen Wictoria's picturs. I took hof my at has a lyal subjec ort, for that's a vay in vich no one can never see too much hof her majesty. 'Five-hand-twenty down now,' continues Squeaker, 'hand five-hand-twenty more ven I delivers hup the young gent to you, this day two months, hat the railway hotel, Paddington; and twelve pun ten to be paid you by me, at the the same hotel, evry quarter; and twenty-five, sent to your brother at Field Fleury, purwided you neither of you ever ask the child (whose name is Walter Selden) no questions, nor seek to find hout the nobleman's name, whose hagent I ham; not

has you hever vould find it hout, for I've so many noblemen hamong *my* clients,' and here Squeaker gave a toss hup to his ead has seemed has hif he must a pulled hit clean hout o' the socket, 'but, above hall,' continues he, 'you must not tell none hof your sociates, nor no one belonging to you, hany hof the particklars hof this ere little harrangement; hif you do, I shall soon find hit hout, hand your hannuity will be stopped immejet; but if so be has you agrees to these here conditions, here his han hadditional five pun note for you, to fit yourself hout respectable, for hin course hit would never do for you to come for to take the young gent to scule in them there rags.'

"'Vell,' says I, a pussing hup my mouth to foller suit with my heyes, which vos fixed like hon the puss in Squeaker's hand, 'I hain't a nobleman, nor heven a gent; but hif, by taking hoffice myself, the hoffice of hagent for honknown noblemen's hincumbered hestates, I can purwide for hall my relations, vy, I should be wuss than heither, hif I did not do so; but, mind ee,' says I, to the Lyer chap, has he began a hopening the net to take hout the goold fish,—'You've a got Bob Bumpus dog cheap, you ave,—considering the secret he's to keep; for poor has he his, he never kep nothing to hisself, in his life, hand his mind least of hall, for hit was allays share, hand share alike, has far has *he* was consarned; and sure enough, though I can't sniff no harm in the matter has *yet*, the aving to keep it so close, sits as easy on my mind as a supper of Welsh rabbits and crows' gizzards vould on my stomach; hand, hindeed, I thinks has I should fairly bust hat once, like one of them there detonhating balls, hif so be, as I did not make a clean breast hof it to the walls hand stones hof Lunnun; no fear of *they* repeating no-

think, for, if *they* was hever for to go for to tell vot *they* sees hand hears! vy, lawr! the vorld vould be hat a'hend afore you could say Jack Robinson!'

"But to think too has heven that ere short transaction with a Lyer should ave brought me hinto sich trouble! for ven he had counted hout the yaller boys to me, hand I had stowed 'em away hin that ere stocking as I allays carries about me hin case of a vindfall; hand I turns round to call Tatters. Tatters had put his foot hin it, for he vos lost! gone! no vere to be found! Vell, as I said afore, it *von't* bear thinking hon! hand heven *these*, hall the tatters has I've got left, I must get rid on, cause, forsooth! I'm to ave the honour of being bear-leader to some lords.——Vell, for sartin sure, it *is* a queer, cross-grained, blow hot, blow cold, false weight, and false measured vorld, hin vich hevery von his allays a playing their game *o'contraries*, hand *contrairy* enough to hall justice hand common sense it his, hand no mistake!"

But, in order to relieve feelings that were "too deep for words," Mr. Bumpus began to whistle the popular melody of the "Ratcatcher's Daughter," and to this accompaniment pulled out the stocking that officiated as his strong box, and holding it open from the top in both hands, he looked inquiringly and admiringly down into it, as Alexander von Humboldt, or Pliny the elder, might have done into the crater of some newly-discovered volcano. And, while he was making mental calculations more financial than scientific, as to how soon the golden lava within would be moulten, into the realization of an *ambition* he had long cherished, the morning of the Minories gave its second yawn, and from a neighbouring Tom and Jerry shop let out a nymph with one dilapidated-looking infant on her back, and two

ambulating squalidities crawling at her side; while, in her own uncertain gait, there was more of spirit than of grace. As there was nothing mercenary in Mr. Bumpus's sentiments, words, or relationships with the fair (?) sex, he, at this apparition, almost mechanically replaced his wealth within his bosom, a proceeding that was perhaps hastened by the tin-apparatus of an early breakfast purveyor, at the same time arriving and establishing herself, with all her *mise-en-scène* of fire, water, kettles, cauldrons, sugar, chicory, bread, and butter, at the opposite corner of the street to that at which he had just poured forth his soliloquy. So, merely taking time for a mental delectation as to the somewhat apocryphal account of his being made Ambassador-Extraordinary in this mission, which he had given his mother, and resolving to give a *réchauffé* of it to Polly, he gave three sonorous, not to say savage, A-HEMS! and looked correspondingly up and down, the turn of the street, which did not, however, deter the "*Traviata*," with the three little victims, from accosting him with—

"I spose as you haint took nothink yet? so it taint no use a haxing hon you for a drain o' summut. But do give us a drop if you can, there's a jolly old chap, for I'm sure by the look on you, as yer can feel for a feller-cretur in distress, for you don't look as if the pump had had the weaning of you, you don't; no, very different from that, for there's no dependence to be placed in noses, if cream of the walley aint your nattral helement."

"Come, be hoff, hor I'll give yer in charge," growled Mr. Bumpus, with an austerity of virtue in the inflection of his voice, which seemed to resent the way in which the plumes of his purity had been ruffled by even the verbal breath of alcohol, as he retied his bundle with a degree muscular energy, that almost caused the empty flask with it to collapse.

"*You'll* give me in charge, indeed! that's a good un, and of course yer in an urry about it, as you've a got to breakfast with the Lord Mayor arter, and then to take Queen Wictoree down to Greenwich fair, hon a spree, honly take care has Prince Halbert haint jealous, cause you're sich a honkimmen andsome man, you are; so andsome, that I should like a lock of yer air afore the court ladies jobs it all out hin lockets, and sich like; and I'll see if I can't git 'a andful of it, too," said the virago, making a clutch at Mr. Bumpus's capillary adornments in so bellicose a manner that, had poor Tatters been at the scene of action, he would have infallibly made her anticipate the fate of Jezabel, in defending his master; not that even in that case the clamour could have exceeded that of the yells! now set up by the three juvenile aspirants for public sympathy; who, like the free-admission *claqueurs* at a theatre, wanted both discrimination and discretion, in the hubbub it was their especial mission in appropriate places to get up.

"Would you!" cried the amazon, drawing her digital forceps from Mr. Bumpus, and administering a sharp slap in the face to one of the vocalists, whom she accosted by the not inappropriate name of "Pinch;" while the other she shook till the small supply of breath that seemed in its poor attenuated little body was nearly shaken out of it, to the accompanying cognomen of "Skins."

"What do you mean, Pinch? a waistin on your hagonies hon a hempty street, vere there harnt no customers; close that ere colerer hospital o' yourn this minute, hor helse I'll find a hundertaker has shall screw yer down in good arnest. And *you* must begin, too, yer good-for-nothink Skins! I'll teach yer the rale tune on it, by not hitting yer ave, ne, not as much bread as would feed a

midge the whole of this here blessed day, if yer don't stop directly."

"For shame!" interposed Bob; "to treat your poor children so inhumanly."

"It haint no business of yourn how I treats 'em, and you must be a 'green un, you must, to spose they're my brats; I knows better nor that, thank you. I hires 'em hout hat sixpence a day heach, from a "Dying-child Club," has a Jewess keeps in Houndsditch, hand ow do you think as I'm to pay sich eavy hixpences, and make hany profits hon the business besides, if I let these here hurchins waste their talents hon hempty streets? And," added the wretch, in a sort of carneying tone, as she pushed the matted, light, sun-burnt and weather-beaten hair off of the pale forehead of her eldest victim, so as to shew more of his wan face and heavy eyes, "Pinch, when he's a good boy, can do his hagonies beautiful! he can, hand have took't hin many a docter, who've thought it war colerer, hand no mistake; and then mother (!) always gives him a good glass o' summut at night, when he have took't plenty of copper colerer pills in the day, don't she? And Skins can be a good *gurl*, too, when she likes, and come the starvation dodge in a vay has would do credit to a reglar famine hand take hin a whole Board of Guardians; it's quite tip-top, her hacting is, when she chuse."

"Poor little creturs," said Bob, rising from the hard settle upon which he had been seated, and crossing the street to the breakfast-stand, where the woman had now arranged her whole equipage of large blue cups, kettles, milk-jugs, loaves of bread, and lumps of butter. "Poor little creturs! I don't believe as there's any hacting in *that*. Come, turn to, and see how much coffee and bread and butter you can make disappear in arf a hour, and I pay for it."

And to prove that this was no vain "mockery of woe," he held up a five-shilling piece before the now alert coffee-vendor, to shew that he really did mean to keep the unities, and bestow on "Pinch" and "Skins" a grant from the crown.

"Hooky! von't I do my hagonies jolly, arter such a blow-out!" and in the exuberance of his gratitude, the plastic Pinch turned a somersault, by spreading out the palm of his right hand on the pavement, and all in performing a graphic *tableau vivant* of the Isle of Man arms, the third leg being represented by an arm, he conveyed himself to the other side of the street, where he alighted perpendicularly on his feet, close to the itinerant breakfast-table, on which he leant both his elbows, in eager expectation of the coming feast, while Skins, though less demonstrative, as befitted her sex, nevertheless, clapped her poor little skinny hands, and declared, if—

"*Mother (!)* would only let her eat till she *bust*, she should be able to do her starvation all the better."

"Vell, I never!" said that lady, better known among her associates as "Blinking Sal," from a tremulousness of the eye-lids, to which she was subject, "the hidear of your aving so much money, hand a spending hon it hon they brats. God bless yer—*do* give me a tester to get a glass, for I hant took nothink to-day, nor had nothink for supper this blessed night, but the night air, and it aint no good for the disgestion it aint, as I'm sure you know, kind sir," concluded she, dropping a low and respectful curtsey to the crown-piece which Bob still held in his hand. But though Mr. Bumpus's first impulse in giving a breakfast to those poor wretched little victims had been one of genuine and unalloyed kindness, yet, like all great men, he had a great and favourite scheme—no less a one (than in abandoning

the turf with (which Jennings's untimely end had disgusted him—untimely, inasmuch as that the said Jennings should have been hanged many years before).

He had resolved, if ever he could realize the funds, to associate himself with an equestrian troop, and, if fortune smiled upon him, eventually to become the proprietor of one. The fifty pounds a-year he had so unexpectedly come into possession of had enabled him, within the last week, to put this project into practice, by having purchased, for a premium of twelve pounds a quarter, the honour of having his name appear on the placards of the Circus as its nominal proprietor, for which he was to beat up recruits for the troop, take the money at the door, play clown on alternate nights, and sing a comic song occasionally, when the performance was slow, or the audience low; by this means, he could still indulge his love for horses harmlessly; and might, perhaps, in his various *tours* again fall in with Tatters, as it was in a Circus he had first met with that inestimable friend and companion. Foreign affairs are always, whether socially or politically, comparatively easy to transact; it is in the home department that the hitch generally arises; and, as Mr. Bumpus neared the bosom of his family, or rather the family of his bosom, which are far from being always synonymous, (more especially in "moral England!") he began to fear the obstacles he might have to contend against from Polly Marsham, who, on account of her daughter, whom, as he was wont to express it, she was, poor soul, as particklar about "*as if she'd a bin reglar quality, and all straight on both sides,*" he was not sure would much relish his hippodromic enterprise.

"But lawr," continued he, as he rapidly, as minister the interior, cast a glance over the *pros*, and *cons*, of

position. "Poor soul! as I'm a going to make a honest ooman hof her at last, she's shure to be agreeable to hevry think helse; heven hif so be, as her husban, I was to *hinsist* hon her riding the wiciousest oss in the troop, hand jumping through one of them there paper moons every night, for her honey-moon." And while revolving these matters in his mind it was, that Mr. Bumpus's Centaur perceptions had been struck with the immense gymnastic capabilities of Pinch, and with the *vivida vis animâ* which distinguished all his plans, he instantly resolved on one, to rescue those unfortunate children from their present miserable and precarious existence, for one that was, at least, spangled over with the tinsel of spurious excitement; and carrying out this scheme would also afford him the real pleasure of circumventing Blinking Sal, to whom he owed a grudge, for the hostile intentions she had so recently manifested towards him. So, in reply to her modest request for refreshments at his hands, he placed the five-shilling-piece in those of the purveyor of coffee, saying he would return in a minute or two for the change; "and then, my lass," added he, addressing Blinking Sal, "you shall have sperits enough."

"There's a trump!" cried the grateful nymph, slapping her hands more joyously than gracefully, "I know'd as you was one of the right sort, the moment as I set eyes on you."

"Ah!" said Mr. Bumpus, with a facetious little twinkle of his dexter eye (as he disappeared round the corner), which quite threw Blinking Sal's habitual occular gymnastics into the shade. "I s'pose I'm a beauty now?"

"In course you hare, andsome his, has andsome does," esponded the lady, "or my name's not Blinking Sal." To

which compliment, the subject of it disappeared, sonorously chanting the refrain of

"What a beauty I did grow, did grow, did grow,
What a beauty I did grow."

The Egyptian Priests told Herodotus, that since their first King reigned, then eleven thousand years before that period, the sun had changed his course four times, and in like manner, we have to inform the reader, that on quitting Blinking Sal, Mr. Bumpus, albeit a very different sort of luminary, likewise changed his course four times before he could meet with—what Herodotus, with all his *savoir* had never heard of, and might have experienced equal difficulty in discovering if he had, to wit, a policeman; at length, having turned down his favourite *locale*, Eastcheap, within a door or two of his "old familiar friend, the Boar's Head," which he frequented when in London, quite as much as Shakespeare, Ben Johnson, and the other choice spirits of that time did in their day, Bob espied a rigid bale of blue cloth, finishing its morning nap against a post, which he concluded, was at least the fossil remains of a detective; so walking up to it, and finding upon examination, that it was a real live policeman, such as any cook, without circumnavigating the globe, might have sworn to, he accosted the "Sleeping Beauty" *on* the wood, with

"Hello!" Pleeseman! you be wanted, please; I wants to give a ooman in charge, up yander, corner o' the Minories, for using hon three poor children shameful bad! childern as ain't hurn, but as she ave hired from one of them there Dying Child and Shocking Haccident Clubs; she's a reglar female ruffian, she is, a rogue hand wagabond, and no mistake."

But as people *will* go on judging from appearances, even policemen, or rather more especially Policeman Sergeant Snack of the K division, though not yet wide awake, still eyed Mr. Bumpus with his one available optic, while he rubbed up the other into its wonted clearness, and at the conclusion of this cursory survey of that gentleman's outward man, repeated his last words.

"Rogue and vagabond indeed!" adding, "come, you'd better be off, and take your gammon to another market, unless you want me to take you along with me."

"Lawr bless you," said Bob, untwisting one of the wisps of hay and straw, that formed his travelling-boots. "Hall's not goold has glitters, neither his all has his rags, rogues. I'm a spectable man, I assure you, though no one mightn't spose it, to look at me; I lodges here close by, hon Tower-hill, ven I'm in Lunnun, at Mrs. Ray's, as keeps the little chaney-shop; and what's more," continued he, withdrawing for the policeman's inspection a piece of paper from his bosom, "you wouldn't know me a couple o' hours hence, ven Moses have took his *profits* hout o' me. Crikey! shan't I look as bright as the brazen sarpent, for I'm a going to be made a happy pair hon to-day, hand here's the license, a fust-class ticket, you see, no publishing o' bans or being axed hin church, or sich like—that warn't genteel!"

And while Sergeant Snack was spelling over the names of Robert Bumpus, and Mary Marsham, both of the Tower Hamlets, as set forth in the license, the bridegroom elect drew a sovereign from his hoard, well knowing *that* to be a far more conclusive guarantee for his respectability than any verbal ones he could coin.

"Now, look you here," resumed he, tendering the gold in exchange for the license, which the policeman now

returned him. "I don't want they two poor children to be no hexpense to the parish, I don't, if so be has you can honly git em took care on in the workus till the day arter to-morrow. I knows their parents, (!) who'll be glad enough to get em back, but the parish will have to take care o' the babby, cause I don't know nothin about hit; babbies haint in my department, you see, I'm more in the oss-flesh or grow'd hup line, but the ooman is a notorious bad keracter, as goes by the flash-name of Blinking Sal," concluded Mr. Bumpus, with an inward chuckle, to think how opportunely she had betrayed her *sobriquet*, as but for this piece of feminine imprudence, he might have ignored it till the day of his death, and moreover been sadly at a loss for evidence to adduce as to his knowledge of her identity. The gold was beginning gradually to work its usual miraculous effect even on Sergeant Snack, who said:

"Well, I'll step round and inquire at Mrs. Ray's, if what you say, my man, is all true; and if it is, I'm quite willing to take this Blinking Sal, into custody."

"Lawr bless yer! she'll give us the slip if you don't begin by taking her, and gitting them poor children hout hof her clutches, for hit's time enough to hinquire about me arter. Bob Bumpus will keep, he will; hand here's a sovran towards the maintenance of they two poor children—as that tremenjus female ruffian! calls Pinch, hand Skins, wherhas it haint no sich a thing, but quite the contrairy of that; for the boy's Christen name (hit's not for Bob Bumpus to betray no secrets, by saying what their surname his, which, hof course, they ave as good a right to has you hor I ave to ourn)—I was agoing to observe that there was no Skins, nor Pinch, hin the case, nor, indeed, scarcely a pinch of skin betwixt them, poor

little creturs; nevertheless, the boy's name is Horlando, hand the gals, Hangeliner—not zackly the sort o' names to be kept huphon workus water-gruel; for which reason it is, that I wishes to restore them to their disconsolate parients, so has they may hall live appy together hever arter, like the hend of a story-book."

But here a fine bay-horse in its plaid housings, with the initials B. M., worked in scarlet cloth on one corner of them, and ridden by a groom in his fustian *dishabille*, coming at a walking-pace down the street from the Tower, caused the orator to step up on the pavement, and suddenly to pause in his harangue, from the circumstance of his being accosted by the equestrian, as he suddenly reined in Merrythought, Captain Mornington's mare, which he was taking out to exercise.

"Hello! Bob Bumpust! where the Derby did *you* spring from? I should as soon have thought of seeing a mushroom growing in Piccadilly, or Mr. Luther a betting at Tattersall's—ha! ha! ha!"

"Nothink impossible," laughed Mr. Bumpus, shaking hands with the groom, "honless it be making a welwet puss out of a sow's ear, or a rale Christian hout of one of they modern saints; but who knows? niver despair, Spriggs: and, p'r'aps, one of these days we may see Mister Luther a wentering a few hundreds hon the Pale Oss Stakes! And as for Madam Mornington! don't you know as her wery petticuts is starched with sanctity! So in course, has befits a helderly gentlevoman hin the Methody line, she

"'Sarches hout her sperits hin the night season.'"

This quotation Bob emphasized, by placing his right forefinger perpendicularly at the side of his nose, and winking

his right eye; after which charming, though by no means novel piece of pantomime, he added, interrogating Spriggs personally, for his own satisfaction—"But though I haint a Yankee (for vich hand hall hother mercies I ham truly thankful), still, I ave got jist sufficient curosity to make me vish to know hunkimmen, vot brings you hinto this part of the world, little Leathers?"

"Oh! I'm here on dooty; that is, the Cappen is on dooty at the Tower. It's purdijus slow, to be sure—almost as bad as Mornington Manor—only there aint so much lifting hup of the voice, and flumping down hon the knees, as Madam Mornington makes us go through; but still, the stagnation of hanimal life his awrful! hand no hamount of the Humane Sursiety's remedies—has far has blankets, hand brandy hand water goes—seems of the least avail hin restoring suspended hanimation. There's billiards hand backy, to be sure, hand the hofficers has a variety that we haven't; for all the morning they smoke cigars, hand hall the hevening they smokes the chaplain. But the Cappen, he'se now a got Sir Hugh de Byons and Mr. Thornberry 'confined in the Tower' with him, has he calls it, hand I vish as they was further. For Sir Hugh, he's a persuading hon the Cappen to take him down to Mornington Manor for a little good shooting; but I suspect he've started the game *there*, already, and that the reason he don't trouble the cappen's Manillas is, that there's hother *weeds* more to his fancy down at Field-Fleury."

"Ay, and birds of a feather flocks together, hand that 'ere maid of Madame Delmar's, Miss Carew Patty,—a gal to my mind, as his hunkimmen natty," re-winked Mr. Bumpus, with a happy mixture of *abandon* and *persiflage*, as he facetiously poked Spriggs in the left side, with the

crook of his oaken stick, still graced as that *bâton* was with the blue bundle containing his luggage.

"Come now, Bob, *be* quiet; I haint in no humour for none hof your nonsense. You can't hexpect a feller to be hin *sperits* hin this 'ere dungeon hof a place," said Spriggs, parrying both thrusts, by stooping down to pat the mare's neck, as he added, "heven poor Merrythought thinks has long as she's here, the sooner she changes her name the better."

"As I be a going to do," responded Mr. Bumpus, with all the solemnity so strange an announcement demanded.

"Change your name! What? You've never a bin left a fortin like the quality, have you Bob? hin which case they hare always obleeged to call theirselves names."

"Change my name, what ham I thinking hon? No; I didn't mean zackly that heither, that vos a putting the cart afore the oss, but here's the ticket," added he, putting the marriage-license into Spriggs's hand. "Vot I meant vos, as hat eleven to-day I'm a going to be made a appy pair hon, hup at the Tower—my young ooman hand me, hand the Chaplain of the Forces his the clerical Calcraft, has his to ficiate hon the hoccasion. Arter, ve'll ave a blowhout hat the Boar's Head, vot the noosepapers call quite 'private and select' like, vich means, has there von't be nobody there to signify, honly the bride hand bridegroom, in coorse. Mrs. Ray, hour landlady, her sister-hin-law, poor Ruby Ray, who, though turned two-hand-thirty, ave bin hinnocent hever since she war seven year old. Jack Rosinscrape, the mate of the "Hans. Van Kelp," now lying in the river, he've bin, as you know, twice round the world, ave Jack, hand never met with his match hon the fiddle, nor hat the pestle-and-mortar step in a ornpipe, as you know Spriggs; that's the list of the company, vith

Muster Thomas Spriggs, hiff he'll do hus the honor o' joining on us ?"

"Most proud hand appy," said Spriggs, lifting up his cap, "but haint your mother hand brothers come hup for the *weddin ?*"

"Hi'm of hage," rejoined Mr. Bumpus stolidly, "there haint no nercessity for hall that looking arter ; besides, my mother his wedded to her wash-tub, Moses to his birch, hand Ned to his brush, so vot's the use o' disturbing hon em ?"

"Well, but ave'nt you got never a young lady for a partner for me ?" inquired Spriggs, with an air *gaillard*, meant quite to dispel any illusions Mr. Bumpus might have entertained respecting his admiration for Miss Patty Carew.

"Vell, there's Mabel, as far as she goes," said Mr. Bumpus, pulling his right ear, as if that could have lengthened her, as well as that appendage.

"As fur as she goes," echoed Spriggs with a laugh ; "why, how fur does she go ?"

"Honly has fur has five year hand three months."

"Whew !" whistled Spriggs, children not being in his line any more than "babbies" were in Mr. Bumpus's.

"But who is Mabel ?" re-interrogated Spriggs.

"Vy, she's the darter of Mrs. Bob Bumpus has his to be."

"Oh, then you're hin the ready-made, and second-hand line, Bob, for it seems has your hintended his a vidder ?"

"Thereabout," but as Mr. Bumpus did not choose to enter into any more lucid explanation on the subject, he intuitively adopted the Parliamentary *pis aller* of picking holes in his interrogator's department, for stepping back a little, as if forcibly struck (again to borrow from

St. Stephen's by what was only a scarecrow set up to parry a fact), he suddenly exclaimed,

"Hello! Spriggs, you've got that ere girth too tight."

"Ave I?" said the half-doubting, but still yielding Spriggs. "Well, just put it right, will you?"

And once more, Mr. Bumpus evinced his legislative acumen, by after an *obligato* amount of fumbling, leaving things precisely as they were.

"As I tell the Cappen," said Spriggs, who now having the reins in his own hand, had a right to say what he pleased "hif coming to this here confounded tower, warn't honly an occasional thing, I should certainly give him warning, for kep hin this place, osses aint no credit to one; no more nor if they was bus osses, hand, hendeed, has I says to him, hif hit was to be a constant hinstead of quite a permiscus thing, hour being hon dooty here, he might ride sich dog's meat hif he pleased, but he shouldn't make me do it."

"Lawr?" said Mr. Bumpus, in his most facetious and complimentary strain, delighted at having put Spriggs on another scent. "*You!* needn't mind vot cattle you rides; a stud-groom's allays a stud-groom; it's he has sets hoff the oss, hand not the oss has sets, hor hever throws *him* hoff. Did you hever ear the werses I made hon that wery subjec, last Hoctober meeting?"

"No."

"Lawr bless yer! the leterairy gent. has does the horiginal jokes, hand sich like, hin 'Bell's Life,' hand sevral hother veekly papers, hoffered me a five pun note for 'em, if so be has I'd let him ave 'em to prent; but I said no, for hif they was voth five pun to him has had nothink to do with 'em; in course they was voth double

that to me, the inwenter. Now look hup, Spriggs, there's money bid for yer; clear the course, here they comes!

The groom as is slack,
Vill ride a lean hack;
Hand him vots a snob,
Steps hout hon a cob;
But he as is stud,
Sports nothink but blood.*

"Ha! ha! ha! that's good," laughed the appreciating Spriggs, accompanied by a cachinnatory falsetto from Sergeant Snack, who from Spriggs's diluted "Morning Post" about the "Cappen," Sir Hugh de Byons, and Mr. Thornbery, no longer doubted Bob's "respectability," notwithstanding the *post-mortem* appearance of his garments.

* Not yet having got into the way of it, that is, not yet being able to turn literary Flibustier, by having a Routledge for the puffs financial, and a Fudgester, for the puffs and perjuries critical, the author thinks it better at once openly and honestly to state, for fear of being given in charge to some literary detective of the A. S. S. division, and sent to their House of Correction, that these lines which Mr. Bumpus, like a true genius, so shamefully palmed off on his friend Spriggs, as perfectly original! are nothing more than a flagrant parody upon those charming and classical lines on modern female costume, which last year appeared in "Punch," and have since become "familiar as household" —bags. It is perhaps superfluous to say we allude to

"The woman what's thin, or lean,
Gets into crinoline.
Her, what's a figure,
Don't need be bigger,
But them blow'd out bags
Identifies Scrags."

Still so graduated is the comparative anatomy of the *comme il faut* in the social scale, that a man who was evidently an intimate acquaintance of the stud-groom of an officer in the Grenadier Guards, and moreover, had some sort of local habitation in that officer's country-quarters, could not in the sagacious opinion of Sergeant Snack, be a rogue and vagabond, whatever he might appear; and moreover, it was really most humane of him to wish to rescue those poor children, and restore them to their parents—the sovereign proved that. So the steps of Blinking Sal's progress as Queen of the Beggars were for that day at least numbered; as Sergeant Snack, after having let off his laugh, and again got up his official decorum, turned round, and touching Mr. Bumpus with the end of his thin yellow reed-looking cane lightly on the arm with one hand, while with the other he drew out his large silver watch, and consulted it, said—

"Five minutes after six; come my man, the time's a getting on, and if you wish to give this woman in charge, we'd better be moving."

"Woman hin charge! what woman?" inquired Spriggs. "Ope there aint no just cause or himpediment why these two should not be jined together in oly matrimony? Nothink o' that sort, eh? I never know'd as you was in the gay deceiver line afore; but still there's no saying, for I thinks as you comes hout strong-er hand strong-er hevry time I sees you."

"You've a saddled the wrong oss, hand taken the wrong road, so jist be so good has to turn back, hand drop them there hinsiniwations hon the morning has a feller his going to be made a happy pair hon."

"No offence, man, I was honly a shoving hon you hup among the quality, who has always no hend of strings—astways of petticoat-strings, to their bow—married or

single, makes no difference, hexcept has the married uns is the wust of the two."

"Hold hon there!" said Mr. Bumpus. "A man's not a oss, cause he appens to be born hin a stable; nor hammunition, cause his mother chanced to be in a hurry hand he was hushered hinto vot Madame Mornington calls this wale o'tears, o'top hof a baggage-waggon; hand it haint cause a cove appens to be fond hof the turf, that he should be given hup to *hevry* hother wice, like the nobs hand gents, has he his liable to meet there."

"Whew!" whistled Spriggs; "but hellow! where the onaccountables is Tatters hall this while? cause hof course he's to be groom's man at the weddin?"

"Ay, vere is he? indeed! poor feller! that's just vot I vishes has you, nor hany von helse could tell me? hit's jist a month hand two days to-day since he vos ticed avay or stolen from me hat the Derby. I've put advertisements most hin hevry paper about him, the *Times*, *Bell's Life*, *The Hera*, hand *Veekly Dispatch*, a hoffering a reward hof five pounds hif any one would bring him to the Boar's Ead, Heast-Cheap. I heven wrote to Sadsteal to know vere he vos? hand hif so be, has hever I should see him agin, *not* saying as he vos a dog, cause has Sadsteal his a conjurer hand strologer, and sich like, in course he ort to know hall about it without my telling hon him."

"Poor Tatters! I *am* unkimmen sorry as he's lost! to be sure; for I think he wor hout, hand hout, the cleverest daug has hever I see! But did Sadsteal tell you as you would get him back?"

"'Oh lawr! that *vos* a go! he writes back to say, as he could tell me nothink for *sartin*, honless I could give him the hegzact day hand hour hof the *party's* birth. Vell, knowed *that* werry vell, cause I bespoke him from t clown hof Chepstow's Circus afore he vos born, hagreei

to give Norris the clown a sovran for him has soon has his heddication was completed. So I sends Sadsteal the day hand hour hof the birth, fast enough, never letting hon, about his being a daug, but calling hon him vot he rally vos to me, a dear friend; "and this here," added Mr. Bumpus, withdrawing a letter from his bosom, "his the precious consarn has he sends me back for no hend hof Queen's eads, has I sent him for his fare," and so saying, he opened and handed the letter to Spriggs, which presented the following hieroglyphic, which, indeed, was a perfect one, not only to Spriggs, but even to Sergeant Snack, as it differed so widely from any, either photograph

or autograph, that he had yet seen, while underneath was written in a plain, vulgar, and perfectly uncabalistic hand

"The missing party's return is doubtful; not so his great rise in life; even to attaining high offices in the State, and basking in the sunshine of Royal favour, provided he only avoids the snare of an imprudent marriage, in or about his twenty-third year, and abstains from the

too free use of the alluring, but treacherous juice of the grape, which may cause him to betray secrets of high political import, which is threatened about this time, by Venus entering the sun's house, and Mercury being in a sextile position with Saturn. Still, there would appear to be an error in the date of the Nativity sent, as it is the sixth of June 18—, which would only make the missing party, three years old; quære, should it not have been 18—?"

"Ha! ha! ha! now jist fancy a hold daug o' twenty-three years of hage a-making hon a himprudent marriage, hand being a more drunken daug nor his master, hand betraying on state secrets, vich there haint no fear hon his master's never doing, seeing has he dont know none. Has for his basking hin the sunshine of ryal favour, *that* haint by no means so much hout of the cards; for I'm wery sure hif so be has the Queen could only git a chance to see him, she'd soon perfer him to the many hugly dogs has does go to court. Jist look at her Master of the Oss,* for instance; there's a hugly dog! hand no mistake. Lawr! I fear there aint no chance hof poor Tatters a-gitting a place hat court."

"Who knows," suggested Spriggs, with a touch of Utilitarian barbarity—which in the *utile*, had no scruple in outraging the *dulce*:—"who knows, p'r'aps, some day or hother Prince Halbert may be a-wearing hon his skin hin boots."

But this mode, though only theoretical, of insuring poor Tatters a good footing at court, was too much for his bereaved master, who with a gesture of mingled indignation and disgust, rejoined—

* Mr. Bumpus did not allude to her Majesty's present handsome and aristocratic-looking Master of the Horse.

"Oh! now I'm hoff; hand, arter that, the sooner as you turns butcher the better."

"Well, I didn't mean as poor Tatters would die a bit the sooner for that," said Spriggs, apologetically. I honly meant, as living hor dead, I thort has so clever a daug would be sure to come to honour; so tip us the daddle, hold feller! hand tell me hif I'm to be at St. Peter's at eleven, or only at the Boar, arter the ceremony?"

"Just as you like," said Bob, somewhat gloomily, putting his hand inflexibly into Spriggs's proffered one, which, indeed, from its straightness and rigidity, Spriggs might well have mistaken (except that it was neither so clean, nor so smooth) for one of those wooden hands upon which he (Spriggs) was wont to clean Captain Mornington's gloves, when he was occasionally good enough to oblige Mr. Harvey, the Captain's valet, if the latter was more agreeably engaged.

"Just as you like," muttered Bob, as he walked away with Sergeant Snack, "some thinks going to church, hon hany pretext, a bore; so I spose hits hall the same vich hever you does. Good-bye, Merrythought, my gal," added he, over his shoulder, looking back wistfully at the mare; "I know as you'd be glad to see something more of poor Tatters again than his skin. Vot can you ave of a cat but hits skin, has the saying his; but dogs his different, their beauty his more than skin-deep. Poor Tatters! he's a case hin pint; for though he vos honly tatters without, 'Solomon, hin hall his glory,' could'nt compare to him within." And at once overwhelmed by the melancholy of this reflection, and bewildered by the brilliancy of the simile, Mr. Bumpus plunged his right hand into his bosom. Nor was he aroused from his reverie till his companion touched him again on the arm with his cane, and said—

"I hope you're not forgetting the way!"

"All right," said Bob, with a sort of rousing shake, "ve shall be there hin a minute, hand I'll pint hout the hold wixen to you from round the corner, has she mayn't know has hits I has ave hunhearthed her; hand vile you's a bagging hon her, hand taking hon her to the station-ouse, I'll take care hon the cubs."

And so saying, having arrived at the corner of the Minories, Mr. Bumpus made a dead stop, and with the fore and middle finger of his right hand began making a series of pantomimic signs at the back of the unconscious Blinking Sal, who, not being an Argus, little dreamt, as with folded arms she was expressing to the coffee-vendor her surprise and conjectures as to the probable cause of Bob's delay, how near to her the treacherous subject of her conversation was.

"That's hur—there's your parcel—can't call it *goods*," whispered Bob, in a hoarse voice, to Sergeant Snack. "Hoff with her, hand I'll take care of the young uns, has they shant hescape, poor things; hand ven the magistrate gives her a month at Brixton, has hin course he vill, hand sends they poor little creturs to the Union, I'll take 'em back to their parints hin a day hor two."

Here, as Bob drew back, not to be seen—though the traitor was all the while like the onions in Sidney Smith's salad, "unsuspectedly animating the whole"—Sergeant Snack appeared suddenly, like a dark mass as he was, on Blinking Sal's horizon.

"So, I've got you at last," said the Sergeant, with the assured familiarity of an old acquaintance, stepping forward and seizing his prey.

"You've got me at last," echoed Blinking Sal, endeavouring, with her clenched first, to knock out, at least, one

of the policeman's eyes, which he, perceiving in time, prevented. "You've got me at last! when I'll take my hoath has you never seed me afore, as I ginrally goes westward; praps, has you knows me so well, yer can tell me my name!"

"I should think I could—Blinking Sal; so come along quietly, for resistance aint of no use."

Somewhat taken aback by his knowledge of her name, she had now no alternative but her maternal feelings; so, bursting into a most terrific howl, she sobbed out—

"Oh, my poor dear! dear! fatherless hinnocents! what hever *will* become on 'em, hif you takes me afore a magistrate? Hendeed, hendeed, we wasn't a begging. I've got a basket of pincushions and watch-pockets, and such like, as a good lady as I met last Sabbath, at Hebenezer Chapel, give me to sell; and I jist stopped to git a bit o' bread from this good ooman here, with the last half-penny I ad, for my poor dear children; and was then, and there, a going home for my basket, when you seizes upon me. Oh, my poor children! my poor children! what *will* become of them if you takes me?"

"Come, come—*that* dodge wont do; I know very well the infamous place where you hire those poor children from, and *they* shall be taken care of, you may depend."

Perfectly aghast at this information, and ignoring its source and extent, Blinking Sal, now hopeless, and consequently desperate, had nothing for it but to replunge into her native Billingsgate, of which she forthwith showered a fresh volley on Snack, as she vainly endeavoured to escape from his grasp. Whereupon, he, affecting to espy Bob for the first time, cried out—

"Hello! my man—be so good as just to lend a hand here, will you? and lead these poor children for me as far as the Mansion House, while I secure this woman?"

Oh, subtle serpent—oh, spirit of Talleyrand—oh, deleterious essence of diplomacy—oh, candour of crocodiles—oh, amiability of asps, whither next wilt thou take refuge, since even Robert Bumpus, the milk—nay more, the very cream—of human kindness, could not escape thee? Thus appealed to, in the cause of "suffering humanity," (no, *that's* the Revalenta Arabica) or rather of public justice, which is all the same thing, Mr. Bumpus advanced, with a jaunty air, worthy of an octagenarian premier, and a duplicity that would not have discredited either premier or prelate, and, winking an *intente cordiale*, over Sergeant Snack's judicial shoulder, at Blinking Sal, as much as to say, "you keep your own counsel, and I'll keep mine, and we'll see if we can't *do* the peeler," he held out his hand to the coffee-vendor, saying—

"My change, Missus, please."

Having received it and transferred it to his waistcoat-pocket, he paternally took Skins in one hand, and Pinch in the other, who, full of gratitude, or at least of breakfast, were nothing loth to confide themselves to the guardianship of a cause, which had produced so desirable an effect as unlimited bread and butter.

Bob was no professed philanthropist, and therefore he had no intention of betraying the confidence the children reposed in him, and if he was not quite so loyal as regarded the woman, what then? why it only proved that he was a man of the world, a great moralist (!) and perhaps a bit of a genius into the bargain. Misfortune makes all things human find their level, and so Blinking Sal, though generally speaking, little addicted to the softnesses, and silliness of her sex, yet now, like the very weakest of them, seemed to rely implicitly on Bob, and trust her whole fate to the keeping of a man whose acquaintance she had so recently made. Consequently, every five minutes she kept

turning round to send him some telegraphic despatch, as they wended their way to the Mansion House, but Mr. Bumpus, with whose plans this constant surveillance did not at all tally, after having given her one or two oracular Burleigh-like nods, retreated several paces in the rear with the children out of hearing, at the same time, signalling to her, that he had a motive for this (as truly he had), and further advising her, by a quick and forward movement of his left hand, to keep her eyes straight before her, and not be looking continually back, as she was certainly not worth the salt, into which Lot's wife had been turned.

At length, having by this stratagem cleared the course, as he himself expressed it, he usurped his brother Moses's province, and commenced a system of juvenile tuition upon a plan that could not fail to "combine instruction with delight," for they had not proceeded many paces before they met an itinerant purveyor of gastric fevers, in the alluring shape of coloured-comfits and florid frescos in sugar, bounded on the north (not like America with the Aurora Borealis, and on the south by the Day of Judgment) but on the north by Bonaparte's ribs, on the south by bull's eyes, on the east by ellycompaine, and on the west by peppermint-drops, while the interior of the tray, or table-land, was occupied by a rabble of nondescript abominations, the very *canaille* of Lollypoptamia. Hastily possessing himself of a shilling's worth of these rudiments of bribery and corruption, Mr. Bumpus, after having performed the miserably mean work of supererogation of breaking Buonaparte's ribs, commenced his educational course, slightly altered from Pestalozzi's plan, as having had no difficulty in fixing his pupils' eyes upon the objects he presented to them, he said, with the natural gallantry inherent in all great men, first addressing himself to

Skins, casting a bull's, not a sheep's, eye at her enraptured gaze—

"Vot little gal is this for ?"

"Oh, for me, for Skins," cried she, dancing, and holding up her hand for the prize.

"No, I don't know no little gal vith sich a hugly name, but I'm particklar hintimate vith the parints of a little gal called Hangelinar, hand hif you'll be Hangelinar, and let me take you to your par and mar, you shall ave it."

"Lawr ! ad we ever a par ? a mar I know we ad," said the child, her eyes dilating, as she for a moment forgot even the tempting boon.

"In course you ad, my little dears ; it's naitral for us all to have a par and mar once, honly they's not things has lasts for hever. Now, vot's your name ? hand his hit a name, as his a sweet name, hand deserves this 'ere ?"

"Hangelscreamar ?" hesitated the child.

"Hangelinar," corrected Bob.

"Hangelinar," repeated Skins this time, with "due emphasis and discretion," as like "Fair ox-eyed Juno" she kept both of hers, steadily and eagerly fixed on the bull's eye.

"Good gal, hand Hangelinar it's for, hand no mistake," said the preceptor, dropping it into her open mouth, and then selecting one of the frail ribs he had already broken, and angling for Pinch as he had before done for his sister, he said, holding it up at a tantalus distance from that young gentleman's mouth, only infusing a little historical lore into the of course more solid education of the boy.

"Now, can you tell me ? *Vy*, Boney the big—that his, Boney the Fust, Hemperor of the French—vos sent to St. Helenur?"

"To be cotched, I s'pose ?" responded Pinch.

"In course; but cotched for vot?"

"To be killed, I s'pose?"

"As dead as a door-nail. That English bys, as vos good hand never told fibs, might get Bonaparte's ribs; and vot little by do yer think this here rib in particklar his for?"

"Oh, for Pinch! for Pinch!"

"Wery sorry; but I don't know no little by with sich a hugly name has Pinch—I don't. I honly knows Hangelinar's brother has I'm a-going to take back to his par hand mar; hand his name his Horlandor, hand I'm their dear friend, Bob, as they knows will take care hon 'em. Now, I think you must be that 'dentical little by. Vot's yer name?"

"Hor—hand—her."

"Horlandor!"

"Horlandor."

"Hall right, hand Bonaparte's ribs his the vay to spell Horlandor; so there's yer spelling-book, my little dear, hand heven hif you don't stick to hit, hit'll be sure to stick to you," said he, handing him the brown abomination, which was not unlike the ribs of a mummy."

"Hand who ham I?" resumed he, holding up a brandy-ball, as a sort of *devise parlante*, which formed the heraldic section of the lesson.

"Oh, you's our best friend, Bob, has his a-going to take us to our par and mar—only we aint got no par."

"Hall right!" said Bob, endorsing his approbation with a rose-coloured tablet of some undefinable composition to each of his pupils, who, it is needless to say, under such a judicious system of immediate rewards, made rapid progress. As their physical advancement did not keep pace with their intellectual, their delighted preceptor presently

exclaimed, while they were still discussing "The Feast of Roses," with their heads on one side, accompanied by a low, munching sound—

"Come, step out, my four-year olds ! Ven you's been a little longer with your best friend, Bob Bumpus, you'll trot fourteen mile an hour with hease within yourselves, yer will."

But here, Pinch, in his anxiety to show that he *could* "step out," made a false step over the kerb-stone, and splashed his patron terribly.

"Hello !" cried the latter, "I can't have no daisy-cutting. I must larn yer Horlandor, my roadster, to go it in high style, vell above the ground ; for, honless you gits your proper haction, you'll be hallways liable to fall, by going too near, has you have a-done jist now. I vonts, ven your par and mar ses yer agin, to see, that though you ave a-bin so long a-tossing about in that ere loose box, the world, has, thanks to your best friend, Bob Bumpus, you's a reglar Galloway, as has got uniform strength and hadequate haction. But, lawr ! vot ham I a-talking about haction !" continued Mr. Bumpus, suddenly stopping, and placing, like an anticipatory hatchment, a large square of portable bilious fever in pink sugar on his breast, which he held there, with his hand spread out like a split eagle, at once tempting, and tantalizing the not yet satiated Pinch and Skins—"vot ham I talking habout haction ; for vot's hany haction—heven that of a oss—compared to the haction of the human art. Does the haction o' your arts, my little dears, tell you nothink ven you sees this here pink of fashion, has I may call it, a spread hout, like a smiling landscape, hor, leastways, like a sweet prospec, hall hover my bow-sum ? Speak, Hangelinar ! Hanswer me, Horlandor !"

Here, in order to suit the action to the word, and *appear* overcome by his emotions, Bob, with his unoccupied hand, drew from his pocket the residue of his fragmentary check, and held it before his eyes, while the ends fluttered in the breeze; much after the desultory fashion of those diophanic black tinder-pendants, to the bars of a grate, which children call "STRANGERS." But the newly-christened Orlando and Angelina, seemed only bent upon proving themselves lineal and undegenerated descendants of the horse-leech; for whatever their hearts might do, their hands expanded as they raised them, saying,

"Oh! crikey! I should think so; it tells us, as you means that for us, too!"

"Hof course, hewentually I *do*,—but who ham I?"

"Bob Bumpus,—our best friend," re-echoed the brother and sister simultaneously, their eyes rivetted upon the solid square the former still held upon that part of "the human form divine," which he denominated his *bow*-sum.

"Ay,—your best friend, indeed! but his *that* hall? his there nothink more?

"More! what more?" interrogated Orlando, *alias* Pinch, looking about him in all directions with a puzzled and inquiring expression, as if by no means clear as to whether the question was a purely colonial one of sugar, extending to, and bearing upon the free trade of lollipops, or a mere social one; and therefore, like all such in England, to be dealt with vaguely under the head of "Looming in the Future."

"Vy," responded Mr. Bumpus, trying by considerable heaving, and inequality of utterance, or, what he himself would have called *jibbing*, to imitate the tears Rubini used to be said to have in his voice when he sang "Io piu Triste di Mortale,"—"Heven vot has hoften been *my* best friend,—my hunckle!"

"Hunckle ?" repeated Pinch.

"Heven so ?—Dear pledges hof my sister Hangelinar's affection ! come to my harms ? for pledges his the most naitral things has can come to a huncle !"

And before encircling them in a very theatrical *embrassade*, which did *not* inculpate any great proximity, he took the precaution of snapping the rosy tablet in twain, and cramming one of the riven halves into each of their mouths, which rendered kisses impossible and speech difficult for some seconds, infringing, however, on the *solitary* privilege of the other sex ; Pinch was the first to regain the use of his tongue, and though still crunching his bribe he said, looking eagerly up into Bob's face,

"Our huncle ! and are *you* our huncle ?"

"Ho ! Horlandor his hit possible has you can ave forgot me ?"

Notwithstanding the tone of tender reproach in which this was uttered, Pinch for once varied his usual course and deviated into truth, by murmuring a low, but distinct,

"YES."

"Forgot the huncle ! has used to load yer with happles, till yer looked more like a horchard hin Haugust, than a young gent hin jackets ! Forgot the hunckle, has used to set you down hat one corner of the Bowling Green to break sugar has the parish sets helderly coves by the road side to break stones. Forgot the huncle, has never Jack Hornered yer by putting hon yer hin the corner ; hand driving yer to hextremities by compelling hon yer to put hin yer thumb to pull hout ONE plum ! but used to make a reglar plum-puddin hon yer, by cramming yer as full has hever yer could hold, till if so be, has hany one had wanted to help yer, there vouldn't ave been room for the spoon. Forgot the huncle ! has vos one *con*tinel triumph

like, of peg-tops hand pop-guns to yer, hending hin a blaze of fire-balloons, hand crackers? Forgot the huncle! has gooseberried yer at Midsummer! goosed yer hat Michaelmas! bunned yer on Good Fridays! ouse lambed yer hat Heaster! minced yer at Christmas! made a guy on yer the fifth o'Nowember! *grottered* yer the sixth hof Haugust! hand bonfired yer on the hanniwersery hof hevry wictory? Forgot the huncle! as vill do hall this hover hand hover agin, too, hand send yer to college like yer huncle Moses beside, vere yer shall *gradurate* hin gingerbread, hand become a rale gemman, hor I never vos christened Robert Bumpus! ho! Horlandor! *forget!* a huncle has means to take hand do hall this for yer? I von't, *no!* I *von't* believe it; for my *nevey* you his, hand my nevey you *must* be, so tell me who I ham? now has I ave told yer who you his?"

And, as he uttered this injunction, Mr. Bumpus with one hand seized a handful of barley-sugar drops, which he showered upon Skins like the consolidated tears of the sea-gull when turned by the Peris (*viâ* the poets) into amber, which she had the additional pleasure of collecting from off the dirty pavement as they fell; while with the other, he grasped a stick of *tricolour* peppermint, which he pointed towards Pinch with much the same air and magnetic result, that the statue of the Commandant does his truncheon, when inviting Don Giovanni to sup with him in the Netherlands. But Pinch was already won over to these most satisfactory "Foreign relations," as the chaotic paradise that Bob's eloquence had so vividly conjured up, now flitted before him in one kaleidoscopic whirl, of pippins, peg-tops, pop-guns, plums, and pyrotechnic marvels! So no sooner did *bâton touche*, than as if it *had* really been a magic wand, *Orlando* exclaimed with true *Furioso* energy,

"Oh! yes, you *is* our hunckle, Bob, as is going to make a gent in ginger-bread of me! hand no mistake."

"And *my* uncle, too; ain't yer?" said Skins, putting in her claim.

"Hin course I his, my dearest Hangelinar, has I used to take to hevry fair, hand treat to hevry show, hand vill do agin, von't I? my hown little Hangelinar? (for it's wery sartin has you never vos no body helses.") But this latter sentence being what on the stage is called an aside, and off of it, a mental reservation, it is perhaps a breach of confidence to report; be this as it may, though Bob's past largesses shared the fate of most kind deeds in general, and were totally forgotten by the ungrateful "growing infancy," with which he was not so much "begirt," as beset on the present occasion; still, the future delights he held out to them had produced such a powerful attrition, that he had much ado, even in conjunction with the barrier aid of his oaken stick, to prevent their affectionate encroaches, arriving at a proximity that might make him appear guilty of nepotism; not that the mention of the stick must lead any one into the erroneous conclusion that Mr. Bumpus brought it into actual contact with the youthful bones of his recently accumulated relatives; far from it, for he was quite of Werter's opinion when that personage (as represented by the inimitable *Poitier* some years ago at the *Porte St. Martin*) kicked Charlotte's little brothers and sisters out of the room "à forces coups de pied, qu'il faut toujours traiter les enfans avec douceur!" so that, like a templar, he merely "sported the oak" to intimate that he wished to avoid being intruded upon, which he did, by raising it whenever either Pinch, or Skins, manifested any affectionate intention of kissing their "huncle;" but even this virtual repulse he *softened* by the accompaniment of a flattering speech.

"No, no, my little dears, keep hoff hat a good distance, has huncle Bob may look hon yer pretty faces, vich he's so glad to see agin, bless yer!" While, another time, it would be—with a still more resolute flourish of the stick:—

"Not now, Hangelinar, my daffodil, Bob Bumpus hates hinstalments, they haint never no good; he never takes kisses from a little gal hof your tender hage, but vill settle for the whole amount ven you is grow'd hup—cause vy? hif the hage his less tender, then, hat hall ewents, the kisses his more so."

"Are they?" asked the innocent Skins, who not having attained to years of British femaleism, did not persist in forcing her attentions on the reluctant Bob.

"Lawr bless yer!" responded that gentleman in reply to her query, "pretty near has much difference has between the chops of the channel, hin a gale o' wind, hand the chops hat Dolly's, ven yer can raise the wind to get 'em." But, as poor Skins had never before heard of either chops, she only stared, silently wondering what he or they, could mean, and whether perchance the former was a classical allusion to some now extinct saccharine Elysium, and the latter a progressive one, to some newly-discovered Toffey, Timbuctoo; but being for the nonce, almost gorged with the current comfits of lollipop cheap literature, she forbore slaking her thirst for knowledge by an inquiry, and soon after Pinch, making another affectionate onslaught upon his "huncle" with his Rembrandt-shaded hands, all veneered as they were with the outer embalming of "Bonaparte's ribs," Mr. Bumpus, though theoretically as averse from corporal punishment, or from teaching boys anything before twelve years old (of which Pinch yet wanted three years), as Rousseau was, still, Bob, who was by far a less mad, and more honest *vaurien* of the two, upon

critical emergencies like the present, was prompt to remember that self-preservation is the first law of nature; so now, raising his club in good earnest, knitting his brows, and clearing his throat in a most fulminating manner, as he said in a voice worthy of a cavalry-officer at the head of his troop, and during the din of battle, giving the word of command to

CHARGE!

"Come, pawrs hoff, Pompey! hall the appiness has happles can confer, hall the good has ginger-bread can grant, hand all the fun has his to be found hat hevery fair hin the kingdom, yer Huncle Bob his villing has yer should ave; but respect to yer helders, Horlandor, his the fust pusson sing'lar hin the grammar of good manners, and *that* Bob Bumpus will ave minded, so don't yer never go for to come with yer ands too near to hany one holder than yerself; distance should hallways be hattended to vith a difference, cause hon the turf it must be two undred and forty yards, verehas, vith regard to small legs hin ginral, but neveys hand huncles hin particklar, harms length his the reg'lar thing; so never forget *that*, Horlandor; for the further apart, the nearer the art! as the gemman wrote to his vife, ven he took hup vith another young ooman, vich vos civil hon him hat least, hif not wery sincere. Here's a brandy-ball to show you has I'm not hangry, hand to himpress vot I bin a saying on yer memory. So remember, the further has you keeps from huncle Bob, the nearer you gits to brandy-balls."

With similar gentle reproofs and forcible instructions, Mr. Bumpus beguiled the time and his pupils, till they reached the Mansion House. No wonder, then, that bot' he and they, had made such progress—they, in the lesso of family biography, he, in the implicit confidence a

affections of his newly-acquired nephew and niece. No wonder either, that Blinking Sal was so astounded! at the happy family-scene that awaited her, as to lose all presence of mind, and vituperate Bob so vehemently in the presence of the chief magistrate, as soon as he took his seat, calling him the vilest and cruellest of impostors, for attempting to rob her of her children by such a falsehood, which violence (so unpardonable under any provocation in a woman, even of the Blinking Sal kind), of course, only made matters worse, by causing "the worthy magistrate" to prolong her *séjour* in Horsemonger Lane a fortnight beyond the original term for which he had made out her commitment. But what could one woman do, even of Blinking Sal's bone, muscle, and oratorical energy, when all things conspired against her? In the first place, TRUTH is proverbially "stranger than FICTION," which is doubtless the reason why most persons are ready and able, to swallow the latter wholesale, whereas few can be found to award a crumb of credence to the former. And, moreover, this being Blinking Sal's *début* in truth-telling, it came out so lamely and haltingly, that no wonder, in such a masquerade, it should not have been recognised. Then, too, Sergeant Snack, impressed with a vague though sincere idea of Bob's occult respectability, from his evidently intimate acquaintance with Spriggs, threw the weight of his testimony and convictions into the scale against Blinking Sal; but what most caused the balance to preponderate in Bob's favour was, that the magistrate piqued himself upon having not only the justice, but also the judgment of Solomon. Therefore, when he saw how Pinch and Skins, or rather Orlando and Angelina (for as such they were to appear in, and be introduced to European notice by "The Times" of the morrow), when the worthy

magistrate saw, we say, how this interesting pair clung or tried to cling, to their "dear Uncle Bob," who nevertheless interposed his heart of oak between himself and them, always telling them to "stand up pretty afore his vorship, hand they could ug ven they got ome."

When further, Blinking Sal, with clenched fist and flashing eyes, charged them on their peril to deny that they had never before seen that man till they met him by chance in the Minories that morning, Mr. Bumpus smiling contemptuously at the Houndsditch Niobe, accompanying the smile with a still more insulting shrug, left her to tear her passion to tatters, while he had again recourse to the Poitier-Werter maxim, "Qui'l faut toujours mener les enfans par la douceur," and so established with his hands behind his back, an electric-telegraph of confectionery, which served as a *memoria technica* for the little *Innocents*, who not only swore to the actual state of relationship between them, but told most glibly, and with an air of such perfect candour, that it compelled belief, a few retrospective lies of all the fine things their huncle Bob used to do for them long ago, when they were with their par and mar, afore Blinking Sal had nabbed 'em.

This, as his worship—in diffusion of useful knowledge *parlance* expressed it, "spoke volumes." So that he could but come to one conclusion, namely, that Robert Bumpus was indeed the uncle (and by their account a very kind and affectionate one) of the two children."

"Not a bit of it, yer vorship," broke in Blinking Sal—"he's been a bewitching on 'em."

Whereat, there was a roar of laughter, as every eye present, fully acquitted the accused of possessing any such arts; and the laughter was increased to a perfect uproar, when Bob, with first a grotesque leer at Blinking Sal, and

then placing his hand up open at the side of his right cheek, as he turned his head aside, and said in a stage-whisper and a wink of his eye at the bench—

"She's jealous hon me, yer vorship, hand thinks has hevry one his has soon bewitched vith me has she vos."

As soon as some degree of order was restored, the magistrate decided that for the present the children should be removed to the Union, and delivered up to their uncle on his leaving town in a day or two, as he had stated it was his intention to do.

At this, Blinking Sal became so outrageous, that they were obliged to handcuff her to take her to the van, while Pinch and Skins, who had stood stolidly unmoved at the fearful imprecations she poured out upon them; (as well as on the poor wretched infant that had been unbound from its Mazeppa perils on her back) yet having been trained in wholesome fear of a policeman, they now burst into a flood of genuine tears, as they found they were to be consigned to Sergeant Snack. And it was with difficulty that Bob's reiterated assurances of going for them in a day or two, could at all assuage their fears. However, they at length prevailed, coupled with the *débris* of the sugar-snares with which he had so effectually lured them to his purposes. When they had been removed, Bob joined the mob at the door to see the freighting of the van, and to the no small diversion of the crowd, stood bowing and kissing his hand to Blinking Sal, as two of the officials were dragging her along, till when they had got her to the door, he stepped forward with a jaunty air, and putting out his hand with a flourish, said—

"Hallow me mum to elp you hin, hand vish yer a pleasant ride; hand hif you still vishes for a lock of my air, pray don't baulk yerself, though its raythe coals to

Newcastle, has I should think has you'd find quite locks enough vere you'r a going."

As the door of the van was slammed to, and sharply locked, it drove away, and Mr. Bumpus walked off amid the laughter of the bystanders, they dispersing in different directions, and he retracing his steps to the gorgeous emporium of Messrs. Moses and Son, which was now open and in all its glory, with the morning sun shining upon its plate-glass. Although he entered with a swagger, which, from its very assurance, ought to have impressed them with an idea of his consequence; (more especially, as they at least should have known what sterling value often lurks under old clothes) but as it did not, but on the contrary, caused the respective shopmen to bandy glances of suspicion from one to another, Mr. Bumpus, with the *vivida vis anima*, which distinguished him under all emergencies, immediately drew his stocking from his bosom, which contained a real golden calf, and raising his arm high above his head, and aiming it pantomimically at the principal shopman, as he had seen David in old woodcuts, hurling his sling at Goliah, he said—

"I don't speak Hebrew myself, but these do," (and here he shook the gold within the stocking); "so now to your tents, Oh Israel!' and rig me out as quick as you can, something neat and not gaudy, like a strait waistcoat.."

"Vill you pleashe to valk tish vay, shir, and try on some articles of tressh?" said one of the Mosaic Arabs, blandly bowing with none of the insolence of actual office, but more with the tempered melancholy retrospective dignity of an Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Try on; oh, bother, must I try them on? Can't you measure me, and get some things according to the measure?"

"Vy, it's not sho goote for de fits, shir, and it ish not moche troubles to try on."

"No, not for you chaps, has hare trying it hon hall day long, hand hevery day hin the year; ha! ha! ha! but you see I've got to vosh hand shave, hand there haint no use hin putting hon finery till I'm better hoff for soap."

"Oh, de tings look very genteel, shir, vidout being vash or shave; teresh a splendid satin cravat, you shee, all crimshon ant goolt, vich I sold the veller of it, to a gent a gowing to Laurent's *Cazino* last night; he vosh not vosh or shave, but it look very genteel enteet, and he vosh very much your complexion, shir."

"What? a fresh, as well as a flat fish; red about the gills, eh? and nose of dark purple,—like an unboiled lobster; vell, as you seem to hunderstand the hart of setting hoff my style of beauty, lead hon, hand I'll foller; but stop, ave you hany shirts? for I ain't a going to be put to my shifts hany longer."

"Yes." Messrs. Moses and Son had everything, from the "purple" to the "fine linen" department, and the poor slop-workers could vouch for its being "wrought about with divers needle-work."

After being closeted for half-an-hour with the obliging gentleman that had been the Columbus who had discovered that he had a complexion, Mr. Bumpus descended, certainly as far as outward appearance went, an altered man; yet not proud, for although the shopman, with much external civility and far more internal curiosity to know who and what his strange customer was, had offered to send the bundle containing his former apparel, that truly great man above the vulgar meanness of in his prosperity, discarding what had so long clung to him in his adversity, took the bundle under the right sleeve of his glossy new

coat, and as if even to enhance this compliment to his old friends, he placed his new hat with its dazzling sheen slightly on one side, and rather over his eyes, instead of at the back of his head, as he was in the habit of wearing its napless and almost rimless predecessor, and having paid the one shopman and bowed to all the others, grandly and grimly Mr. Robert Bumpus quitted the establishment of Messrs. "Moses and Son," and as he wended his way through Eastcheap and onwards to Tower Hill, neither exalted nor encumbered by his new bravery, but towering, as it were, naturally into it, he might, had such been his ambition, have earned the same compliment as old Cato did at Rome, for no one who had seen him two hours before, and who saw him then, could have doubted but they saw one

"Huic versatile ingenium, sic pariter et omnia fuit, ut natum ad id unum diceres, quodcunque ageret."*

* One whose mind was apt for all things, and which generally was such, that whatsoever he did, he seemed to be born for that purpose.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Bumpus at Home.

WHEN quitting the establishment of Messrs. Moses and Son, Mr. Bumpus made a little *dêtour* to Broad-street Buildings, for the purpose of taking a bath, for, as he justly observed to himself, there was no use in all those fine caparisons, unless he was properly groomed first; and as it is a way with paupers, sometimes to be more princely in their notions, and small expenditures, than some princes are, he resolved it should be a five-shilling "Sultan's bath," which extravagance he balanced, by saying, "I can shave at home, the honly place where your fashionable husbands hever *do shave;* so I'll go in, for the fashionable husband stakes. No, no, Polly—Bob's only joking," and he hurried on to the baths; and though feeling and looking, comparatively speaking, like an emperor, after his ablutions, still he was not proud.

No—decidedly Robert Bumpus was *not* proud, in the ordinary and superficial acceptation of the word, for there was, in his whole nature, an *anti-stuckupativeness* that

would have made him the most popular of monarchs, had he been a king,—the most pious of prelates, had he *nolo episco-pari'd* himself into a bishopric,—the most *débonnaire* of dandies, had he aimed so high,—and even the least arrogant of authors, had he stooped so low! Therefore, as he wended his way Thames-ward and Tower-ward, instead of assuming anything on the strength of his new, and comparatively, magnificent attire, or even giving it a thought, he, on the contrary, devoted all his attention to the discarded rags contained in the bundle under his arm, even to tenderly pressing them against his side, as a lover does the hand of his mistress, when she leans on him.

"Ah," thought he, after this affectionate pressure, "*you* shall go on again, as soon as ever I get these two jobs over; for Tatters, if I were to meet him, would never acknowledge me got up in this style; and Polly—why I fear she'll think me huccaback, got up in any style. Some woods are too rough to gild."

It was one of Bob's many peculiarities, that when he thought, he thought in English; it was only when he spoke, that he conveyed his sentiments and ideas in slang of the lowest and choicest description, always excepting when he displayed any genuine feeling, as was the case in his *têtes-a-têtes* with Polly Marsham, for whom he had a sincere affection, which had originated, in the first instance, from the broad, next-o'-kin basis of PITY, after he had saved her and her child, from their premature grave in the Paddington Canal; and the very first use he made of his annuity of £50 a-year, was to offer to make her his wife; consequently, the two "*jobs*" he alluded to in his mental soliloquy, as he pressed his old familiar rags to his heart, were his marriage on that morning, and his conveying

Walter Selden down to Field Fleury the following one, "for," sighed he, "*she* won't care how soon I go."

"Poor Polly!" thought he, continuing his reverie, "she is a good soul in a comely casket, and if all had gone right, she ought to have done better than Bob Bumpus. Oh! if I only knew *who* the villain was, wouldn't I tear his craven heart out, and he might stick it for an ornament in his coronet; but *that* she'll never tell me *now*. Well, well—it can't be helped; this is our wedding-day, so I must not teaze her—and we've had pitched battles enough about it for the last five years, goodness knows! So now for peace; and a good thing too, if all married people could get all their fighting done beforehand, so as to sit down quietly for the rest of their lives, after the catastrophe, at all events.

"When Bob Bumpus is a benedict he'll endeavour to behave as he ought, and always bear in mind that what can't be cured must be endured. All I'm afraid is—that I look worse in this incongruous finery, and that Polly will laugh at me. Bob, you're a vagabond—you know you are, and I fear it's too late for you to be anything else. And so rags are the proper regulation-jackets for vagabonds; however, they have one advantage, that they are not obliged to wear an Albert hat with them. I musn't say a word to Polly yet, though, about Pinch and Skins and the nice morning's work I've made of it, or she'll think, that like young Bibow—

> "————In fashion I'm grown,
> And have twenty fine children,
> But not one my own."

"Their Uncle, their dear Uncle Bob; good, isn't it? Ha! ha! ha! Well, poor little wretches, I long to see

what scrubbing, and stuffing, and riding the high horse will do towards getting them on in the world. Ah! Mabel with her beauty would be the card! but that I know Polly will never consent to, and she's right; a Circus is a very good place for taking the vice out of horses, but girls are different, and it's quite the other way. But though she'll never come up to Mabel, yet Skins, I mean Signora Angelina, hasn't a bad forehand either, and with proper training and good grooming she may be the favourite yet; and as for you, Bob, if you make a fortune in the enterprise why you shall found a charity for limp young men, who have not sufficient consistency to keep themselves out of harm's way, and call it BUMPUSSUS'S COLLEGE, or the VAGABOND'S HOME; and yet, no, that won't do either, for if men are prevented going to him how is the devil to get his due? I have it; Polly shall found a refuge for young women, and it shall be called the POLLY MARSHAM Asylum. Ay, that will be better, for you are not fit, Bob Bumpus, even to give your name to a charity, and you know you're not." And here an old shoe, with the sole half torn from it, intercepting his progress, he ran a tilt at it with his stout oaken stick, and tossed it far on, into the middle of the street, adding in his own mind, "Ay, that's about all I'm fit for, to be kicked out of the way, if I'm in it, and to be taken no notice of if I'm not."

And yet this poor publican self-abnegation, this anti-Phariseeical spirit it was which had always prevented poor Bob from being a rogue, while perhaps it also had something to do with keeping him a vagabond; and to say the truth, if he had (and who has not?) a touch of pride, it took an inverse turn, for he was actually proud of his poverty, proud that amid so much thimble-rigging, betting,

and black-leggery as his race-course career had exposed him to, he had never been a shilling the richer, till this £50 a year had so strangely and unexpectedly fallen in his way, which, as he himself said, he could not as yet see any harm in, but a great deal of good to the boy that was to be placed under the care of his brother Moses, to himself, and to his whole family.

But still, as he expressed it, this £50 a year that had dropped in quite unsolicited, like the tax-gatherer, was no fault or no merit of his. So, unknown to himself, he continued, to be in good company and emulate the poverty-stricken proceedings of Epaminondas, Phocion Marius Curtius, Atilus Regulus, and Fabricius, without, however, having had the same opportunities of enriching himself as these foolishly-wise anti-Utilitarian ancient Roman gentry had; notwithstanding which little drawback, Robert Bumpus continued "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter thoughts" till he arrived at what the *Morning Post* would call his "Town Residence" on Tower Hill, which was no other, than two rooms at the *extreme* upper story of a small tenement, in the basement of which, the landlady, one Mrs. Ray, a widow, kept a china-shop. A good old-fashioned body was Widow Ray, with her clean, close, *un*-ribboned cap, her plain black camlet gown, fitting accurately to her small, trim, round waist, set off, not a little, by the snowy muslin handkerchief she always wore pinned down in a point outside. Martha Ray had been left with three sons, now twelve, fifteen, and twenty-two, all of whom she had by means of some little interest, got into a commercial school, as one was to be in "the drapery business," another in the "tea line," and the third in her own, which might be called the cup and saucer *line*.

While they were yet young, Mrs. Ray had observed in the early days of her widowhood, with more sense than sentiment, that "Boys were always in the way, and it was better they should have their heads broken at school, than stay at home to break her crockery." But though not abounding in sentiment, (that tin-foil simulation of the real gem of feeling) as it generally happens where such is the case, Martha Ray was not deficient in the latter, though it was often smothered over by the rubbish of a short, sharp, uncouth manner, for she also was from the "west countrie," being a townswoman of Bob's, and therefore retaining all the "do ee's" and "dont ee's," and "I bid ee's," and "such likes," with other similar flowers of provincial elocution. Luckily, however, words have nothing to do with deeds.

One of the ways in which she evinced her good feeling was in the tender, the maternal care she took of a poor half-witted sister of her late husband, whose strange history was this:—when only seven years' old, her father's house, which had been a large oil-shop on Ludgate Hill, had taken fire, and been burnt to the ground, and almost by a miracle, the youngest child, Ruby Ray, was saved from being burnt with it. But the terror of that night not only threw the child into a brain fever, but turned her chestnut hair quite white; after which, she continued to grow in stature, and in due time to be physically, fully developed; yet from that hour to the present, a period of thirty years, her intellect remained stationary at her seventh year; and her appearance presented the phenomenon of the most extraordinary combination of youth and age; or rather of the most unnatural struggle as it were between the two, without either ever being able to predominate, though her dress, which was that of a child,

gave a casting vote in favour of the former, being a white frock with short sleeves, a coral necklace, and a pinafore. Her perfectly grey hair was plainly parted on her forehead, put back behind her ears, and cut short behind; but it was curious to observe the outline of a rather full bust under this childish pinafore.

Every afternoon Mrs. Ray, pointing with her knitting-needle to the words, heard her read a chapter in the Bible, and repeat a spelling-lesson and a hymn, beyond which, she never got; but, when she had gone through her literary treadmill well, she always received her customary reward, of having her grey hair patted and smoothed, with the occasional addition of a bunch of cherries, or a cake. She was capable of going up and down stairs of messages, as a child of seven would be, and of going to tell her mother, as she called Mrs. Ray, if any one came into the shop; but to tell the customers the price of anything, or to give them change, she was utterly incapable. All her little sins of omission and commission were likewise those of a child, of which, too, she had all the shyness, for if a stranger spoke to her she would look down and not blush, as no shade of colour ever tinged her sallow cheeks, from which all freshness and elasticity had long since fled; but she would hang down her head and nervously fiddle with her pinafore, as children when trying to exert their conversational powers under difficulties are wont to do, or at least *did*, in the reigns of the two last Georges, when there were some few children still left in England, before the guineas and seven-shilling pieces were all "called in," and the infants were all brought out.

A very talkative grey parrot (the gift of Jack Rosin-scrape to Mrs. Ray, brought from China in the Hans Van Kelp), an aldermanic black-and-white cat, and a fat,

shapeless, mass of smooth terrier, called Cora, were Ruby's chief friends and companions, for Sam Sedjeter Mrs. Ray's foreman, was too domineering a personage to ingratiate himself with either old or young, much less with both, as so strangely blended in poor Ruby. Neither did his *physique* at all compensate for his unprepossessing address ; for, except the blade of a knife, it would have been impossible to have found a pendant or a parallel for his thinness. His hair was dark, straight, perpendicular, and scrubby-looking, like the shaving-brushes in the Albert hats, and rose out of his low, broad forehead, standing on end, as if scared by the gulf of ugliness that lay beneath, for round Mr. Sedjeter's little, quick, revolving black eyes, were very red rims, while his lean, pale cheeks were deeply indented with the small-pox, which gave his complexion the hue and texture of a *gruyère* cheese. His nose was aquiline and exceedingly pinched, and his upper lip, which was nearly as long, was equally pinched, but his chin retreated considerably, and seemed very sensibly getting out of the way of all his other features as fast as it could.

He had been once, as he himself acknowledged, a very worldly-minded man, having long ago made an offer of marriage to Mrs. Ray, and been refused ; but still he had her interest so much at heart, that he strenuously urged her instead of being at the expense of keeping Ruby, to make money of her, by showing her, that is jobbing her out to some enterprising British Barnum, who would undertake to make her the prima donna of every fair. But having very nearly been dismissed from Mrs. Ray's service for his pains, as he had his own reasons for wishing to retain his place, he did not renew the suggestion ; but pondered how he could turn his own talents to account ; and

as from the slow, measured, nasal inflection of his voice, it was plain that Nature had left it optional to him to become either a Yankee or a Methodist-parson; and not being sufficiently philanthropic to wish to take in *all* the world, he modestly chose the more select and circumscribed sphere of spiritual humbug, and so had lately joined an Anglo section of the Lampeter brethren, or, as Mrs. Ray called them, the *Lamplighter!* brethren, adding that "Sam Sedjeter" had never been no good since he'd done so; and for her part, she'd no doubt but he'd go from bad to worse, and never stop till he joined them *Agony-pennywights!* as she called the Princely Establishment of the Agapemone. Hard, too, had Sedjeter tried to make Mrs. Ray eject her attic tenants; for whenever there was any delay in the rent, his morality became greatly outraged, "at having a respectable house taken up with such rubbish as that!"

But Martha Ray had played with Robert Bumpus in the Priory Close, at Field Fleury, as a child, and told fortunes by blowing thistledowns,—and gone a Maying, many a fair morning in those meadows; and perhaps had inbibed mercy with the May dew. Who knows? so if he *had* gone a little out of those smooth paths in after-life, *she* wasn't going to be hard upon him, for he never told tales out of school, nor in; and if he did rob orchards, he had only the trouble of it: for he invariably gave away the spoils. "So, depend upon it, Sam Sedjeter, there are worse people in the world than poor Bob Bumpus, though they may be a deal primmer, and preciser." Such was generally Mrs. Ray's ultimatum, after an argument with Mr. Sedjeter on the subject of her lodgers. While on the other moot point of poor Ruby, she peremptorily forbade him ever to open his lips; and though Martha Ray, like

most active, notable, clever housewives, was somewhat quick in her temper—more especially if hindered or interfered with—in her domestic arrangements; yet, never did one hasty, much less one unkind word escape her, to Ruby; who, however inopportunely she might come, was always received with a

"Well, what is it, my lambskin?"

Or however pre-occupied Martha might be with Sedjeter and the invoices, or with calculations and crates, she never forgot to give Ruby her childish luncheon of bread and jam.

With regard to the exterior of Mrs. Ray's shop, beside an enormous jug (so enormous that it was not only a sign, but a wonder), a deep blue board, with the following announcement, in bright gold letters, added to its imposing appearance by the following announcement—

MARTHA RAY,

DEALER IN CHINA, DELFT, GLASS,

AND ALL SORTS OF CROCKERY-WARE.

N.B.—Glass and China lent on hire, and Evening Parties attended.

Bob stood for a few seconds at one side of the door, listening, for he heard Ruby singing within, and as all else was still, he distinctly caught the words of the following feline melody, with which she was lulling into a purring repose Miss Smudge, the before-mentioned black-and-white cat—

"Pussy-cat mew, with little white feet,
I'm going to a wedding, where we shall meet.
Poor pussy-cat mew, jumping over a coal,
In her best petticoat tore a great hole;
Pussy-cat mew shan't have any milk
Till that best petticoat's mended with silk."

"Only to think," said Bob aloud, under favour of a brewer's dray passing at that moment, first turning up his eyes, and then passing the back of his hand over them, "honly to think of a gal of six-and-thirty, ven they's ginerally old cats most, their selves, to be has hinnocent has hall that! There's another difference, too, between women and osses—firing prewents a oss being cracked, verehas, it vos the firing o' that ere ile shop as cracked poor Ruby, for sartin."

And with this profound reflection, Mr. Bumpus entered the shop, where Ruby was sitting behind the counter, nursing and singing to Smudge; but Mrs. Ray seemed to have taken Sedjeter's place, and was busy with her accounts at the desk at the other end of the shop, while the parrot was too pre-occupied swinging to and fro, in all the horticultural delights of cracking and eating a nut, to join, as was her wont, in the chorus of Ruby's song.

"Hallo! Ruby, my gal, (for he had too much *politesse du cœur* to address her by the, in this instance, appropriate appellation of *old* girl) how have they behaved to you while Bob's been away?"

Ruby raised her eyes at the familiar voice, with a look of pleasure; but when she saw the respectable assortment of new clothes that stood before her, one of disappointment succeeded, for she thought they could have nothing to do with Bob; so she stood up, gently placing Smudge on the stool, in her low, shy voice, looked towards the desk at the other end of the shop, and said—

"Some one wants you, mother."

"What did you please to want, sir?" asked Mrs. Ray, equally deceived by those cruel rogues' appearances; and bustling forward from the other end of the shop, to her

new customer, as she thought this ambulating *affiché* of Messrs. Moses and Son's Superior fit, must surely be.

"What do I want? why, your hand, Martha Ray, to-be-sure; that's what I want. Are my old friends to cut me, because I've cut my old clothes? for this night only, as the play-bills say; if I thought so, these should be in the Thames before you could say Jack Robinson."

"Why, bless my heart! that's never you to-be-sure, Bob Bumpus? I declare, as I'm a living woman, I didn't know ee; and Ruby didn't know ee, now, did ee Ruby? and, best of all, Polly didn't know ee, you be so spruced up like." And Mrs. Ray leant back, and held her own waist with both her hands, while she laughed as heartily as if she was taking out two shillings' worth of *obligato* laughter in the pit of Drury Lane, on the first night of a new pantomime.

"Polly, I mean *my* Polly, got my letter, didn't she?"

"Oh, lawr ah! and glad I am to think as your weddin-day is come at last, Bob; and let by-gones be by-gones, say I; and so I took and sent Sam Sedjeter out of the way, on one of his preaching bouts, with them there Lamplighter Bretheren, or whatever they Ranters is called, as he've a joined; but lawr, ever since he've a turned saint, and found the way to Heaven, as he says, there aint no bearing on him, for he's found the way of making a hell for everybody else. I tells him as he ought to go down to Field Fleury, and get the place of saint-in-waiting, or groom of the sinners, at Madam Mornington's. But I'm sure it's true, with regard to they Methodys, as two of a trade can never agree, fe he says as *she* aint one of the right sort, cause as she do belong to the Lamplighter Bretheren. What is *her* twi

do ee know, Bob? I mean, what does she call her sect?"

"Lawr bless you, that's quite hout of my line; how should I know? praps hit's the Hextinguisher Fathers, as Sam says it aint the Lamplighter Brethren."

"Ha! ha! ha!—you always was sich a one for a joke, Bob."

"Come, Ruby, won't you speak to me? have you nothing to say to poor Bob? Never mind these nasty, strange new clothes; your old rag of a playfellow is under them still."

"Well, you are like Bob," said she, approaching him, but at the same time grasping Martha's apron tightly, "but you can't be really Bob, for where's Tatters?"

"Ah! where is he indeed, poor feller? I wish I could tell you Ruby; but I'm sadly afeard as he'll never be Lord Mayor agin! Do you remember last May how we went to the meadows across the water, and we put him on Polly's red cloak, and made him Lord Mayor, with a great daisy chain?"

"Oh! yes, that *was* funny, and we'll do it again, won't we? but where *is* Tatters?"

"Where? where?" and Bob drew the back of his hand hastily across his eyes; but the parrot who had been twisting its head from side to side, much *intriguée* also, touching Bob's identity, now seeing from this momentary pause in the conversation, a good opening for slipping in what she considered a word in season, in reply to his question of "where!" screamed out in a shrill nasal tone, turning up her eyes as her master of elocution, Mr. Sedjeter, was in the habit of doing,

"Where neither rust nor moth do corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

"Ay, you *are* a reglar Methody, you are, and no

mistake; for they are all parrots, hand to find some tag of a text is all that consarns *them*; you must find the sense for yourself!" said the irate Mr. Bumpus, doubling and shaking his fist at the pious parrot, which, on this occasion, he considered a bird of ill-omen.

"Dear heart! you don't mean to say as you've lost poor Tatters?" said Mrs. Ray, throwing up both her hands to express the extent of her mingled grief and consternation!

"Has sure has hever Harry the Heighth lost his wives, and they lost their heads in yander old dust-hole of a Tower there."

And amid much head-shaking, "tut-tuts," "dear hearts," and "well to be sures!" on the part of his landlady, Bob related the history of Tatters's disappearance.

"Well, well," said she, with the kind intention of turning his thoughts into a different channel, "I *am* sorry, I can assure ee Bob, and would rather have lost Sam Sedjeter fifty times over; but come, cheer up, man; we mustn't have no dismals to-day; why even Ruby's been a singing to Smudge about going to the weddin just afore you come in."

"Ay, I heard her," said Bob. "But *you'll* come to church with us, won't you, Martha?"

"Why, no, you see Bob, I can't leave the shop, so long as you've invited on us to the 'Boar's Head,' afterwards, so I must bide at home along with Ruby; and besides, I promised to take care of Mabel."

Which latter was indeed the good woman's real reason for *not* accompanying her lodgers to church, and this Bob not being slow to *perceive*, as persons quick to *feel*, seldom are, he held out his hand to her, as he turned away to hide an unpleasant humidity about his eye

saying, "You're a good soul, Martha, that's certain, and you always were so; going back to long before your kindness to us; and as you know pretty nearly all our affairs, tell me, do you know if Polly has written to any one about—about—Mabel?"

"Well," said Mrs. Ray, turning her back to him as she spoke, and finding suddenly great necessity for moving and dusting sundry blue mugs and pie-dishes on a shelf, which did *not want* dusting, inasmuch as they could with ease have held a pound more at least of that powder for the million; nor did they *want* moving, inasmuch, as like many *persons*, though not in a brilliant one, still, they did not *feel* their position, "Well, you see Bob, about a month ago, as soon as ever she got your letter, a telling on her as you had come into some little property, this here fifty pound a year, and intended if she was agreeable, marrying on her, she *did* write to some lord or other, I forget the name, though she did tell me at the time, too, about getting Mabel into some Institootion, for she said as she'd always *heerd* such a high character of him, that she was sure when she told him all her history, and as you was now a-going to marry her, as he'd do something for that poor little cretur, as he bore such a very good name; howsever, it's easier among the great folk to get a good name, nor to deserve it, seemingly; for with all his good name, he never answered her letter, nor have took any notice from that day to this; and she *knows* he got the letter, as I lent her the money for the bus, and she took it herself, and not only give it into the porter's own hand, but waited in the hall while the butler took it in to my lord, and a message was sent out to say, as his lordship would send a hanswer; but from that day to this, she've never had none, and it has cut her up terrible, poor thing;

so don't ee go for to say nothing to her about it Bob; now don't ee ?"

"Ha ! it's very plain," said Bob, clenching his fist, and shaking it menacingly at a poor unoffending black wedgewood teapot, which was the nearest thing within his reach, and which, though it, and all its relations were celebrated spouters, yet, on the present occasion, had not a word to say in its own, or any one else's defence, and consequently would have inevitably been floored if Ruby had not quietly and mechanically moved it out of the way, which Bob, not even perceiving, continued, as he tremblingly shook his clenched hand, "It's very plain, then, if she wrote to a *good* man, that she did not write to the only one she *ought* to have written to, the infernal villain ! Oh ! if I had only as much sense as could unearth *him*, I'd ask no other wisdom !"

"Now dont ee Bob, pray dont ee, start off on that line. You used to read your Bible once, indeed, we've read it together a many times afore now, and you know what Solomon says. 'The crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered, and in much wisdom, is much grief.' Do you remember, Bob, that nice vollum of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' as you give me when I married and left Field Fleury ?" And here Martha wiped her eyes. "Dear heart, I've got it still, laid up in lavender, and I'll lend it to ee, Bob, that's the least I may do, and you'll see there how if Christian got into the Slough of Despond, he was got out again ; and so will you, and so shall we all, if we don't get ourselves too deep down, by kicking and struggling, and trusting to our own strength to get us out."

"I wonder, Martha," said Bob, evidently still pursuing his own train of thought, as his eyes wandered vacantly yet inquiringly, from Martha Ray's open honest face, {

the snowy kerchief on her neck, and from thence to the wedding-ring on her finger, as if instead of each and all being "old familiar friends" as they were, they had been some newly discovered, but yet unexplored marvels.

"I wonder, Martha, if there would be sufficient good in Madam Mornington, with all her talk about 'lost sheep,' and rescuing brands from the burning, if she'd have sufficient good in her to do something for Mabel?"

"Lawr! Bob, dont ee never go for to send the poor little cretur who's as bright as the first primrose, to be moped into a mummy down at Madam Mornington's; the looks of Mr. Luther alone, would be enough to give the poor child the night-mare, and time soon slips away; and I shouldn't like her (from what I see of him when the Guards is at the Tower) to come in the Cappen's way ten year hence, or even in the way of the Cappen's man."

"Well, yes, just so," rejoined Bob, scratching the back of his head, which pushed his hat still further over his eyes; "but you see the fact is, Martha, I've bought the goodwill of a Circus, which will make me, (and now,) her mother lead a more wandering life than ever; and that's no fit thing either for a girl that promises to be as handsome as Mabel; and I thought if even for a while, Madam Mornington—"

"Madam Mornington, be jezebelled," broke in the irreverent Martha, "I tell ee—ee might just as well give the poor child to Sam Sedjeter at once to make a lamplighter brother of her, or send her to them ere Agonypennywights, out by the Quantocks, down beyond Bridgwater there, and that *would* be a nice place for keeping on her out of harm's way; she'd be far safer soul and body, I can tell ee, with all the publicans and sinners in Lunnun, than with they canting hypocrites' brigade, as I call they Methodys, one and all, whatever they may call their selves."

"You are right, Martha," said Bob, with a sort of perplexed non-plussed look; and then he added suddenly, as if taking a leap out of a disagreeable thought, "But I wish Martha, you'd come to church with us, too? you know people don't get married every day."

"Well, really, Bob, I should be glad to be in church with ee once again; you know it aint the fust time as you and I have a been in church together neither; Moses used to give out the Psalms beautiful, to be sure, not like the genral run of they sing-song parish clerks, but then he'd had a college eddication; I only wish as you'd a had the same, Bob, and there's no knowing what you might have been by this time."

"Of course, a bishop at the very least," laughed Bob, "or a fellow of a college, perhaps; but as I'm another sort of fellow, who am going to be married, I wish you'd come to church with us."

"Well, I'll tell ee what I'll do, Bob; neighbour Edbrook promised to come and keep house for me this arternoon, while we was all away in Eastcheap, and I'll just step in and ask her if she could make it convenient to come in this morning; and if she can; I'll go with ee with all my heart, and Ruby shall go too, for the more the merrier as the saying is, but the fewer the better cheer, so I hope as you aint a going to have too many, Bob, at 'The Boar's Head,' cause though you have come into this here little bit of property (which I was main glad to hear), still there aint no use in a slicing on it all away directly, in junketting, and feasting, and such like."

"All right, Martha, that's safe enough; I told you I had invested it in the goodwill of a Circus."

"Oh lawr, ah, so you did; and I'm very certain as you'll never waste your money a feasting asses, as long as you've

got hosses to feed," and Mrs. Ray laughed heartily at this piece of cutting satire, which not being levelled at any one in particular was all the better qualified for serving up the human race in general, *en béchamel.* So, finding that Bob was honestly paying up his arrears of laughter, she held up her gown and tripped nimbly over her own threshold, and in so doing convinced him, that the ankle he some three and twenty years before used to help over the stiles in the Priory meadows at Field Fleury, was by no means much the worse for wear. He had hardly time to apologize to Ruby for not having brought her any fairings, which he seldom returned without, to atone for which omission he sang to her,

"Oh dear, what can the matter be,
Johnny's so long at the fair?"

substituting

"Bob is so long at the fair."

for the original Johnny, when Martha returned from her embassy.

"Well, neighbour Edbrook 'll come, so me, and my lambskin we'll go to church with ee Bob; wont us, Ruby?"

"And pussy-cat, mew, with little white feet, is to go too, isn't she, mother? because she has mended her best petticoat with silk, hasn't oo, pussy?" asked Ruby, giving Smudge an affectionate hug.

"No, Smudge can't go, she must stay at home to look after the mice."

"Oh! yes, mother, do let Smudge go, too, I told her we should meet at the wedding; she may go, now mayn't she Bob, and look after the mice at your wedding?" and poor Ruby looked up into his face with her large, brown, affectionate, though not very intelligent eyes, as if quite sure

she should find an ally, and an advocate, in him; but alas! had she been the wisest person in the world, a sort of Solomon woofed with Socrates, she could not have been more deceived in the degree of support she expected from her friend in time of need, for Bob shook his head in grave negation, as he joined forces with Martha, and said, resuming his slang, as he always did when facetious, "It can't be done, Ruby, the church mice are too poor to afford to have any one to look after them, because ye see, bishops, like the Bonasus, are hanimals has takes a deal of feeding, so, that there aint livings enough, nor near, for the rest of the clergy, for which reason there aint nothing at all for curates, church mice, and such like. Besides, what would they say at Newmarket or Ascot, if they heard that Bob Bumpus had gone to church with an old cat at last?"

Ruby stared at him with both eyes and open mouth, and not understanding one syllable of the reasons he had given why Smudge could not assist at the wedding, she did the very best thing to be done under all similar circumstances, namely, concluded that they were all the more cogent on that account, so kissing Smudge's "little white feet," she apologized to her with a resigned sigh for being obliged to leave her at home.

"I suppose Polly's stirring before this? So now I'll go up to her."

"Stop, bide here a minute, till I goes and tells her as you're come, Bob, not to flurry her like," said Martha, whose kind motive was to get Mabel out of the way, before he went up, as she knew the poor mother had been crying over her the whole morning, and she thought that was a sort of prelude to the marriage, which the bridegroom might not quite like; so running nimbly up the three flights of narrow, spiral, creaking stairs, Martha Ray,

knocked quickly at the front attic door, to show that she was in haste, and the occupant, namely, Mary Marsham, rose as hastily to open the door, seating the child she the moment before had had on her lap on the bed, and holding up the finger of her right hand to it, as much as to say, "Hush!" while taking up her apron she dried her eyes with the other.

"Come, come, my dear, now I can't have no crying to-day, and the sun a setting on ye such a good example, and shining out his very best, as he should do, for a wedding; and when we're all going to be as merry as grigs, and I'm a going, and Ruby's going, so make haste, for Bob's come, and I'll take Mabel out of your way, and help ee on with your gownd," cried Mrs. Ray, bustling into the room, catching up the beautiful little girl (that was sitting, as it were, under a forest of chestnut ringlets on the bed where her mother had placed her), and altogether affecting a tremendous hurry, in order to conceal an agitation she could not repress.

"Mabel, come into the next room, and be a good girl, and stay quiet a few minutes, and Mammy Ray will give her all Ruby's bright patchwork to play with.'"

So saying, she carried off the child, and seating her on the floor of the adjoining room, and showering down beside her a bag-full of the most gorgeous and Turneresque-looking shreds and samples of divers printed cottons, she closed the door on the delighted child, and returned to the mother, who had so far commenced her bridal toilette as to bathe her face and smooth her hair.

"You are, you always have been, very good, Mrs. Ray, and I only wish I could prove to you how much I feel your kindness," said the poor young woman, undoing all the repairs the cold water had effected, by again bursting into tears.

"Prove to me, indeed, and so ee can, by being appy and cheerful, for this one day at least; but not another tear, or I'll give ee notice to quit; and what's more, Sam Sedjeter shall serve ee with it, too."

This last dreadful threat the good woman enforced with a stamp of her foot and her clenched right hand held out behind her, according to the standard and traditional model of not-to-be-tampered with vixens in all times, till seeing a wan smile replace the tears on poor Mary Marsham's pale face, and that she had now re-commenced her toilette in earnest, by at length bringing the rebellious waves of her hair into subjection under Mrs. Ray's own gift of a new cap with bridal ribbons, that worthy woman the while, treating both tragedy and comedy *de haut en bas*, like the late David Garrick, by showing them that it was vain for either to strive to engross her, now took her own trim little waist in both her hands, and throwing back her head, said with a smile as broad and as quiet as the fish-pond at Hampton Court—

"Drat! the young women; I don't know what they want now-a-days. I only wish as *I'd* had the chance, and that Robert Bumpus had took a fancy to *me*,—he shouldn't have had no tears, I promise ee, only—

"'Yes, if you please, kind sir, she said!'"

And here, Mrs. Ray began to sing—in a voice which, perhaps from having been so long exposed to the casualties of a china-shop, had certainly got a little cracked; which she herself perceiving, reverted to oratory, saying, "Ah! I suppose some of them there *Oprer* singers have stolen my voice, for it's very certain as I've not got none but what I was going to say was, that you wouldn't credi how well, and how *gen*-teel Bob looks in his new clothes

I really think, even a downright real lady might think him good enough for her; and"—

"Oh!" interrupted her companion, in a broken voice, passing her hand over her eyes, "I know and feel, Mrs. Ray, that he's a great deal too good for me."

"No he ain't; so there ain't no use in ee shoving the disparagement on 'tother side, for that don't suit neither. Bob may have his faults, I don't say he has not; but who hasn't?—unless it be angels, and cherubims, and such like,—as keeps to theirselves up above, and don't sociate with such as us; but I only ask ee, Mary Marsham, what fine gent or lord of 'em all would have give you food and shelter for five long year, loving the very ground as you trod upon,—(for there's where the wonder lies), and yet have kep out of your way, until such time as he had wherewithal to marry you honestly and honourably? I say his conduct is beautiful, and ought to convert him into a prince in any sensible ooman's eyes."

"It ought, indeed," sobbed the weeping Mary; "and it is for that reason I feel, that wrecked as I was when he found me, and wrecked still more as every one thinks I have been since (for Mr. Sedjeter has told me, more than once, that every one thinks I have been living criminally with poor Robert)—Oh! Mrs. Ray, it is all this, that makes me feel I am not worthy to be the wife of so generous and noble a soul."

"And what matter what all the world, and his wife to boot, think, when ONE as sees all, your own conscience, and Bob and I, know it's not so; and as for all the rest, I'm always for letting by-gones be by-gones; and even there, you have comfort, for you was snared, and not even ticed, and seduced like to your own ruin; and if you had been a vicious hussy, you would have continued to wait

on, and deceive the villain's wife, as he wanted you to do, and then you might have been flaunting in your silks and satins, like the rest on 'em; for Beelzebub pays high wages to those as does his work,—but *you wouldn't;* and though one thing *was* terrible, if you had know'd what you was about, but you didn't, poor soul. And so I'm very sure, if it had even been a sin of your own seeking, instead of a diabolical snare as you could not avoid, Robert Bumpus would have thought as the waters of the canal had washed it all away. So do brighten up, and meet him happy and cheerful like; for, poor fellow, I know it's gnawing at his heart, the thought as you marries him as a sort of payment, and 'cause you *must*, like a lamb being led to the slaughter. And I know he thinks as you dreads his vagabone-sort of life; but *you*, only make him a happy home, and I warrant he'll stay in it. High and low, it's all the same,—men and women as hasn't got no hearts, always wants to be dragging on their carcasses about the world; but them as has, depend upon it, wants a HOME to keep 'em in."

"But—but Mabel," sobbed the poor young mother. "I have no right, Mrs. Ray, to thwart Robert's habits, and gainsay his likings; and yet they are not what I should like to bring her up amidst."

"Then, Mary, you should master your dislike—your pride—and write to her father to provide for her; since that 'ere lord—I forget his name—as you said was so good, have never took no notice of your letter."

"I did make the effort and write," sobbed the young woman, sinking down on the bed, and covering her face with her hands.

"Come, that's right. And what did he say?"

"Nothing. He never answered."

"Ugh! the villaind, he'll have to answer yet," muttered Martha.

"But, bear up, Mary, bear up, there's a good soul," added she aloud, laying her hand on the poor creature's shoulder. "After all, what *is* earthly fathers and mothers? here to-day and gone to-morrow; now cruel, now kind; changing like a vane as the wind blows; but we have all got a Heavenly Father, Mary, who never forsakes or forgets us; the same yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, and for ever. Then you've no call to fret about Mabel; they're well kept whom He keeps. But I musn't stay chattering here all day," and the good woman hastily brushed away her tears to make way for a smile; "for little as you may think it, I promised Jack Rosinscrape this very morning, that if there was *any* dancing I'd dance with him, and I don't understand a wedding without dancing; and now do brighten up, there's a dear, now do ee; and meet poor Bob as if you was glad to see him; well, I don't egzactly mean that, neither, 'cause I know you *are* glad to see him; but what I meant was, as if you was glad it *war* your wedding-day."

"Well indeed, I am glad, as glad as I shall ever be of anything; and I've put all his things ready for him in the next room," said Mary, rising, and again bathing her face.

"Lawr bless you! he don't want none of they old traps, he's dressed beautiful, he is. You may suppose what it is, and how fine feathers makes fine birds, when I tell ee, that neither Ruby nor I knew him just now when he come into the shop; and all the fault I finds with him is, that he looks too like one of they scampish lords or gents, as you sees about race-courses; but I've no doubt, Mary, if so be, as you'll only make him a HOME, you'll soon get him out of they, and all other bad courses where he is in

the habit of seeing on them sort of good-for-nothink lords and gents, and so get him by degrees, and without any spurring or driving, into the courses of a honest man; for I often says of Bob Bumpus, as I did of my grandmother Bartlet's floward Padusay gownds, which she left me when I was a girl, at the time as they wore the skirts so skimping, that there is stuff enough in him to make half-a-dozen of your modern trumpery.

"As to the fashioning and trimming, that must be according to your own fancy; but I'm an old ooman, and you're a young one, Polly; but you may believe me, that a *good* material, whether in haberdashery or husbands, is always worth the trouble you bestow on it; whereas, a bad one in either article, there aint no use in wasting time on, for you'll never have but your pains for your gains. But now, my dear, as I can promise you that you have a right good material, (though somewhat the worse in appearance, for tossing about in the mire, and moile of the world's high-ways and bye-ways so long;) the sooner as you sets to work to tidy it up a bit the better; so I wont stay here a hindering on ee; and so saying, Martha Ray bustled out of the room with as much precipitation as she had bustled into it, in the hope of setting her lodger an example of alacrity. Still pursuing the same laudable plan, when she reached the shop, by the eager manner in which she raised herself on the tips of her feet, and danced her hands about, she succeeded in conveying to Bob an idea of her being a sort of ambulating electric telegraph message of Mary's impatience to see him, as she breathlessly called out on reaching the last stair,

"Come Bob, make haste, the time's a getting on; and though *you* be dressed and all so smart, *we've* a got to ready, and Polly's nearly ready, and natrally anxiou

see ee, so dont ee keep her waiting, for it wont look well to day, of all days in the year."

"Anxious to see me," repeated Bob. "Martha, you're the best little woman in the world, that's very certain," added he, taking her by both arms, turning her round like a te-to-tum, and then clearing three stairs at a time.

"Oh! ay, that's all very fine," laughed she, "till one Mrs. Robert Bumpus comes a pushing me out of my place, and then I should just like to know how I shall be able to keep you to *that* bargain, and make you prove your words. But I say, hist! here, Bob, one moment, I won't keep ee a minute." And as Bob not retracing a single step, but flinging his long person horizontally over the banister, so as to bring his ear close to Mrs. Ray's mouth, holding tight on with his hands to the upper part of the railing the while, she whispered to him:—

"I only wanted to tell ee, as Mary *have* a written to that villaind about Mabel, and he've never took no notice, therefore she cant do no more; so dont ee go a raking up old scores—now promise me, Bob, as you wont."

"If I could only get it out of my head," said Bob, gloomily, relaxing his hold of the banister and regaining his feet, as he descended the four steps, and came immediately opposite to Martha, "If I could only get it out of my head that she has a lingering liking for the wretch."

"Don't talk such nonsense to *me!*—I know better," said Martha, stamping her foot; "afore a thing can linger, it must first come; and she *never had* no liking for the villaind."

"Martha, what do you mean?" said her companion, tightly seizing her wrist, while his eyes dilated, and his breath came thick and short.

"Well, you needn't squeedge me so; it's worse nor the

rheumatiz, and I'll tell ee what I means. 'Tother night, Mary and I, got a talking together about one thing or another, and from talking we got to crying, and tears is sure to open all the bolts and locks of a ooman's heart, if every one on 'em was a Chubb; and poor Polly she said as I'd a been kind to her, and she didn't wish me to think worse of her nor she deserved; and so then she told me as there had never been no liking in the case, but that that ere villaind of a lord had given her something as had made her insensible, and when he found that he could not tice her, by fair means or foul, to live with him in vice, why then he left her and his shame, for it warn't hers, to starve! You knows the rest, Bob—the Paddington Canal told it you, one cold winter's night, five year ago," sobbed Martha Ray.

"Martha," said he, leaning his back against the wall, and hastily untying his neck-kerchief, "for the last five years I've been carrying St. Paul's, or something to that amount, about on my shoulders; you have suddenly lifted it off, and I feel too light to stand; but—but—now its great shadow is falling upon me, and the darkness is even worse than the weight. If she never cared for that fiend, whoever he is, and if she don't still care for him, why should she refuse to let me know who he is?"

"Oh, lawr ah!—now don't ee go and gallop off in that ere vagary again; and though she hates and despises that ere villaind as much as he deserves to be hated and despised, as she *do* care for you——"

"Martha!"

"That, alone, would be quite reason enough to prevent her telling on ee, for fear of your a getting into tro but, besides that, she've another reason, she was l maid to this here villaind's wife, and a nicer or a b

lady, she says, never stepped, or dearer children; so, for the love of all these poor innocent, lawful victims of this wretch's, she don't want to expose him."

"Bless you, bless you, Martha! for you've made me the happiest fellow living this day," cried he, seizing the light little figure before him, lifting it completely off the ground, and, to the great disarrangement of her close, prim, little Quaker-like cap, hugging the widow as tightly as if she had been only a lemon, and his arms a pair of colossal lemon-squeezers.

"Drat! the man, I do believe he's gone mad in good earnest; and then to towzel and fowzel all my cap and handkerchief in this way; a pretty thing, indeed—if Sam Sedjeter had been at home, and caught us a hugging in this manner behind the door, he *would* have had a tale to tell the Lamplighter Bretheren. There—be off, do!" added she, giving him a not very violent slap on the face, "for it aint no way to pass your wedding-morning a practising hecstacies on an old ooman;" and to the accompaniment of Martha Ray's merry laugh, Bob once more cleared the creaking stairs, three by three, without again being checked in his onward course.

Mary, hearing his impatient step, opened the door to receive him, and thanks to Martha Ray's "last words," she had had time to complete her very simple, but perhaps for that reason very becoming toilet, of a plain white muslin dress, and her face, usually so pale, was now flushed with a slight but burning red, which heightened the beauty of her small, delicate features, and lent an unusual brilliancy to her soft, hazel eyes; nor was her luxuriant nut-brown hair, smooth and satinny as a pointer's ear, in its plain unpretending braids, the least

part of her attractions. Never before had she come so forward to meet Robert Bumpus, and never before, during the five years he had given her a shelter, and she had tried to lighten the burden she felt she, and her child, must be to his scanty and precarious means, by that most hardly-earned of all blood-money, doing plain work for the slop-shops, never had he seen her under that beautifying halo which dress, more or less, imparts to all women, be they of nature's homeliest huccaback, ugliness, or of her most regal gold tissue, beauty.

The effect these combined causes of her unwonted alacrity to meet him, and her unusually becoming attire had upon him, was like that of a sort of complex electricity impelling him different ways, for he spontaneously opened his arms to embrace her, as soon as he perceived her at the door, and yet on reaching it he stepped back, and said,

"Oh! Mary, how beautiful you look!"

"What," she enjoined, trying to smile and look happy, as Martha had begged of her to do, "Mary already! and Polly no longer!"

"Well, the truth is," said he, taking her hand, drawing it under his arm, and then raising it to his lips, as his eyes filled with tears, "I felt as if you were too good for me, a something above me, and that I daren't be so familiar, and—and—I think so still, Mary; and what's more, if *you* think so; it's not too late, I wont take advantage of you, I—I'll settle half of what I've got upon you, without hampering you with myself, for I know I am, I must be, a scarecrow to you; so only say the word, Mary, and this morning—this minute—you shall see the last of me."

Touched to the very soul, by this crowning generosi

of the rough, strange being who had already been so generous, so delicately kind to her through all the pinching penury of five long years, who had been to her a marvel! and a mystery, of high and low extremes,—turning aside the disgust his sordid rags and suitable language were so well calculated to excite, by sudden revealings of such a regalia of virtues as ought to, but as seldom do, adorn the hearts of princes,—Mary Marsham burst into a flood of passionate tears, as she felt for the first time that she actually loved him, by feeling what a bleak, arid, interminable desert, that poor wretched life he had brought her back to would be, unless the hand that had saved, was still there to uphold her.

"Robert!" sobbed she, with a genuine burst of emotion, as she hid her face on his shoulder, "you wouldn't, you couldn't, be so cruel as to leave me; for what have I in this world but you?"

"Leave you! Mary?—Never!—till my soul leaves my body," cried he, losing all restraint and all his recent respect in his sudden delirium of joy—and straining her so convulsively to his heart that he really hurt her, and was obliged to seat her on the bed, and support her with his arm round her waist, as he added, "Only, would to Heaven! that for your sake, Mary, both body and soul were better; but so they shall be, for I'll change my very skin, if you wish it."

"No, but I don't wish it," smiled she, through her tears. "I only wish, dear Robert, for your own sake, you would not frequent those horrid race-courses—high or low,—I know they lead, or rather force men into all that is bad."

This he endorsed with an involuntary shudder, as he muttered a hoarse "I know it." But not to probe this

sore point, Mary said, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "I did not mean, Robert, to say *that*, either. I—I—intended to tell you, painful as it is to me, all of my history that you don't know; but which it is right you should know now."

"I won't hear a word—I know all—and I'm as happy as a king!"—said he, interrupting her; "besides, I want to tell you all I've done, and mean to do, with our little annuity—but all this time where is my little Mabel?"

It was the first time he had ever called her *his* little Mabel, or spoken so gaily of the child; for though he had invariably made her co-partner, with Ruby, in all the cakes and toys he imported from his various expeditions; still, the former had always been like a cold cloud between him and Mary, and the mother felt this additional kindness of his circling like sunshine round her heart; and poured out that heart upon him additionally.

"Robert, you *are* a good soul—but never mind Mabel; she's amusing herself, and we don't want her now."

It would have choked him to contradict her, so he kissed her instead.

"Well, I can promise you, Mary, Ascot, Epsom, and Newmarket have seen the last of me; but you know I love horses, and that's the truth of it."

"And poor Tatters," interrupted Mary, "no tidings of him yet?—poor fellow; I was dreaming of him last night."

"Ah! poor Tatters indeed, that just shows what selfish brutes men are; ever since I've been so happy in this room with you, I've never once thought of him, poor fellow! yet while I thought he was the only thing in the world that cared for me I grieved enough after him—but truly, as Madam Mornington says, 'life is all thorns,'

and if it's not thorns it's bristles! which are as bad," added Bob, with a lachrymose comicality—taking his own unshorn chin between his finger and thumb—"and that reminds me—"

"Of what, Robert?"

"That we have not been married a month, which is very provoking and unfortunate just at this moment."

"Why just at this moment, more than at any other?" smiled Mary.

"Because you see, I *must* shave; and if you had been 'bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh' a month ago, I could have shaved your ugly half, dear, here—comfortably in this room—and told you all my plans as I rasped away, without taking it into the next room."

"Oh, if that—is all," laughed Mary, running to the fire-place, and putting on a small tea-kettle to boil; and after reaching a mug off of a shelf, and folding down a towel on a small table, ready for the operation—"if *that* is all, you may consider yourself married these ten years, and shave at your ease in here."

"No, no," said Bob, faintly and coyly, putting his hands up deprecatingly, as if *se faisant une douce violence*, and all the time looking delightedly on, at Mary's active preparations, and the neat, nimble way she managed it all, without subjecting her snowy dress to the risk of a single speck. "No, no, that would be too bad; I'm sure you'd never forgive me."

"You are greatly mistaken, for do you know now, Robert, what I really *should* like, above all things?" said she, clasping his arm with both her hands, and looking wistfully and coaxingly into his face.

"No, I don't; but I know what *I* should like—and that's it," said he, kissing her; "it's not my fault if I've

not been able to meet your wishes, but you know *that* was only a random shot, for I haven't heard what they were yet."

"Well, dear, what I should really like, would be to see you shave *every* day."

"Then I'm *shaved*, as Naemiah Twigg, the Field-Fleury sexton, calls it, and in spite of his prophecy, that I never should be *shaved!* for call me a Saint! a great Moralist! the People's Friend! a Philanthropist! the Apostle of Progress! the Champion of Civil and Religious Liberty! or any other popular patent lock, for securing to men the unmolested possession of their private vices, *if every* day, from this out, Bob Bumpus's chin is not as smooth as a villain's tongue; *that's* in the marriage-settlement, Mary."

"Oh! thank you, dear Robert! and as there is nothing like making a beginning, I'll run and get your razors out of the next room."

And away she went, and returned in a moment, placing them on the table, with a looking-glass, pouring out some hot water into a mug, making a rather ostentatious display of Bob's solitary brush and comb, by dividing them like two separate hemispheres, with the shaving-cloth between them, and finally placing a chair before the table with another unfolded towel at the back of it, till the preparations wore more the appearance of those of a toilette, than of a barber's shop, Bob watching her the while as he slowly took off his coat, laid it on the bed, and turned up his wrist-bands, as this *mise-en-scène* proceeded, to be ready when it was his turn to "come on."

"Oh! I forgot," cried this pretty female Figaro, sud-

denly, "the soap, but that's very soon done," and forthwith, she proceeded with great energy to achieve a saponacious sort of syllabub in the soap-dish. "*There!*" said she, admiringly holding up a sample of this sham snow-wreath on the brush!

"That's your sort," said Bob, throwing his arms round her, and hugging her.

"Oh! mercy!" said she, freeing herself, "'pon my word your beard *is* terrible! 'tis like having one's face drawn through a quickset hedge, to come near it. "There," added she, giving him a dab with the shaving-brush, "the only way brambles ever look well, is covered with snow."

"And is there *nothing* else you have to ask? Nothing more you would like put in the marriage-settlement?" asked Bob, seating himself in the chair; putting his arm round her, and drawing her towards him, as he looked up into her face with such a depth of affection, such an extent of devotion, that all that was common-place, and plain, and of the earth, earthy, seemed to have vanished from his homely features, leaving in its stead, an undefinable, but spiritualizing halo; the halo, in fact, of that *one* spark of sacred fire, which however rude the temple, where the "creed" is sincere, illumines the altar which it hallows.

"Well, there *is* one thing more, that I *should* like," said Mary, whose humid eyes returned his look of affection as she tied the napkin round his neck; and even performed the supererogatory work of drawing out the ends, as if they had been those of a knot of ribbon; more it must be confessed on the principle that men whistle "for want of thought," or rather, from thinking of something else.

"Anything,—everything!" said Bob, holding the razor

in abeyance, and accompanying his concluding protestation with a pantomimic flourish of that weapon.

"Anything, everything, even if it's to cut off my head—couldn't be a better place than Tower Hill for such a spree to come off, because it's used to it, and there's a great deal in that; so what is it, my polyanthus? only say the word, and the thing, be it what it may, is done, fast as an act of Parliament, or rather a little faster as to time, or we might be all dead and buried before it *was* done."

"Naughty Bob, to talk so; what I want, that is what I wish, is quite the reverse of taking off, it's putting on."

Here Bob, to prove how literally he meant to do what ever she asked him, seized the shaving-brush, and like an artist under the throes of a sudden inspiration, boldly dashed in, one side of his chin with lather.

"What I really do wish, very much," continued Mary, "is—now you won't be angry?"

"Go in for a husband hurricane," smiled Bob.

"Well, I wish," said she, bending down and whispering the terrible aspiration in his ear, "that you would never disfigure yourself with those nasty rags any more, but every day, dress as you are to-day, for you cannot think how much better you look."

"Dress like a gentleman every day, eh, Polly? but what if I were to take to behaving like a gentleman, too? that might be a bad look out for you; because there's no chance of the gentlemen's wives, slave-trade being abolished, poor things; no, no, the gentlemen of England will take good care that there is no Uncle Tomnoddying about *that*; possession's nine points of the law, and *oppression* they find worth all the other eight put together, so they are not very likely to give it up."

But seeing a dark shade pass over Mary's face, he added gaily, whetting the razor with great alacrity—

"I've not told you all I've done, and all my plans yet, Polly; first of all, I've got Moses a permanent scholar, and next, I've got a gentleman to interest himself to get Ned wherewithal to go abroad and travel, that he may see better skies than we can manage to get up here, at double the cost, for there are no taxes in less civilized countries; and as poor Ned's whole soul is ground down in his colours, I didn't think it fair to keep all the good luck to myself, so I put in a good word for Moses's birch, and Ned's brush, to the gentleman who settled this fifty pounds a-year on me for a little service I had done him."

"What was it?" interrupted Mary, with a compound look of approbation and gladness that amounted to the best sort of love in the world, that derived from reality, instead of from imagination, which look, seeing reflected in the glass, Bob coloured to the very roots of his hair, as he swindled Mary out of more admiration that he was not legitimately entitled to, by saying—

"Look you here, my little better-half, there are two things, that should always be stowed away under the same padlock, services, and kisses, we should do neither, if we mean to tell them."

"I'm sure," said Mary, affectionately pressing down his shoulders, while her eyes now fairly overflowed, "you never would boast of any service you did any one, you dear, good old fellow; but I thought you wrote me word this fifty pounds a-year was a legacy you had come into?"

"Pooh!—all my usual random way of writing and speaking. But take care, or I shall make a false start," added he, making that atrociously unbecoming (but luckily moveable) long upper lip, peculiar to shavers and anti-

quated specimens of vestal propriety; which was only a clever strategy, on his part, to give himself time to change the subject. "There goes," added he, wiping the razor on the cloth, "what in another month would have been a considerable amount of moustachios. So frail a flower is beauty, and so soon cut off!—as the bits of morality in the *un*-popular tales in the spelling-books tell us. But, Polly, listen with both your ears, and all your might, for now comes our part of the story. As I told you, my race is run; which, turned on the right end, means that from this out, race-courses and Robert Bumpus are two. But the horses, Mary—the horses, poor innocent things—there's no harm about them, unless it be the jockeys who ride them, and the men who bet upon them; and the truth is, I'd rather part with my own skin than theirs. So in one word, (which is the guinea of twenty, where it is to the point), I've bought the goodwill of a Circus."

"The goodwill of a Circus! why, Bob, I should have thought that would have cost several hundred pounds, at the least."

"Well, so it would, if I had bought the horses and other properties, and all that; but, of course, *that* for me, at present, is out of the question; so, the way of it is this—I'm to take the money at the door, do the philosophical clown, who may tell as many truths and talk as much sense as he likes, without any danger to himself, the people being under the delusion (as that's what they paid for) that it is only nonsense they are listening to. Occasionally, also, I'm to sing a comic song; for this, I'm not to be paid; but for the first two years to pay twelve pounds a-year, the first year of which I have paid in advance, but at the end of these two years, if they find that *I bring* grist to the mill, why, then, they are to give me

twenty per cent. on the profits. But now comes the best part of the bargain—the concern is to be in my name, no longer in Chepstowe's; so, not only will the name of BUMPUS extend from pole to pole! that is, to the six iron poles which support the canvass of the Circus; but my Polly will every day of her life behold, what otherwise, perhaps, she might never have been able to discover—

"BUMPUS'S UNRIVALLED ATTRACTIONS!!"

And here, Bob, taking his own now smooth chin gingerly between his finger and thumb, leered at her with a face of such grotesque and irresistible comicality, that, grieved as she had been the minute before at this new enterprise of his, she, in spite of herself, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which she had some difficulty in stopping, especially as taking her waist in both his hands, and compressing it, he said—

"Don't, now pray don't, you'll go all to pieces, and think what a take-in that will be, for the money I invested in a license, and the fees I have to pay the Chaplain of the Forces in another hour or two, was because I liked you altogether. Ahem! but "Chepstowe," added Bob, reseating himself before the glass, and flinging the brush over his hair much after the manner a weaver throws his shuttle, "yes, I must say, Chepstowe has behaved very handsomely, I am only to find my own raddle and chalk, he finds the motley, the hoops, flags, wigs, ladders, empty bottles, and children."

"Empty bottles and children!" repeated Mary, considerably mystified by the classification.

"Yes," responded Bob, with a flourish of the razor, modelled on Julien's flourish of his bâton, "yes, the

bottles for me to stand on my head on, and the children to stand——as much as they can, poor little kids."

And he sighed as he wiped the razor, as though the reflection were equally sharp.

"Stand on your head on bottles! how shocking, Robert! surely you'll never do such a silly, dangerous thing as that?"

"Why not? division of labour, dear, that's all; if my head can stand so many bottles, I don't see why so many bottles should not stand my head, for turn about's fair play all the world over. But," added Bob, seeing Mary's aghast look, and thinking this a good opportunity again to assert, and finally establish the fact of Pinch and Skins, which in order to do in the most unanswerable manner possible, he once more made that very unbecoming long upper lip, and affected to be contending with difficulties in solving some problematic stubbles (which were purely mythological), "it's astonishing what affectionate creatures these poor little wretches are, considering how they've been trotted about the world, and trundled through hoops, and only given one leg to stand upon half their time; for just giving them a few sugar-plums has made them so fond of me already, that they *will* call me Uncle Bob; Uncle Bob, there's for you! but if it pleases them it does me no harm; therefore, why should I un-uncle myself? It's not well to be over-nephewed and nieced certainly, but a slight infusion is safe, if not salutary."

Not daring to make the investigation as to what effect this announcement had on Mary, through the more direct medium of looking at her, he looked in the glass and saw her sweet gentle face in a sort of partial eclipse, as it were from some sombre thought, but still, whatever it was, it was certainly one more of sorrow, than of ange

which as it not only pained, but puzzled him, he determined to solve the problem at once with a

"Don't you think so, Polly?"

"Yes, I know, dear, you are very, very kind to children," said she, with a half abstracted air, as if that tribute to Bob's benevolence only shadowed the substance of her thought, "but——"

"But what, Mary?"

"You don't wish, that is, dear, you don't mean, to make Mabel one of these poor Circus children, do you?"

Bob—not only radiant in the propriety of his intentions respecting Mabel, but also considerably relieved that, thanks to Mary's anxiety about her own child, Orlando and Angelina had been thrown as it were into the bargain, without any awkward questioning or cross-questioning—now announced the completion of his tonsureal operation by flinging down the razor, jumping out of his chair, and catching her in his arms.

"Mabel! no; what put such a notion as that into your head, Polly? No, no, we'll take better care of our little girl than all that comes to. I've been racking my brains for the last three weeks to think where, and with whom would be the best, and safest place for her to be, and it's only just struck me like a flash of lightning——"

"Dear, good, kind Robert!" interrupted Mary, pressing his hand, as the tears streamed down her cheeks, "but—but—do you know whether your mother would like the trouble of her?"

"Whew! I was not thinking of my Mother, *that* would be no place for *her*; beer and boors on one side, and boys and birch on 'tother; neither would Madam Morning-ton's, though I did think at one time of interceding with her, to do something for the child, as she's fond of

meddling in, and managing other people's affairs, till I recollected that saints seldom have any Christian feeling, and when you want bread, if they don't literally give you a stone (perhaps because they'd have the trouble of stooping down to pick it up) yet, they are sure to compound with their treasury, and give you a text. Moreover, Madam Mornington, just now, is full of a new public display. She has *bought*, from an Irish lord—a Lord Inishowen—a large old barn, that has stood empty for many years on some property of his, behind the Priory Close. You know nothing of Field Fleury, yet, Polly, or you would know what a dismal horror of a place this is—just fit for such miserable mummery as Madam Mornington is carrying on, and I understand she, and the Irish lord are at loggerheads already, for this barn she has converted into a Meeting-house, and stuck up over it in large letters, that all who run, may read :—

THE ATAT ARK OF SALVATION,

OR

SINNERS' AWAKENING SANCTUARY.

Atat, Mr. Cleveland, the vicar of Field Fleury, told Moses, means, in Hebrew, hard words ; and, sure enough, no one following in Madam Mornington's wake is likely to get much else. But it seems that she wanted to buy this precious concern out-and-out, but the Irish lord would not consent to this, thinking, no doubt, he'd reap a better harvest from such folly, as each succeeding crop of fools sprang up, and so he insisted upon retaining the right of having the pews let—subject to his approval—or rather, himself receiving the produce of them as rent the building, which she could not persuade him to let have as a freehold ; and Spriggs, the Captain's groom,

me they are always squabbling over this, and a sponge of a field at the back, leading to a confusion of consumptive-looking trees and tangled weeds—very properly called the 'Wilderness,' where, once a year, at Midsummer, Madam Mornington takes her 'lambs' (as she calls them) though the poor little wretches look more like laths. These are all the children from the National School, with switches in their hands, and blue calico pocket-handkerchiefs, cut corner-ways, flickering from one end of them by way of flags, with a text from Scripture printed on each of them; and whatever text the poor little kids carry, by that, he or she, is called (instead of by their own name) for that day, which Madam Mornington would fain persuade them is a high day.

After being marshalled by her and Mr. Luther, two-and-two, like those flocks of geese one meets on the road coming up to the London markets, they are marched off to the 'Wilderness,' to sing hymns among the hemlock and nettles at the back of 'The Atat Ark of Salvation,' and spout texts among the toad-stools till six o'clock, when they are marched back to the school-house, where the tin tea-pots begin to spout, and after them Mr. Luther; and *which* pours out the weakest and washiest stuff it would be impossible for any but a conjuror, or a chemist, to decide. And this, they are told, is a *holy* day; and so it may be, for it's certainly not the least like a holiday. Then there is Miss Worrybones' pious establishment for young ladies: where, notwithstanding all the piety, parsing, and primness, vagabond as I am, I should be sorry to place a cat, much less a child, I cared for.

"But, in the midst of this cant, there is one conscience among all these talkers—there is one doer, in short, and among so many sects—there is one, Samaritan, who has

done more good in the twelve years she has been in Field-Fleury, than Madam Mornington has talked in fifty; for she has a school of her own, where the children are taught not texts, but the Scriptures; all the girls are taught everything that women of their sphere ought to know of household and needle-work; and all the boys are taught trades. She makes them all pay according to their means, from twopence, to half-a-crown a week, and with this money she has set up a savings' bank for the children; besides which, any stray money they get, instead of spending it in trash, she begs of them to put half of it, if only a farthing, into this bank. If they willingly give up the whole of their little stock, she is all the better pleased; and each child who arrives at having a shilling in the bank, gets on this shilling a penny a quarter interest. But when any of them or their parents are ill, all the shareholders in this little bank contribute to their necessities. When the children grow up, and are old enough to go to service, they then receive sufficient of their own money to give them an outfit; and if they, instead of foolishly spending them, will continue to place their wages there, they receive a higher rate of interest than they would elsewhere; and any of the girls that behave better than the others, she generally rewards by taking them for a time into her own house, and making thorough good servants of them.

"But it is when the poor people are ill that she is, indeed, a providence and a blessing to them. She does not text them, she tends them; for one of her maxims is, that 'in health we should take care of the soul, and in illness of the body,—for in truth the soul's health is a matter of more moment than to be put off to the weariness of sick-bed, or the chances of a dying one.' But, of course,

this is too like the real thing, and too quiet and unsounding, to suit Madam Mornington, who is all for tinkling cymbals, and sounding brass; and so, of course, she does all she can to cry down this good lady in every way. But nevertheless, Polly, it's this good Lady Clairville that I mean to ask to take Mabel; and then no fear but she'll be well, and right well brought up—that is, fit both for heaven and earth."

"But *will* the lady take her, think you? And the cost, Robert, can you afford it?"

"She takes six children, to feed, clothe, and educate, at, you may say, her own cost, for all these six pay her, is one shilling a week each; and even this does not go towards their maintenance, but into the 'Juvenile Savings' Bank," for their future use."

"What a good lady! But she must be very rich to do all this?" said Mary, as tears of joy and hope now glistened in her eyes.

"On the contrary, they say she is very poor, for she, poor soul, has the benefit of one of your fine gentlemen fashionable husbands, who knows how to screw a wife down to the uttermost extent of that unlimited liability, which the English laws allow to *gentlemen* as to the piecemeal murder of their wives, for there are no magistrates, police-offices, and hard labour for *them*. Oh dear, no! brutalizing wives and children in high life, is what they call 'private affairs,' which nobody, and least of all the law, has any business to meddle with, so snug's the word; and the more vicious a brute of a man is in every relationship of *private life* in England, the better he is sure to get on in that great national soap-bubble—public life."

"That's true enough," murmured Mary, passing her hand over her eyes.

"But Lady Clairville's great secret of doing so much good," continued Bob, is *knowing how to do it*; knowing when things are ill done, and finding fault is easy enough; that comes under the head of natural abilities. But there is not a common useful household art that she inculcates, that she can't also tell and teach the shortest, cheapest, and best way of doing it. The only return she asks for all this good, which to Madam Mornington's great envy and discontent she has sown broad-cast through the village of Field Fleury, and the neighbouring town of Twaddleton, is implicit obedience on the part of the children, for they say she is very particular; and if she only tells a child to thread a needle with one end of the thread, they must not do it with the other; for as she says all the miseries of life spring from confusion and disorder, and that carelessness, forgetfulness, and indolence are all mere habits, that may be easily conquered in youth. If one of the children leaves a book, a thimble, a cup, or a platter out of its place, which it is their business to put away, she makes them when out, return a mile; or, if in bed and asleep, get up and go down to put them away, till she gets them into such a perfect routine of regularity, that a barometer would as soon think of going wrong, because the weather was not steady to one point. They are mostly educated to be servants, as befits their station, but they are all free to choose what department of service they would like, and there is no fear of their not being fit for it. Now, is my Polly satisfied that our little girl will be taken care of? and won't be trundled through a hoop at a Circus?"

"Dear, good Robert! I should be only too happy,' said she, laying her hands on his shoulders, and lookin up into his face, "if I thought, that is, if I was sure tha

this good, kind, Lady Clairville, would, that is, could take Mabel, but you said she only took six children to bring up entirely."

"I did so; but my mother told me that she had now four-and-twenty, six of which had just gone to their first situations, and as it is not every child that she will take into her own house, I don't suppose these six vacancies will be snapped up before I get back to Field Fleury, where I must be the day after to-morrow. What's my Polly thinking of, eh?"

"I was thinking, dear, that I wondered you had never before thought of applying to this charitable lady about Mabel, so kind and considerate as you always are to me."

"Why, you see, I'm not often down at Field Fleury now, and seldom longer there than for a couple of days at a time; and, though each time I have heard of Lady Clairville's *doings*, and of Madam Mornington's *preachings*, I never gave much heed to either—and then—and then," added he, lowering his voice and leaning his cheek against hers, "I thought it would be better when we could both go and ask her to take *our* little girl."

Mary's only reply was a kiss, and one large tear, which fell upon his hand; but he, having kissed this away, she said, hiding her face upon his shoulder—

"But—but, Robert, we must not deceive this good Christian lady; we must tell her all."

"Of course—nobody's going to be deceived; we are all going to be happy, in spite of Madam Mornington, 'THE ATAT ARK OF SALVATION,' Nahemiah Twigg, and all the other dismals put together," cried Bob, flinging the towel up to the ceiling, and making a *pirouette*, that

seemed to indicate his intention of following it, all of which hilarity was merely to divert Mary's thoughts into another channel, which she fully comprehending, said, with a smile—

"Who, on earth, is Nahemiah Twigg?"

"Well, he is now a very great personage! for, at present, he is one of the High Priests of 'THE ATAT ARK OF SALVATION,' being only just caught, but was formerly only sexton at St. Margaret's Beechcroft, and also at Twaddleton.

His discourse was here interrupted by a sharp, quick knock at the door; and, in answer to Mary's "Come in," in rustled Martha Ray, in all the glories of the lavender-coloured, flowered, Padusay silk, which, like human hair under the influence of fright, (as the apocrypha of natural history, article man, sets forth) stood on end, for it was, in truth, one of the choicest remains of her grandmother Bartlett's, before alluded to, legacy.

"I'm sorry to disturb ee, but lawr! as your a going to be married, you'll have enough, and to spare of each other's company by-and-bye; so there ain't no use in your forestalling the course of ewents, so I just come to tell ee, as the time's a-getting on, for it only wants five minutes to eleven, and Spriggs, the cappen's groom, he've bin here, and says as the chaplain is a breakfasting along with the cappen, and a lot of other gents, and as they's a going down the river after, as fur as Twickenham, you wasn't to keep him waiting on no account; so put on your bonnet, my dear, I'll help ee on with your mantle, for all the world just like the old mode cloaks as was in my grandmother Bartlett's chest! there, that'll do, you look as fair as a lily—but 'a bonny bride is soon busked,' as my poor dear Ray used to say. But now

must go and see that Ruby's all right." So saying, their active, kind-hearted, little landlady, bustled out of the room as she had bustled into it, accompanied by the retrospective rustling of the flowered Padusay, and the pit-a-pat of her high-heeled shoes upon the boarded floor, considerately anxious to consign Mabel for the day to the care of "neighbour Edbrook," and the blandishments of a new doll.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ANIMALS IN THE TOWER—A MARRIAGE IN LOW LIFE, WHERE NEVERTHELESS THE BRIDE FAINTS AS IF SHE HAD BEEN A LADY.—THE BREAKFAST BEFORE THE WEDDING.

GORGEOUS looked the scarlet, and gold Beefeaters in the morning's sun at the Tower-gate, as the soft breath of a September day (too great a connoisseur to mistake the red, and white, and purple knots of ribbon round their black velvet hats, for a garland of sweet peas) passed over, without stirring them, and blithely flitted the sun-beams in their elfin dance over the Tower-green, as blithely as if it had never been irrigated with human blood, whose only crime was having none; that, being the crime *par excellence* which tyrants, whether monarchical, or marital, can never pardon. Why, that said ill-paved, flinty, not exactly square, but parallelogram, should still retain (even if it had ever deserved) the name of the Tower-*green*, Old Father Time, Old Father Thames, and their muddle-headed Heir-at-Law, Tradition, only know! Unless

it be, from its still-serving as a sort of waste-pipe, for the superfluous idleness of the verdant young guardsmen, who during their incarceration in the Tower, resort to it, for change of dulness, and as a sort of ovation (though quite unintentional on their part) to the manes of Sir Walter Raleigh, whiff their Havannahs under the windows of "the Lieutenant's lodgings."

Be this as it may, on the morning in question, from one of the windows of the mess-room leant two figures, one, apoplectically swathed in regimentals belonging to Captain Mornington; the other, luxuriating in all the delightful, but anything but becoming *laisser-aller* of a Noah's-arkish-looking black silk paletôt, and all-rounder, appertaining to Sir Hugh De Byons. They had half breakfasted, and *en attendant* the grill, were as a sort of *entr'acte*—homœopathically inhaling the morning air, which passive duty they diversified, by what they considered *des jeux innocens;* such as taking, and making observations on the ankles of the few straggling "*females*" who ascended the steps or crossed "the green;" or trying a little digital ball-practice, by aiming small bullets of bread at their eyes, or noses, in passing to and fro, in which intellectual pastime, they, without any of the envy which generally pollutes emulation, from time to time, encouraged each other, by a *sotto voce*—

"Well hit! Mornington."

"Bravo! De Byons."

But no sooner did their victims turn round to see from whence the missile came, than they pleaded "not guilty," by, with the gravest faces imaginable, looking round to join in the inquiry; saying out loudly, "What a shame!" and then adding, in the blandest tone possible, as they leant still further out of the window to express the extent of their anxiety, "I hope you are not hurt?"

Whereupon, the unsuspecting "*Female,*" if arrived at motherly, or still more, at grandmotherly years, of experience, and who, therefore, had long ago solved the problem of "the "origin of evil," by the one word "BOYS!" would drop a curtsy to the *gentlemen*, and shaking her head at the empty space between her, and the innocent "White tower," would mutter something about the "*howdaciousness of them good-for-nothink boys!*" and mend her pace, as it was impossible to mend *their* manners. But were the victims young, though more innocent, being also more quick-sighted, a deep blush, and a hurrying onward, were the only notice they took, or defence they made against the attack, when the *wit* (!) from the window would be, "By Jove! Bowes, I prefer your *Miss*, to my *hit.*"

Within the room were assembled a party of five, comprising a Scotch, and Welsh cornet, Messrs. Cameron and Owen, then on duty at the Tower, Mr. Atterbury, the chaplain of the forces, a worthy descendant of the worthy prelate of that name, Monsieur de Bussy, the French attaché, and Mr. Spencer Thornberry, the barrister. The three last, being Captain Mornington's guests, who had come to breakfast to join the party to Twickenham. While the Amphitryon and Sir Hugh De Byons were sunning, or it might be *snobbing* themselves at the window, a vehement argument was going on among the others, touching the realities or absurdities of spirit-rapping; Messrs. Gordon, Cameron, and De Bussy being the *pros*, and the chaplain, Mr. Thornberry, and Mr. Morgan Owen, the *cons.* Mr. Cameron was not only relating an extraordinary mutiny of the mahogany, and *émeute* among the decanter to the accompaniment of supernatural noises, to which I had been eye and ear witness at, or rather after a dinn

"a lot of fellows had given at the Clarendon" a few evenings before; but also took the trouble of going back all the way to the days of Wallace, and knocking an ancestress of his up out of her dust, who in her time had been celebrated for her faculty of second-sight, more especially after having mixed her husband's, the Laird's, fourth tumbler of toddy; and who as far back as those days, had left an authentic record of the mysterious raps that used to be heard at night in the turrets of the paternal dwelling-place, Crinacranky Castle, which record she had bequeathed as one of the most precious heir-looms to her descendants.

"Ugh, you are quite right to hold on by it, Cameron," put in Mr. Thornberry, with a guttural explosion between a growl and a chuckle, as he helped himself to some more caveir, "for though ancestors are as abundant as oatmeal in Scotland, yet it is very few of them that have left their descendants *a rap*; so you have every reason to be proud of, and grateful to, the exceptional *Châtelaine* of Crinacranky."

But the excited Celt, guiltless of the pun, impervious to the laugh it had raised at his expense, and intent upon the one point of argumentative victory, said, with a sort of general appeal to all the rest, as he stirred his tea into a little maëlstrom—

"And yet, Owen," or as he pronounced it, "*Awen* won't admit of even the possibility of *sperit-ropping*."

"Of course I won't," responded the limited-liability Cornet, excoriating another prawn, which apparently was one of the things that he *did* understand perfectly; "of course I won't, for I never admit what I don't understand."

"Diantre! mon cher," cried Bussy, wiping his moustache, and then laying his napkin across his lap. "Vos réceptions

seront alors fichument bornés, vous êtes il parait une espèce du petit Arago."

"Et vous," rejoined Owen, struggling between an overplus of muffin and a deficit of French, so that before he could finish his sentence, the *attaché* replied with a complacent twirl of his moustache—

"Moi, mon cher, j'admets tous, même les femmes, quoique je ne les comprends pas ; ahem! catégorie de tous les philosophes anciens, et modernes."

"Weel, but surely Mester *Otterbury* you, as a *clargymon*, cannot deny the *agsistence* of *speritual* agency?" said Cameron, returning to the charge.

"Of course, I do *not* deny it," said the chaplain ; "on the contrary, I say with that sound theologian and good man, the Bishop of Clogher, take away the supposition of invisible, intermediate spirits, acting between God and man, and the whole history of the Bible falls to the ground." But the very belief in such spiritual agency convinces me that it *is spiritual;* and that consequently these perfected and unclogged intelligences, have a higher and holier mission, than to flit, like nursery-elves, about a house, drumming upon tables, scratching like shut-out puppy-dogs at doors, foretelling the death of a cow to one bereaved agriculturist, and the recovery of a pig to another, or even establishing a Brummagem destiny-mart, for the fabrication of widowhoods for some, and wedding-rings for others. In the *existence* of an intermediary spiritual world, all nations, civilized and savage, from all times, have believed, and on this belief has every religion, every sect, and every superstition been founded. Some learned men have given it as their opinion that even the Sadducees, in denying angels and spirits, questioned rather their *appearance,* and occasional agency in human affairs than

their *existence;* and even my Lord Bolingbroke, whom no one can either accuse or suspect of too much credulity, confesses that there may be various intelligences superior to man, though he opposes the idea of their having power to intermeddle with the events, or produce important effects on the mechanism of our world."

"Ah! yes," said Mr. Thornberry, "but the most civilized, as well as the most uncivilized among the ancients in their spiritual ritual believed in a sort of counterbalancing *diablerie*, in which was involved the origin of evil—mystery; and Jamblichus says,* 'there is a sort of spiritual beings of a brutal nature that may be threatened by the priests into anything,' and Scutellius imagined he had found nine different species of spiritual beings in Jamblichus."

"Yes; but you know that Gale, the annotator on Jamblichus, says, 'It is not to be doubted that there are such brutal spirits; but it is much to be doubted whether they can give assistance, or even hear the addresses of those who call on them.' And Porphery says, 'the adverse powers are imperceptible to human eyes, but they sometimes embody themselves in a pleasing form,' for which there is so far a warrantry in Scripture, that we read in the second chapter of Corinthians† that Satan transformed himself into an angel of light," quoted the chaplain.

"And this no doubt is what Jamblichus means by the head of the Dæmons, and also what Proclus alludes to, and what the annotator confirms, when he says, '*Zabii quoque deum daemonum honorarunt,*'" said Mr. Thornberry.

But Mr. Morgan Owen having mastered his muffin, and

* De Myster. Sect. vi., chap. v.

† 9th and 14th verses.

thrice slain the shrimps, began to wonder "what the dooce old Thornberry and the parson were prosing about," so touching the elbow of the former, he said,

"What do you call spirit-rappers, in French?"

"*Esprits tapageurs*," said the malicious Thornberry, which the innocent Cornet immediately fired off, in an announcement to De Bussy that he understood Lord Portarjis believed in *les esprits tapageurs*.

"Parbleu! c'est clair, il est ministre!" laughed the attaché.

"Do you know," said Sir Hugh de Byons, quitting the window, reseating himself at the table, and helping himself to a devilled kidney, a dish which Harvey, Bowes Mornington's servant, had just brought in, followed by the messman, with a boat of a peculiar compound of Chutna and Madeira, with a *soupçon* of Chilli vinegar in it, which Bowes, in one of his compulsory Tower incarcerations, had beguiled his *ennui*, and immortalized himself by inventing.

"Do you know the *on dit* is, that Portarjis believes in spirit-rapping?"

"Of course," said Mr. Thornberry; "as all rivers flow to the sea, so all charlatans sympathize with each other, more especially where there can, from the difference of spheres, be no rivalry *du métier*."

"But, surely, you think Portarjis clever?" said Sir Hugh de Byons. And when Young England has said this! Young England, barring the difference of Laity and Clergy, thinks it has placed the individual so labelled, no matter what his vices or crimes may be, on much the same pinnacle of irresponsible impunity as the Catholic Church thinks it places a penitent, when granting him plenary indulgence.

"Of course," responded Mr. Thornberry, "who ever heard of an empiric, in physic, politics, religion, or philanthropy, who was *not* clever? How the deuce do you suppose *one* man is to gull many, if he is *not* clever?"

"I dare say," put in Mr. Gordon Cameron, "that Mester Thornberry thinks as I do, that, at all events, Lord Portarjis's political digestion is weak."

"Well, he certainly don't favour Scotland quite so much as he used—if you mean *that*? You think, perhaps, that he ought to take a little infusion of *carduus benedictus*, or blessed thistle, eh?" chuckled Mr. Thornberry. "As it's a capital thing for the physical digestion, I don't see why it shouldn't be equally so for the political; and, doubtless, it is owing to the blessed thistle, that 'Scotchmen once in office, swallow anything, and swallow *up* everything.'"

"I certainly think," said Bowes Mornington, good-naturedly wishing to rescue Cameron from the tender mercies of Mr. Thornberry, for though he did think his brother officer a "great ass," (men's favourite classification, by-the-bye, for each other) still, all Scotchman though he was, he did not wish him to be regaled on too many thistles, of Mr. Thornberry's culling, so coming to the rescue, he said, "I do think, for the last two or three years, it's impossible to tell what Lord Portarjis's politics really are—that is, what he is, whether Whig or Tory."

"Perhaps," smiled the chaplain, helping himself to a quiet clerical piece of dry bread,—but still labouring in his vocation, taking care to butter it well—"perhaps the real difficulty is to know what is a Whig, and what a Tory, now-a-days."

"No difficulty whatever about that," fiatized Mr. Thornberry. "The same definition that was given of them in

Walpole's time, is to the full as applicable now, if not more so: then, the political catechism used to run,—

"'*Q.*—What is a Whig?

"'*A.*—A Tory out of place?

"'*Q.*—What is a Tory?

"'*A.*—A Whig in office.'

"And truly says the author of this definition, and so say I with him (*he* said it *à propos* of Sir Robert Walpole and Mr. Pulteney), and I say it of *all*, the small change and base coin we have had since then, now have, and shall have again: "Who does not wonder," says he, "at the zeal of the good people of England, on the occasion of the contest between Sir Robert Walpole and Mr. Pulteney? Did the latter give any assurance that he would redress *one* grievance of the former administration? When he got into power, did he depart one step from the path in which his predecessor had walked? And yet, were we not, upon the expulsion of the former party, and the establishment of the latter, as elated as if all our complaints had been redressed? And this stale dog-trick (I beg pardon for using so nice a word on so dirty a subject) has been with success played over and over again, both before and since. We see ourselves repeatedly gulled by the false pretences of a set of ambitious or avaricious adventurers, who set us a-raving for their profit; and we go on, from age to age, quarrelling we know not about what, and agreeing again we know not why; wasting our blood and treasure in windmill-wars, and our ink in party-pamphlets, the paper of which, would, if unstained, have bottomed goose-pies, or wrapped up spice, with equal success and more utility,—as in calling each other nick-names with much zeal, as if names changed natures, and hating another for judging differently of what tends most to

general advantage; and, in short, in doing every thing but growing wiser.' So that I, have resolved to have no political idol; for to tell you the truth, whether the contest be among Peel-ites, Derby-ites, Palmerstonians, Cobdens, or Jobdens, they all appear to me only to deserve the antitheses of as much wonder, and at the same time, as much apathy, as the defunct Sacheverelian, and Walpoleo-Pulteneyan controversies do to us now."

"Certainly," said the Chaplain, "Legislation, though the oldest art in the world, seems still, in each succeeding age, to be the one least understood."

"Because it is not legislation which is the aim, but politics, which are the stalking-horse of every grown-up master-jackey throughout England. And politics, as the clever and sensible author of 'John Halifax' most truly observes, 'are the pet profligacy of old age.' So that when moral vice has drafted off her disabled veterans, they transfer their laxity of principle, their unscrupulous *coûte-qu'il-coûte, coup-de-main* way of gaining their ends—in a word, their spirit of intrigue—to the councils of the state. No wonder, then, things are, as they are."

"There certainly is," said Mr. Atterbury, "something radically wrong, that with all our talk of progress, we in reality progress so little. Isocrates, it is true, says in his Areopagus, and I quite agree with him, that 'the most tremendous penalties will not restrain men of ungovernable dispositions; while those whose minds have received a proper bent, will act rightly though left to themselves. The business, therefore, is not so much to find ways of punishing offenders, as to form the minds of the people, so that they shall have no disposition to offend."

"Very true in theory, but, like most theoretic truisms, more easily said than done; and though, up to a certain

point, I quite agree both with you, and Isocrates, that the secret of making a people virtuous and happy lies much deeper than jails and gibbets, yet, so long as, this art remains a *secret*, which it evidently *has done* up to the present year, the Brummagem philanthropy, which defrauds the gallows, to over-run us with ticket-of-leave heroes, is the surest way of retarding the solution of this truly divine mystery; for, so long as, things are at their present focus, depend upon it the Cromwellian plan is the best, — 'HANG WELL, AND PAY WELL,' whereas *we* do both deucedly ill, for we hang little, and pay less; and perhaps if we paid more, we might not have to hang even so much; but truly this *is* the Millennium of meanness, and the Saturnalia of clap-trap."

"Well, but surely Thornberry," said Sir Hugh de Byons, who not having sufficient grasp of intellect to grapple with the broad generality of a "wise saw," invariably quashed an argument by grovelling down to a "a modern instance." Surely, there never was an age in which the higher, not to say the highest, classes, did so much for, and mixed so much with, the People, properly so called; I mean labourers, artizans, and mechanics. Look, for example, how indefatigable Portarjis is, notwithstanding all the claims political life has upon him, in lecturing at Mechanics' Institutes, and Provincial Athenæums."

"Thank you, my good Sir," said Mr. Thornberry, energetically backing his chair several paces, "for a very good reason, *talking*; or throwing verbal dust in the people's eyes at Mechanics' Institutes, happens to be *the* humbug *par excellence* of the small beer celebrities of no—no—notorieties of the present day; and the sham, of Lord P arjis's lectures begins before they are spoken, for the they *read* remarkably well, my firm belief is, that

Melville *writes* them all. To be incessantly before the public in print and in puffs,—the minnow magnates (?) of this age, seem to consider, as an electric-telegraph to the Temple of Fame; and the reason is clear; for, as a quaint writer expresses it, 'It is one of the chiefest belongings of bad men, that they have a restless struggling to fill the world with their noise, and be eternally in all men's mouths; whereas goodness, is a quiet take-root sort of thing, which Honour and Fame *may come to*, if they list (though they seldom do); but Goodness, poor quiet drudge, never *goes a-tramping after them*.'"

"Eh! it's *Tammus* Carlyle you mean, who says that?" asked Mr. Cameron, proud to show what Scotland *could* produce!

"Indeed it's not," snapped Mr. Thornberry, "though from his antiquated phraseology and style, it may be Thomas Carlyle's emporium for dislocated English, for that quotation was from an old Black letter book called 'The Dial of Princes,' containing much curious matter, and, indeed, much valuable information; were it not so long before it reached one, from its old lumbago-Carlylean style, which no doubt ran nimbly enough in its own young days, to wit, 1572, when its author, Don Antony of Gûcuars, Bishop of Guadix (now Cadiz) wrote it, and when it was '*Englished out of the French, by Thomas North, Sonne of Sir Edward North, Knight, newly revised and compiled by him, reformed of all faults escaped in the first edition. Right excellent for all noble and pious Princes and persons. Nowe newly imprinted by Richarde Tottill, Anno Domini*, 1582. *Cum Privilegio.*' No doubt, as I before said *then*, this quaint inverted style, glided flowingly and smoothly, as if

through a la Volta; but *now* it halts, and limps, like a Chelsea Pensioner."

Mr. Cameron was about to ask Mr. Thornberry *whather* he could understand *Tammus* Carlyle's "SARTOR RESARTUS?" when the bells of St. Peter's ad vincula rang out a merry peal. The Chaplain looked at his watch, Bowes Mornington walked to the window, but returned the next moment with his napkin crammed into his mouth, and with difficulty uttering the one word "Spriggs!" whereupon Sir Hugh de Byons, M. de Bussy, and the two Cornets also rushed to the windows, and were all, with the exception of the *attaché*, seized with the same uncontrollable fit of laughter; but he said, with an apathetic shrug, and without the shadow of a smile—

"Bah! ce n'est que le groom de Mornington, fargoté en grand Seigneur, c'est comme cela se pratique toujours parmis la valetaille."

"He's got up most extensively for the wedding—Bob Bumpus's wedding, which he asked leave to go to, this morning," re-laughed Bowes.

"No, nonsense; how does he look?" asked Mr. Thornberry, not having the courage to go and see for himself.

"Hush!" said Morgan Owen, pausing in his cachinnations, and holding up his finger, "By Jove! Mornington, he's singing your song,

"Something to love me."

"Justement," said de Bussy, twirling his moustache, "'çest toujours comme ça avec les domestiques qui singent leur maîtres, ils ont la chanson, mais ils ne peuvent jamais attrapper l'air."

"Bravo! de Bussy," cried Mr. Thornberry, who was t only one, on whom this neat *mot* was not lost. Brav

'Pon my word I must have a look at my friend Spriggs after that," and so saying, he also went to the window, without, however, going close to it, but standing on the points of his feet, raising his glass to his eye, and leaning forward, he discovered Spriggs in the corner of the quadrangle, between the chaplain's house and the church, in all the glories of an evening-costume, terminating in lustrously French-polished kid boots, and surmounted by a Petersham hat, which, it must be confessed, leant *rather* partially to the right side, which might be called perhaps a fault on the right side, while vieing with his straw-coloured kid gloves (in honour, doubtless, of the approaching ceremony), a delicate tea-rose graced his button-hole, like a sort of bridal vignette.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Thornberry, re-seating himself, "not bad for a first attempt, and Merrythought herself couldn't be better *groomed*, especially our hat; but who do you say it is, that is going to be married? one of your mother's tenants, eh, Mornington?"

"Yes, you remember the Bumpuses, don't you, down at Field Fleury? One of them is our parish-clerk, and——"

"Oh dear, yes," interrupted Mr. Thornberry. "My friend Moses, who was a Sizar at Cambridge, don't he also keep a school down in your part of the world?"

"Yes; and his brother Bob, the fellow who is going to be married this morning, and who though a bit of a scamp, I think the best, at all events the cleverest of the lot—well, Bob says that, between his school and the church, Moses passes his life in saying 'Amen' all Sunday, and 'Eh, boys!' all the week."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the two Cornets, for this was quite up to their calibre.

"Bowes has promised me some shooting down at Mornington Manor," (he could not do otherwise, since the baronet had invited himself, though he dreaded the chief game would be that which Sir Hugh would make of his mother and Luther, to say nothing of "The Atat Ark of Salvation,") "but," continued he, "I can't get him to let me into the *dessous des cartes* of their country town, Twaddleton, and you must know country towns are my monomania; talk of a knowledge of human nature! *they*, are the real schools to acquire it in, and that in its most minute and unadulterated dregs, and therefore I prefer the history of a country town, to the history of Europe any day."

"Bless my soul! you're like Bishop Burnet," said Mr. Thornberry, "who says he'd rather know the history of Lucifer than of all the Babylonian and Persian kings, nay, for that matter, than of all the kings of the earth; and if a country town is *not* the very devil, I don't know what is."

"More especially Twaddleton," yawned Bowes Mornington, caressing his left whisker, "just to give you an idea of the pace of the natives, De Byons, you must know that there are only two circulating libraries in the place, and these two, have three books between them, so that whenever you ask for a book at one of these *stationary* emporiums, you are told it is out, and when you try the other, they say it is binding. When I was last down at Mornington (that time Saville Vernon hurt my ankle so confoundedly with a bat, at Lord's), every day for three months, I sent for 'Memoirs of a Widow,' and every day the answer was that it was binding."

"Well, you learnt something new, at all events," said Mr. Thornberry, "for every one knows that marriage is, or

rather that it ought to be binding, but I never before heard that widowhood was."

"Ha! ha! ha! it's to be hoped not," laughed Sir Hugh De Byons.

Here, St. Peter's ad vincula rang out another peal, for all is merry till the *vincula* is forged. So the chaplain rose, asking whether he should join the party there assembled at the Tower wharf, or come back to the mess-room, after he had performed the marriage-ceremony?

"I say, why the deuce should we not all go and see the wedding?" cried Sir Hugh De Byons, starting to his feet.

"Ah! on the same principle, I suppose, that the monks of La Trappe sleep in their coffins every night, to accustom themselves by degrees to the terrible and inevitable catastrophe," said Mr. Thornberry.

"No, now, really, Spriggs! under existing circumstances, would be quite too much for my weak nerves," said his master, affecting to faint.

"I declare, here they come," announced Mr. Morgan Owen.

"Who?"

"Why the wedding-party," and by Jove! if that's the bride leaning on the *homo*, as I suppose it is, she's rather pretty, and moreover vapoury and delicate-looking, as befits the occasion."

"Pretty is she?" said Bowes Mornington, half drawing, and then sheathing his sword with a clang; "then I'll risk Spriggs! for 'none but the brave, none but the brave, none *but* the brave, deserve the fair.'"

"Pardon me," said the Chaplain, mildly, "but I think if you were to let them go into the church first, and then come down quietly, as if you had strolled in, to look at the monuments, it would be better; for, as they are poor people, it might put the young woman out of countenance."

"Hear ! hear ! hear ! I second the amendment to the Matrimonial Causes Bill," said Mr. Thornberry.

The programme being thus determined upon, the Chaplain quitted the mess-room, and descended to the vestry, while the remaining group, stood at some little distance from the window, watching the approach of the bridal-party, and of course making their remarks upon them.

"She is decidedly pretty," said Bowes Mornington, having reconnoitred through an opera-glass, which always stood on the mantel-piece of the mess-room for similar purposes. "Where the dooce did that fellow Bumpus fish her out, and how came she to *be* fished out by him ?"

"Pooh ! for that matter, the girl-fisheries, and the pearl-fisheries are much the same in one respect ; that the former have little choice, and the latter none, as to who'll fish them up, or whether they are destined for crowns, or crosses," said Mr. Thornberry.

"'Pon my word, Bob's not a bad-looking fellow in his holiday gear. I never saw him so smart before, nor so much indebted to soap ; but oh ! oh ! look ! make haste—the meeting ! and Spriggs dressed for the part !"

As Captain Mornington leant back to laugh, and held both his sides, the rest, from their various peep-holes saw Spriggs shake hands with Bob, and then turning a furtive glance on the mess-room windows, to see that he was not observed ; under which delusion he raised his hat to Mary, with what he conceived to be the same graceful nonchalance, of which he had so often had a back view in the park, when his master recognised any of the fair peeresses and peerlesses, among whom he was so *répandu*.

"Ha ! ha ! ha ! d'honneur ce garçon a des moyens," laughed de Bussy; "c'est du Pantagruelisme tout pûr, et san

doute 'après dîner, tous ira pêle-mêle ; et sus l'herbe drue, ils danseront au son des ioyeulx flageolletz, et doulces cornemuses, tant bandement, que ce serait passe temps celeste les veoir, ainsi soy rigouller,' comme dit maître François Rabelais.

"Puisqu 'il surpasse en riant
Ceux qui à bon escient,
Traitent choses d'importance,
Combien sera-t-il plus grand
Je te prie dis-moi s'il prend
Un œuvre de conséquence."

Further quoted Mr. Thornberry, he, and the *attaché* enjoying their laugh all the more, for having it entirely to themselves ; poor Bowes Mornington, (like most masters) having no suspicion how his servant was rising at his expense, and the two cornets being as guiltless of mediæval, as they were of modern, or even of magazine-literature.

"There! they're in the church now," reported Mr. Morgan Owen. "And by Jove, we shall lose the fun, if we don't make haste ;" and, holding up his left hand towards his ear in imitation of a fiddle, and converting his right, into the effigy of a bow, with which he scraped on his left arm, singing the while, "Haste to the wedding," he danced out of the room, followed by the rest.

"Confound these dark old stairs," cried Mr. Thornberry, missing his footing in the hurry.

"They say marry in haste, and repent at leisure ; but only being in haste to see others married, one comfort is, that one may congratulate oneself at leisure, he ! he ! he!"

"N'est pas, mon cher ? 'Invention mirifique et pour le plupart, bréveté du diable."

"Hallo! Mornington! one would think you were either walking in your sleep, or were in love; for you're going the wrong way, though there stands the church, straight before you, on your left," called out Owen, as soon as they had reached the bottom of the stairs.

"No, no," said Bowes, looking back over his shoulder. "I want to go round by the Beauchamp Tower, and enter by the other door, near the vestry, that we may, as Mr. Atterbury suggested, look as if we were merely sight-seeing."

"Oh! very well, all right."

"Que çe, all right, me parait bête," said de Bussy, "ins a conetry vere your journal, your papers, tell you every day, and tells to Europe, too, dat all is wrong."

"*Eh bien*, it's still all right, that we have a free press, and that the papers should be able to tell them so," retorted Mr. Thornberry.

"Ah! yes, free press, free press, toujours la free press! but I tink, as *vous autre Anglais* say, 'dat your press, he is often more free, dan velcome.'"

"Well, as since the first early dawn of creation, when God pronounced that *all* was good, because His eye alone rested on His work, no good ever has existed without some counter-balancing evil. Perhaps our glorious free press! *is* something of Plato's two-fold Venus, with two-fold, and totally distinct attributes—the one Celestial, and partaking of the pulchritude of the Divine nature, and so visibly impressing all orders of intellectual beings, with a concentrated essence of that subtile spirit of moral beauty, which otherwise would remain scattered, and diffused over the universe; the other being only a meretricious Circe, who drags her votaries down, to her own native mire."

"It is particularly requested," said Sir Hugh De Byons,

stopping, and turning short round, while he held Bowes Mornington by the arm, as at this juncture they arrived at the church-doors, "it is particularly requested, that all persons about to assist at the nuptials of Mr. Robert Bumpus, will keep their eyes exclusively directed towards the bride and bridegroom, or the grooms-man, who being this man's groom, it is hoped that not one single glance will be surreptitiously levelled at Captain Mornington, who otherwise cannot insure the spectators against the incongruity of a gaffaw!"

"Be quiet, De Byons," said the latter, cramming his handkerchief into his mouth, "or I shall not be able to go in."

"Then, stay out," said Owen, "but don't make us lose the fun." With which, he led the way into the church, followed by the others, who taking off their hats, walked quietly and decorously to within a short distance of the altar-rails, where Captain Mornington held his cap before his face, more, it is to be feared, on account of Spriggs, than from piety.

As they entered, Mr. Atterbury had just asked the bridegroom—

'"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour, and keep her in sickness, and in health; and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?'"

And he had answered solemnly:

"I will," and with a far more solemn intention of doing so, than nine-tenths of his sex have, in pronouncing that for them, abominable mockery.

Martha was crying, as she thought of the RAY that had

passed away for ever, which had never beamed but kindly on her, but who would do so no more, at least on this side the gulf. Ruby was staring about, with her large vacant eyes, and wondering why they all knelt round the altar, as they were not taking the sacrament, which she had seen people do; and also wondering if *she* was to be married, too? and, like many far wiser young ladies, determined that at all events, she would not marry Spriggs, who, on his side, like so large a majority of his sex, while subjected to the humiliation of these hypothetical rejections, had not the remotest idea of asking her. Mary alone seemed calm and collected, and when it came to her turn to pronounce the irrevocable, and so often fatal! "I WILL!" she not only did so, in a clear, firm voice, but her whole countenance suddenly illumined with a bright serenity, as when in some deeply-shaded Alpine valley, the sun, when least expected, steals through a cloud, and smiles all its sombre beauties into light. Mary's heart was flooded full of gratitude to the man who, when she had been flung away as a worthless outcast,—who could claim no place in this world, but one of shame and degradation, and so, was rushing headlong out of it, had saved her from that worst of foes!—an agony, which wrong has stretched to madness,—whose frenzy has no object but its victim—self. Love is a jesuit, Pride a parasite, Hope a braggart, Ambition a tyrant, Envy a harpy, Jealousy a scorpion, and Vanity a traitor, but GRATITUDE! like most fair, well-favoured things, though thy life be but short, thou at least, art always sincere! and well, and truly, says that quaint, and now long-forgotten, divine, honest Henry Hallywell,* in one of his admirable

* The Rev. Henry Hallywell, who, in 1692, was vicar of Cowfold, in Essex.

sermons, "Sincerity fills the soul with eternal peace, and secures it from all intestine broils, distractions, and tumults. It is this lower and troubled air, that is subject to storms, while those upper regions above the clouds, enjoy a perpetual sunshine, and calm. And it is hypocrisy and dissimulation, and a guiltiness and consciousness that we have been false to God and virtue, that raise storms and troubles within our own breasts; but Sincerity sets us above all these, and we breathe in a freer and purer air, and our souls are calm and composed, fair, and lovely, as the clear face of Heaven. In this soil of Sincerity, grows the Tree of Life, and here, too, are those rivers of living waters which overflow, and enrich the Paradise of God."

And Mary Marsham's soul, as she knelt at that altar, was fair and lovely with the sunlight of sincere gratitude to the Creator, and his creature, shining into it; therefore, no wonder that her sweet, fair face, mirrored this calm beauty.

"I know that young woman's face," whispered Mr. Thornberry, to Mornington, "and I can't, for the life of me, recall when and where I've seen it," added he, tapping his forehead with his fore-finger, as if to wake up the dormant memory.

"Come, come," *sotto voce'd* the gallant Captain, poking the elderly and respectable Thornberry, somewhat too familiarly in the ribs, though such a proceeding savoured of courage also, considering what a prickly pear that gentleman was; "come, come, Thornberry, I shall begin to suspect, that you are not entirely in the moral philosophy line, for she's *dooced* pretty."

"Eh, where is it you say I've seen her?" said Mr. Thornberry, so engrossed in rummaging all the nooks and

corners, and shreds and patches of his memory, that he not only did not hear a word the other had said, but did not even perceive the *assaut d'armes*, or rather *de doigts*, that Bowes had, had with him; but while they were still whispering, the solemn sacrifice was completed, the irrecoverable words had been spoken, which gave Mary Marsham a lord and master for life, and Robert Bumpus a legal slave, if he chose to avail himself of that oldest and most barbaric of all the glorious privileges of a free-born Briton—his ecclesiastical ones—and accordingly, the bridegroom began by hugging them to his heart. Spriggs, who at that moment felt himself infinitely superior to his master, then stepped forward, with a jaunty air, to avail himself of the time-honoured "grooms-man's" perquisite of kissing the bride, which she perceiving, affected not to see, and shamefully defrauded him, by dividing his lawful property between Martha and Ruby.

"'Pon my word," said Bowes Mornington, now clanging up the aisle, followed by the rest of his party, "that's too bad; it's a pity there are not a brace of Cossacks here, to do the old-woman part of the kissing. I congratulate you, Bob," added he aloud, accosting the bridegroom, "but I think you'll astonish the natives down at Field Fleury, for I should have imagined you, one of the very last fellows to have troubled the parson in the matrimonial way."

There are persons so devoid of feeling, that to betray any in their presence, goes against the grain, and seems as much out of place, and as irreverent as it would be to kneel down and say one's prayers in a crowded ball-room; so Bob, resuming all his usual levity, replied, with a respectful bow—

"You know, sir, even the wisest, do a silly thing once in their lives."

"At all events," said Mr. Thornberry, who had been screwing up his eyes, and studying Mary's face as if he had been deciphering an old tenth-century manuscript, till it became vividly illuminated with painful flushings, "at all events, a man never had a *fairer excuse* for doing a silly thing."

"Ha! ha! ha!—quite so," laughed Mornington; "but you will allow me, Bob, for old acquaintance sake, to shake hands with your wife, I hope," said he, extending his hand to Mary, who took it, curtseying down to the ground, and blushing up to her ears.

"Do you know," said Mr. Thornberry, his hands behind his back, and his eyes still screwed up, peering at Mary, "it strikes me that *I* have a better right to shake hands with this bonny bride than any of you, for, decidedly, she, and I, have met before, though I can't recall where. My dear, did you ever live at Lady Milverton's?"

"No, sir," replied Mary, in a low, tremulous voice, as she curtseyed, with her eyes bent on the ground.

"With Lady Plantagenet, perhaps?" which elicited another "no," even more low and tremulous than the last.

"Or with Mrs. Herbert Carington?"

"No—no—no, sir."

"Provoking!—ah! it might have been," continued the relentless inquisitor, "with Lady——"

But, before he could utter the name, Mary's head fell fainting on the shoulder of her husband, who, putting one arm round her waist, with the other hand, in great trepidation, loosened the strings of her bonnet, and fanned

her with her handkerchief ; while, hurling a somewhat savage look at Mr. Thornberry, he said—

"Really, sir, you ask quite too many questions—she's been ill—she's still weak—and she's shy before so many gentlemen."

"Bless my soul ! I—I beg your pardon ! I wouldn't for the world have distressed her, if I could have supposed—Tut—tut—tut—dear me ! How provoking I don't carry a smelling-bottle," said he, rummaging in all his pockets, and then added, turning towards Sir Hugh De Byons and De Bussy, without, however, the slightest irony in his look or tone, for never was a poor man more in earnest, "but, perhaps, some of you do ?"

"I'll run and get some Eau-de-Cologne," said Owen, vanishing.

But Spriggs, who on the advent of "master and the gentlemen," had fallen back to the left, and Martha Ray, who had retreated so close to the commandments, that she looked like an eleventh, now advanced to proffer their assistance, and as Martha, good, thrifty, forethinking soul that she was, had, while donning the Bartlett Lavender Padusay that morning, recollected that in *her* time, "there always used to be a deal of crying and sterricks, and such like, at weddings," armed herself with a somewhat ancient bottle of smelling-salts (which had had a sinecure for many years), in an oblong bottle of purple crinkled glass, the stripes going diagonally round the bottle, the bottle itself in shape, much resembling a small heart, shrivelled from ossification, while a plain uncovered cork was wedged into the top of it.

This, she now excavated from the pocket of the lavender Padusay, and applying the long evaporated nostrum to the insensible invalid, marvelled that it did

instantly restore her, while Mr. Atterbury told the clerk to open one of the windows, and the air appeared to revive her, for she sighed, whereupon Mr. Thornberry took one of her hands, and under the pretext of slapping the palm, to bring her to, placed a £10 note in it, and then closed her hand upon it, after which, turning to Mornington, he said:

"I think we had better all go, for she'll be more at her ease on recovering, to find herself only with her own friends." So, nodding to Bob, and telling Mr. Atterbury they would wait for him on "the green," they instantly left the church; and as Mr. Thornberry, after reiterating his regrets to the bridegroom, was preparing to follow, Mary's hand relaxed its grasp, and the £10 note fell on the step of the altar, Robert picked it up, and handed it to Mr. Thornberry, saying,

"I think you have dropped this, sir?"

"No, no, my good fellow, keep it; I'm exceedingly sorry I should have distressed your wife by my questions; I had no intention of doing so, I assure you."

"Thank you, sir, I'm sure you had not; nor do I think it was that, but she has been ill, and is weak, and—and—but this is too much, sir," said Bob, making an effort to return the money, for he began to entertain a vague notion that Lucifer was bidding for him, by all the sources of wealth that seemed unsought, to open on him at every turn.

"No, no, my man, keep it; and my good wishes to you both, with it," said Mr. Thornberry, walking hastily away—adding, however, in his own mind as he traversed the aisle, and thoughtfully caressed his chin with his right hand—

"Stupid! to be sure. I'd give another ten pounds to

know *where* it was that *I have seen* that young woman's face. Could it have been as witness on some trial?—no, no, it's not that either," thought he, quitting the church, but continuing his cogitations.

Meanwhile Martha Ray, Spriggs, and Ruby, who had fallen back to make way for "the gentlefolks," now eagerly pressed forward, and Martha's energetic proceedings in the way of hand-slapping, and an impromptu lecture, about its never doing to "take on so, at the fust go off, and that now as she was a married ooman, she must learn to *have*, as sich, and bear up hunder pretty well hevry think, and she was very sure from what she knowd of Bob Bumpus, man and boy, as he'd not be the one to lay on the load too heavy, and come the husband too strong."

Whether it was these assurances, or the slaps, that recalled Mary to a sense of her matrimonial position, certain it is, that she soon opened her eyes, and their first look was one of kindness at her husband, while Mr. Atterbury having told the clerk to bring a glass of port-wine from the vestry, she sipped a little of it, which soon revived her, and the chaplain having shaken hands with the newly-married pair, and expressed his hopes that neither of them would ever have cause to find fault with his work; he left them to pursue their way to the scene of the bridal festivities, "The Boar's Head."

Not a little proud did the bridegroom feel, as he again passed the Beef-eaters with his pretty, delicate-looking bride leaning on his arm. What a pity it is that every one cannot be equally satisfied at the same time! But, so it is; and indeed some are of such a discontented, ungrateful disposition, that though a *double* portion may be meted out to them, they will still envy their neighbours'

lesser share of blessings, and such, we are sorry to be obliged to record, was the case with Mr. Thomas Spriggs on the present occasion, as he followed in the wake of the happy pair; for, although he had Martha hanging on one arm, and Ruby on the other, in his own mind, he ungraciously compared them to a pair of spatterdashers, "which at all events a feller did not want to be saddled with of a fine summer morning," and though jesting, be reckoned by Aristotle as a virtue that helps to accomplish a man, Spriggs was far from being of that opinion, as he saw the nudges and broad-grins, and heard the titterings and whisperings as he passed through the ponderous gate-way, but when it came to the insubordinate sentries on guard, actually facing to the right-about to hide their grins in their sentry-boxes, why, then, (as he took an early opportunity of telling the bridegroom) "his sperit reared! and he swore in his own mind, as not the whole rigment of guards, with fixed bayonets, should ever git *him* to carry double agin!"

CHAPTER VII.

An Heir at, or rather of, Law.

"THE BOAR'S HEAD," IN EASTCHEAP, WITHOUT SHAKESPEARE, BEN JOHNSON, OR NED ALLEYN—BUT WITH PLENTY OF SPIRITS, THOUGH NONE QUITE SO CHOICE AND A MOST WELCOME, THOUGH UNINVITED GUEST.

NO sooner had the bridal-party reached Tower Hill, than they perceived a great crowd, and amid the Babel of voices that issued from it, might be heard horrible imprecations, preluding,

"You lie, I didn't."

"You did; I saw you put your hand in the gentleman's pocket."

"Take that—there's a window-shutter for you, then!"

And here, the echo of a fearful blow was heard, follow by the screams of the women, and the cheering of

crowd, when a policeman dragged forward a tall stripling, of decidedly not more than eighteen, dressed in brown, and very dirty fustian, looking like a cast-off stable dress that had been made for a much stouter man, as it was a world too large for the lath-like figure it then hung from, which slightly stooped, as if bent forward by its own height.

The features of this mere boy, were not only handsome in the regularity of their outline, but aristocratic in their delicacy, though libelled as it were, with a hollow, haggard, dissipated, and thoroughly reckless look, while, true to the statistics of crime, he had a profusion of light hair, which, in the ordinary course of things, might have been good and becoming, but was so dry, weather-beaten, and neglected, that it looked more like the parched, arid vegetation at the foot of a volcano, than human hair.

As the pickpocket now passively allowed himself to be dragged along by the policeman, from finding it useless to resist, his restless eyes, that darted in and out, everywhere, between the interstices of the crowd, as if seeking an egress for the rest of his person, suddenly encountered those of Robert Bumpus, who, as if moved by a spring, as suddenly, pulled his hat over his eyes, as he said in a low and faltering voice to his bride,

"Come on, Mary; let us get out of this horrid crowd."

While the convict, half turning his head to look after him, muttered,

"Hallo! blowed if I hain't a mind to go in for an alibi, for I never seed such a likeness as that; but the decent clothes, and the decent young ooman swear to the contrairy."

Then, assuming as great a swagger as his pinioned right arm would allow, while he winked at all the women as he

passed, he began singing out in a loud, reckless, but not unmusical voice,

"My father was a gentleman, and they can do no wrong,
But my mother was a fool, and therefore, not worth a song;
While as their son is neither, he goes the pace full gaily,
Even if the winning-post, *should be*, at the Old Bailey!
Then let's sing fal de ral,
Sukey, or Pal;
For twigg'd or not, it aint no use to grieve.
And if legs should fail yer
Why then, there's Australier,
With jolly excursion tickets-of-leave!"

By way of accompaniment to this gibbet-anthem, the men among the dispersing crowd, laughed a low hoarse laugh, and the women sighed and shrugged their shoulders all, save one poor widow, who having an only son then at Sheffield, about the age of the convict, wiped her eyes as she murmured,

"How shocking! so young!"

"It is not the timid voice of ministers," says Sadi, "that ought to bring to the ear of kings the lamentations of the miserable; the cries of the people should pierce directly to the foot of the throne."

Alas! poor Sadi, this sublime dream alone, proves thee to have been a poet; for keen-eyed, slow-handed, plodding science, has not even yet discovered the secret of the heaven-born acoustics of this apophthegm; and long as the theoretic germ of steam was known, before it fructified into the great fact of practicability, still longer it is to be feared will it be that these, and all similar humanities, will have to smoulder in the fertile brains, and arid hearts of men, before their fruits appear on the tree o

life. And if the echoes of the ribald song of the felon, the boorish laugh of the mob, and that of the half remonstrance of the poor widow with the Creator, scarcely reached, and certainly did not ripple, even the smallest drop of the sluggish waters of the Thames, near as they were; what chance had such echoes of reaching the far more distant ear of kings, and foot of thrones? at all events, till atmospheric tubes are constructed out of Seneca's

"Quemcunque miserum videris hominem scias,"

cased in the golden Christian rule, of

"Do unto others, as you would they should do unto you,"

the sound of misery must remain without a conveyance.

"I say, Bob?" cried Spriggs, as the bridal-party emerged from Tower Hill, and turned down Eastcheap, "did you remark that ere young chap as was given in charge?"

"Yes—no—why?" re-asked the other.

"Why? 'cause I knows his face as well as I do yourn; and, moreover, he's the very picter of a gemmen as master knows—some lord or barrownight, I can't eg-zactly call to mind which; neither, if I was to be shot for it, can I remember where it was as I seed the chap his-self."

"Tush!" responded Bob. "We see thieves every day without knowing them; but this is the first time I ever heard of a fellow seeing a thief, and racking his brains to recollect where he had the honour of making his acquaintance."

"Do you bruise your oats?" said Spriggs, winking at Mrs. Ray, from remembering in time the professional

aphorism of a nod being as good as a wink to a blind horse, and therefore not wasting either, upon Ruby, but accompanying this ocular telegraph by poking his tongue into the corner of his cheek. After this charming piece of bye-play, he walked on for a few seconds in silence, when he called out "Weigh!" and pulled up so suddenly, that from the jerk, he hurt both Martha and Ruby's arms, as much as he would have done Merrythought's mouth, had he treated her in the same unwarrantable manner,—which, to say the truth, he never was guilty of doing.

"I recollect!" cried he. "I'll tell you where it war, Bob, as I see that 'ere chap. It war at that Newmarket October Meeting, the last as poor Netherby rode at, just afore Jennings did the job for him; and that youngster as they have just tookt up, I remember perfectly was one of a lot of thimble-rig fellers, and was a-doing all he could to 'tice poor Netherby to the table; but lawr, there's no escaping one's fate,—and the pea as was to do for poor Jim was under the thimbleful as that infernal villain, Jennings, sent him. But he's hanged now, and that's some little comfort."

"Dear Robert, are you ill?" inquired Mary, looking up tenderly and anxiously into his face, as a sudden spasm caused him to utter a slight exclamation, and place his hand upon his side.

"No—no," said he, with a ghastly smile, as he let fall her arm, and making a sort of Circus pirouette, added, with a Mr. Merryman-sort of bow to Spriggs—

"Now saddle another horse, will you, my good fellow? —for, look you, the altar and the halter are too much in one day. Though," added he, turning back to Mary, and affectionately pressing her hand as he re-placed it under

his arm, "I have attained to an estate to-day which I would not exchange for the Queen's dominions."

"All right," said Spriggs. "But there is this advantage, under both circum*stance*s, that as soon as a feller is either married or hanged, he is out of suspense, at all events; though it aint but a sunk fence, betwixt cutting up, and cutting down, neither."

"Hallo! Lay to, there. Wedding a-hoy!" cried a voice from behind the bridal-party, as they had almost neared "The Boar's Head;" and upon simultaneously turning round, they beheld a tall, thin, merry-looking sailor,—his glazed flat-crowned hat, with its new blue ribbon streamers, very much at the back of his head, thereby displaying the two little chestnut ringlets on either temple of his high forehead; and his long-cut blue eyes, with laughter twinkling in their corners. Though his nose was of the longest, it was thin, and well chiselled; as was his somewhat large mouth, displaying two rows of dazzling teeth. In a word, though both he, and his friends ignored the fact, he was the very fac-simile of the portrait of Francis the First.

His jacket was as new as it was blue; his shirt of snowy-white, curiously, and elaborately embroidered in chain-stitch, the broad collar turned down, and a blue silk kerchief round his neck, the ends of which, were passed through a massive barbaric gold Indian-looking ring, with three large uncut rubies in it. An enormous favour, large as a brobdignag magnolia, adorned his button-hole, his Russia duck trowsers made wide at the ankles, and thereby displaying to the best advantage, a pair of blue and white ribbed silk stockings, and shoes, with broad resplendently-cut silver buckles, were of the same dazzling brightness as his linen. Out of one of the

pockets of his jacket fluttered the corner of a white silk pocket-handkerchief, upon which was embroidered in purple silk a crown and anchor, and the initials T. C., while under his arm he carried a long silver-paper parcel.

Hastily nodding to Martha and Ruby as he passed, he seized the bridegroom's hand with his own left hand, and giving it a sonorous slap with the right, exclaimed—

"Bob, my hearty! how are you? Hoorah! three cheers for the Robert and Mary! The mate's as honest a fellow as ever lived. And," continued he, with a glance at Mary, "it's always customary to christen the figure-head at a launch;—well, well," seeing the colour that mantled over her face, "I'll wait till we get into port; but I hope you won't refuse to hoist my colours?" Then he withdrew from under his arm the silver-paper parcel, containing a very magnificent carnation-coloured China crape shawl, rich with that cunning embroidery peculiar to the Chinese, which, unlike politics, has no wrong side. But, to avoid Mary's thanks, he laid his hand on Bob's shoulders as he turned, and walked by his side, saying as he did so, "And so you're actually spliced, at last! old fellow?"

"Polly!" cried the bridegroom, for all reply, "shake hands with him; this is Jack Rosinscrape, as genuine a trump! as you'll find between Eastcheap and the Antilles."

"Indeed," said Mary, obeying with alacrity. "Robert has so often talked about you to me, that I fancy you are an old acquaintance, Mr. Rosinscrape."

"Ha! ha! ha! *Mister* Rosinscrape."

"Bless your pretty face, Polly, my dear! call me Jack, for *Misters* aint no more use to a sailor, than a side-pocket would be to a cow."

But while he was wringing her hand, he was assailed by clamorous inquiries from the rear; Spriggs hoping he had got plenty of new songs, and had not forgotten none of the old ones, above which, rose Martha Ray's west-country falsetto, reproachfully saying—

"Now, Jack Rosinscrape, I do take it very onkind of ee, as ee never asks after my Polly?"

"Your Polly, indeed; who could think of *your* Polly, Martha Ray, alongside of Bob's pretty Polly? Why," added he, turning suddenly and shaking her hand, while he at the same time took one of Ruby's, elevating his right foot to Spriggs, as his only remaining available limb, "I hadn't time even to ask after my sweetheart, Ruby, here; for you know, Martha," glancing back at the bride out of the corners of his laughing blue eyes, "a virtuous woman is above rubies."

"Ay, very true, I forgive ee, Jack, as here we are at the Boar's Head," laughed Martha, pointing to the effigy of that animal, as limned on the window-blind of the tavern, "for two heads is better than one."

On entering the narrow, sanded passage, and finding his arms once more free, Spriggs twisted his handkerchief into a sort of professional wisp, and began rubbing down his face with the obligato st-hiss! accompaniment, with which he was wont to assist at Merrythought's toilette, and having congratulated himself on once more being a single man without encumbrances, the whole party entered the old wainscoted parlour, now profanely painted white, but still adorned with some flagrant old line engravings of its whilom patrons. Here, the table was already laid for dinner, and in one corner of the room was a triangular buffet, rotund with punch-bowls, and glittering with punch-ladles, with angels, and rose nobles, of unalloyed

gold inserted in their bowls, and surrounded by "parcel-gilt goblets," that Mrs. Quickly herself would not have disdained.

With combined nautical gallantry and order, Jack Rosinscrape began "stowing away" the three bonnets, handling the bride's perhaps a little more gingerly than the rest, but tying all the strings with great neatness and adroitness, and suspending them from some of the divers brass-hooks that went round the room for such purposes; he was then about to relieve Mary of the parcel containing his own costly gift, when she, with an innate good breeding, which many finer ladies so often lack, said, "No, no, I *must* put on my beautiful shawl, which is too handsome to wear every day, and indeed too good for me at any time, but not too good for this day," she added, looking affectionately at her delighted husband, who, after returning the look with interest, hastily left the room to conceal his emotion, and order the wine for the marriage-feast, leaving Rosinscrape proudly arranging the folds of the magnificent Canton crape, on the bride's shoulders, which, when done, he stood at a little distance from her, contemplating it with folded arms, and only wishing that old Ching-Fou, the Chinaman who sold it to him, and *did* him on a chest of painted green tea, could see it now, wouldn't he want his shawl back? and didn't they wish he might get it, that's all?"

Indeed, small as that wainscoted-room was, it seemed to contain sympathetic occupation for every one. Mrs. Ray minutely examined the old china in the buffet, even flipping it with her fingers, to ascertain whether it had any flaws; and Ruby had discovered in another corner of the room a splendid portrait of a black cat, not so much work of art, as of industry, as it was composed of blac

cotton-velvet, pasted upon white card-board, and reclining upon a red cotton-velvet cushion, looking at vacancy, or it might be, at mythological mice, through two large, yellow-green glass eyes.

"Oh, Smudge! Smudge!" cried Ruby, clapping her hands on the discovery.

"Well, so it is, very much like Smudge, my lambskin," said Martha, immediately joining her, and responding to the appeal.

While Spriggs, who did not every day wear coloured clothes, and one of his master's shirts, had no idea of not acting, as well as dressing, the part; so having rubbed down his face, he flipped the dust from his boots, then turned his back to the fireless grate, standing in homœopathic proportions, in a similar attitude to the Colossus of Rhodes, with his hands behind his back and his head very erect; having first rung the bell, to answer which, an under-sized, and somewhat bow-legged waiter appeared; his arms he also bowed out in a curious manner, thus leaving vistas through his whole person, that Capability Browne might in vain have emulated; therefore had he (thanks to all this openness) attempted anything like extortion, he would have been easily seen through. His face was dark and swarthy, but at the same time mild and maudlin, surmounted by a perfect quick-set hedge of black, elaborately frizzled hair; in short, the contour of his figure was very much that of a spitch-cocked chicken, with the mushrooms left out.

"Did you ring, sir?" he inquired, upon opening the door rapidly, taking notes of the whole party, and therefore addressing the query to Spriggs, who rising with the occasion, after slightly balancing himself to and fro, said with that humming and hawing, which, from his observa-

tions on men and things, he deemed peculiarly, not to say exclusively aristocratic.

"Aw—yes—aw—but aw—waitaw—what's your name, aw? for aw—when—aw, one has not one's own servants to wait—aw, one aw—likes aw—to know aw—the aw—name aw—of the people who aw attend."

"Very good, sir—yes sir—certainly sir. My name is Fowkes, sir."

"Fawkes—aw, hany relation of the horiginal Guy's, aw?"

"Not Fawkes, sir, Fowkes; with a ho (o) please sir."

"Dear heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Ray, now catching the by no means euphonious name, taking off her spectacles, and, notwithstanding a deprecatory frown hurled at her by Spriggs, advancing with most unaristocratic respect towards its owner. "Pray, sir, may I make so bold as to ask if so be, as you are any relation to one Mrs. Fowkes, a widow ooman, as rents a tenement of a brother of mine, John Palfreyman, down at Twaddleton, near Field Fleury?"

"Oh, lawr, ah! marm," responded the waiter, involuntarily pressing both his hands on his chest, and accompanying the action with an equally involuntary grimace. "Hunfortunately I'm her nevey (nephew), the terriblest old screw as hever lived. I was pretty nearly starved to death by her, and so one fine morning I tooked and runned away, comed hup to London, and getting a chance by a vacancy in the Boar, I asked for the place, and became a waiter."

"Which you never could have been," put in Spriggs, anxious at one and the same time, to stop any more explanations between him, and Mrs. Ray, and display his wit. "Which you never could have been, aw, without a *screw*—so aw—you ought to be very much obliged to the hold lady."

"Dear heart," resumed the undaunted Martha Ray. "And to think as you are a Twaddleton man, and Mrs. Fowkes's nevey. How well I remember that ere old house of hers, in the corner of Well-close, and the long common at the back on it, you remember that long common leading to Field Fleury?

"I remember the short commons a deal better," said Fowkes, shaking his head, and rapidly transferring the napkin that was under his right arm to his left, in the very natural excitement that the painful reminiscence occasioned him, or perhaps empty regret, would be the more appropriate term.

"Well," smiled Martha: John Palfreyman do complain of her being terrible near, and the difficulty he always has to get his rent, though every one knows she's main well to do."

"Oh lawr!" rejoined the starved scion of the house of Fowkes, subsiding into all the ease of friendly equality with Mrs. Ray. "The richest scene as hever I see, was the Toosday afore I rund away, between Aunt Fowkes and Mr. Palfreyman. She seed him a coming across the common from Field Fleury, and making for the turn of the close, and she knew that meant 'rent;' so quick as lightning she slams up the leaf of the walnut-tree bureau, into which, she had just put another canvass bag of sovereigns, as Mister Terps Quirker had brought her down that very day, her own rent for three houses, as she have got here in London in Hatton Garden, and turning the key, she puts it in her pocket.

"Jerry," says she to me—"my name is Jeremiah, but in the famly way, they drops the lamentations, and calls me Jerry. Well Jerry," says she, "you heave down that ere great Bible, and it was a heave! sure enough, a great

twelve-pounder of a hold and new Testament, with notes and picturs, and psalms, and hymns, and canticles like, rolled into one, as Madam Mornington had give her for jining the Atat Ark of Salvation, which I verily believe she did jine, because there aint no charity-sermons, nor any hother kind of charity there ; so with a great tug, I hawls it down, and tumbles it on to the table, from the top of the walnut-tree bureau, where it always stood looking as burley as a bishop. She hopens it at random, it was a breeches Bible, full of picters, as I said afore, and as she had opened it upside down, if there warnt Hadam and Heve a stanning hon their eads. When I see this, I thought I should ave busted with laughing ; and as I knew she could not do much to me before Mister Palfreyman would come in, 'Aunt,' says I, 'is that the way they prays at the Ark ? How tired their heyes must be, from having such a precious long way to turn them up.'

"'Jerry, you himp of darkness,' says she, 'I'll teach you to blaspheme in that way, and subvert the order of natur,' trying to hit me a knock with her clenched fist, but I ducked, and so escaped to the other side of the table, where I said, rubbing my cheek that she meant to have hurt, 'It aint I, aunt Fowkes, as subverts the order of natur, for I never stands upon my ead.'"

"'Ugh! you cast-away,' says she, 'Cain was a Cosset to you,' and with that she give me such a dig in the chest, across the table, that I sprawled my full length on the red-brick flure, jist as Mister Palfreyman put his hand on the latch of the door and walked in, when the old crocodile turns up her heyes and says, in one of her manna-in-the-wilderness voices, mild as new milk—

"'Heaven have you in its holy keeping, John Palfreyman; I was just explaining the mystery of the fall to Jerry

"'So I perceive,' says Mister Palfreyman, 'but I be come about a rise in the rent, Mrs. Fowkes; for this here Well-close house has been under-let far too long.'

"'Eh! John Palfreyman, don't be too hard upon a poor, lone widow;—what says this blessed book? 'the merciful man is merciful to his——'

"'Beast,' says Mister Palfreyman, finishing the sentence for her; 'ay, ay, Mrs. Fowkes, and goodness knows I have been merciful to *you* long enough—but my rent I want, and my rent I *must* have.'

"'Eh, man, can you get blood out of a stone?' says the old gal, clasping on her hands, and turning hup her heyes Atat fashion.'

"'Yes, I can, Mrs. Fowkes,' says Mister Palfreyman, 'when it's a blood-stone; and I know as Mister Crosbie Quirker, the *lyeyer*, was down here this morning, a bringing on you money.'

"'As I hope to be saved,' says the old sinner, always sticking to the letter, and throwing the *sperit* hover board, 'Mister Crosbie Quirker has never darkened my doors this day.'

"'Tut, tut—six o' one, and half-a-dozen of tother;—I may be mistaken as to the *man*, but not as to the fact; and if it warn't Mister Crosbie, it war his brother Terps, the 'torney.'

"'Well, he only came,' says the hold hyenar, 'to say as I must wait for my own rents; and you know, John Palfreyman, with all the good-will in the world, I can't pay money till I get it.'

"'Nonsense, Mrs. Fowkes, I'd lay my best brood-mare to a tomtit, that you have more money at this moment, in that ere walnut-tree bureau, than would pay three years' rent,' and with that, he hits the leaf a hard blow

with his heavy oaken stick, till the yellow-hammers in the canvass-bag chinked again. 'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed Mister Palfreyman, 'money always *tells!* what do you call *that*, Kezia Fowkes?'

"'What do I call it?' says the old limb, never at a loss for a lie, and as free with *them* as she is saving of her money, 'what do I call it? why man, the chink of the 'Postle christening-spoons, as ave been in our family hundreds and hundreds of years, for though the Fowkes's is nobodies now, and poor Kezia has not wherewithal to pay her rent, my mother's great-great-great-great-great-grandmother was pretty Amy Turner, daughter to Madam Turner, as was yellow-starcher to Queen Elizabeth, and did up all her ruffs; and that's the way as we come by so many 'Postle-spoons in the family; and poor as I am, I'd starve afore I'd part with one of them.'

"'Well,' says Mister Palfreyman, with that ere merry twinkle in his eye, 'just let us see these wonderful spoons. But the old cocatrice warn't such a spoon as all that comes to; so, folding her arms, she leans her whole weight, mounting the breach like on the great Bible, determined that he might take her life, but should not have her money, till, from words they nearly come to blows; but bones won, that is, aunt Fowkes got the day, for she kept Mister Palfreyman till evening began to gloam, when he was *so* tired he was obliged to give in, but not without a parting compliment, for, shaking his stick at her, he said—

"'Look ee, Kezia Fowkes, if I had but another tenant like *you*, I'd *give* Lucifer *'tother*, to bribe him to carry you off before morning.'"

When they had all done laughing at Mr. Fowkes' anecdote of his amiable relative, Spriggs, pantomimical

giving an imaginary moustache a twirl, resumed his consequential airs, and said—

"Aw, waiter, I rang for you to know whether aw—the aw—mess-man at the Tow-aw sent anything here for me?"

"What name, sir?"

"Aw—Spriggs, aw—Captain Spriggs, Grenadier Gawds."

Fowkes bowed, and withdrew, with an—

"I'll see, sir."

Spriggs arranged his collar, by way of peroration, while Jack Rosinscrape held his sides, leant back in his chair, and fairly roared till he might have been heard at the Nore.

"Well, you *are* the coolest hand I ever saw, Spriggs," said he, as soon as he could speak.

"Not at all, my dear fellow—there are tricks in every trade; and in *hour profession*, that is, among gentlemen's gentlemen, we always take either our masters' names or their titles, as a handle to hour own names."

"Ha! ha! ha! hawl down that flag, my fine fellow; you've no business to sail in the Admiral's ship, for, Harvey is *your* gentlemen's-gentleman."

"No offence, my dear fellow, but since you left the Queen's, for the merchant service, all for the 'filthy lucre of gain,' as they say at the *Thayater*, your manners is grown terrible rusty,—or, I'd jist ask you what was a poor snivelling valley-de-sham, whose life is wedged between kid gloves, French polish, cambric ankitchers, hand *Ho de Coolong*, compared with a man as sees the world, on the back of the best blood in England, and is a judge of oss-flesh?"

Before Rosinscrape could reply to the physiological

query Spriggs had propounded, the waiter returned, bringing in a somewhat bulky square parcel, wrapped in some very official-looking thick-wove foolscap."

"I don't know if this is it, sir? but there ain't no Cappen hon it, honly plain Spriggs, Boar's Head, Heastcheap."

"Plain Spriggs, indeed,—sir! I'd have you to know," said he, snatching the parcel out of the trembling Jerry's hand, that there are no plain Spriggs. We are all a 'andsome family,—except, indeed, the sprigs of shillelah, with which the lower horders hof Hirish knock each other down. And has for the one word, Spriggs, being hon this parcel, I suppose how hever hignorant you may be of the customs and 'abits of the great world, you sometimes read the noose-papers?"

"Ye—ye—yes, sir. Oh! yes, whenever I git a chance," said the still trembling Fowkes, rolling the corner of his napkin nervously into an *allumette.*

"Well, then—pray, sir, when did you hever see a letter from a nobleman, when they write to "The Times" about tape, or turnips, molasses, or mouse-traps, or hany of the hother great *nay*tional questions—when, I say, did you hever see them sign but their one surname, 'Portarjis,' or 'St. Heliers,' hor whatever their title may be, without any riff-raff Charleses, Toms, or 'Arrys, a-running after it, like duns after a debtor, eh?"

"Beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure," said Jerry, backing as far from the august presence, as the narrow limits of the room would allow. "And are you a nobleman, sir?—my lord, I mean."

"Well, sir," said Spriggs, drawing himself up into most ludicrous state of perpendicularity, and transfix

the quivering Fowkes with a terrific look of mingled severity and dignity,

"If I am not, I *had ort* to be;" and then suddenly flinging his assumed greatness to the winds, as a harlequin does his outer disguise, and placing both his hands on the astounded Jerry's shoulders, before that functionary could either escape or remonstrate, he took what he called a standing-leap over that personage's highly frizzled head; next giving him a slap on the back to restore his equilibrium, which nearly thumped the breath out of his body, Mr. Spriggs added, with all the easy familiarity of his own natural character, as he proceeded to open the parcel, which contained several damask napkins,

"Now, Jerry, my boy; having shown you how to take a standing leap, I'll show you how to ride to *cover* in a hand-gallop."

So saying, he proceeded to fold the napkins with great dexterity, into the exact, but somewhat ghastly similitude of a fox's head,—placing them, as he did them, round the table.

"Well, I never!" cried the amazed and delighted Jerry. "That beats cock-fighting."

"Where's Bob?" asked Rosinscrape, in almost equal admiration of Mr. Spriggs's ingenuity; to which the latter replied, after a stentorian View-halloo! that made all the glasses ring, and the china rattle:—"Stole away!"

"No, he's not," said Bob, now entering, followed by the landlady carrying the first dish, and the landlord carrying a basket of wine. Nor did the procession end there; as two confectioners' men from Birch's brought up the rear, with two wooden trays on their heads, one laden with choice fruits, the other with confectionery,—in the centre of which, towered a large wedding-cake, embellished by

a model of the Hans Van Kelp in sugar, but dressed in colours for the occasion, and all her yards manned; while on the deck was an effigy of the donor, Jack Rosinscrape himself, in the bluest, whitest, and reddest of sugar,—flourishing a highly-glazed Spanish-liquorice hat, and judging from his widely-distended mouth, apparently cheering most energetically.

At length, the whole party were seated; and one of the delicate little *entrées* being a calf's head, with a lemon in its mouth, in humble imitation of the portrait of the boar's that figured on the window-blind, innumerable were the quips and cranks it inspired: among others, upon Mr. Spriggs declining Jack Rosinscrape's offer of helping him to some of it, Jack observed, with a wink at the rest of the company,

"Ah! I understand,—don't like to set the horses a bad example of eating their heads off."

Whereat, Mr. Spriggs looked horse-whips, but used none, being busy at the moment, helping himself to some lobster-sauce with his salmon, till Ruby asking him, two minutes after, "Why the calf's head had a lemon in its mouth?" gave him an opportunity of retorting, as he glanced at Rosinscrape—

"Why do they put a lemon in its mouth? Why, my dear, to show that it's easy for even the silliest things to have something sharp at the end of their tongue."

"You'm a nice young man for a small tea-party! you are," laughed Rosinscrape, in his broad Devonshire accent (for he was a Plymouth man); and, as he laughed, he aimed a pellet of bread at Spriggs,—which, missing its aim, hit Mary's cheek, to the great consternation of the archer, who began making the most vehement apologies.

"Oh! I assure you, Mr. Rosinscrape, it did not hurt me in the least," said Mary.

"Mr. Rosinscrape! now is it possible, Bob, that you have never told your wife as it was *you*, as give me that ere ragamuffin nick-name of Rosinscrape? I assure you Mrs. Robert Bumpus," added he, turning to her, "that though like the Irishman, 'till christened I had ne'er a name to my back,' yet, after that ceremony, I was called Tom Carew, and it was on account of my worrying the catgut sometimes, that your lord and master there, and a lot more of they Twaddleton and Field Fleury men, eight years ago, one night at Mornington Manor, in the old squire's time, when I was a fiddling one Christmas Eve in the servants' hall, for all of them to dance to, that they give me that nick-name, and I've never been able to scrape it off since."

"Ah! well," said Spriggs, with a groan, "make the most of it, for you wont never have no more fiddling, nor feasting at Mornington Manor, I can tell you; long prayers and short commons is the horder of the day now, and night too for that matter; nothing merrier than mouthed texts, nothing greater than small beer, with unlimited draughts on the pump for the men, and hymns without end for the women, but no HE'S! and then for hair hand hexercise, walks hin hall weathers—rain, hail, or shine—down to 'THE ARK,' which haint to compare to Noah's, for hin hisen, the hanimals at all ewents was pleasant hand sociable like, hand had the manners to henter hin, hin pairs,

> The ducks a leaning on the drakes,
> The geese upon the ganders,
> Owls, jackdaws, doves, and speckled snakes,
> Corn-crakes, and salamanders.

But at 'THE ATAT,' sich sociability would be 'sinful!' and so the men, at least as many on 'em as is fools enough to go, all swarms hin hat one door, like a cloud of locusts, hand the women hat 'tother like a swarm of hants, for Jacks and Jills they're all in black, colour of their sins I s'pose ; so that one longs to say to 'em, as Sally Sykes, the dairymaid at Mornington, said to the hartist has cut hout her likeness hin black paper at Twaddleton fair last Michaelmas, 'Now couldn't ee, if I give ee sixpence more, put a dab o' red in un ? he looks so dreadful dismal to be sure.' "

"Ha ! ha ! ha ! Well done, Sally Sykes ; but as for Madam Mornington, there always was a cross of the Siberian crab in her," laughed Carew, "and that's not a fruit that mellows with age, and she must, I should think, be hard upon sixty-five."

"Hon the contrairy," rejoined Spriggs, "it's sixty-five that is hard upon her, for she looks houtrageous old, hand unkimmen plain about the head to be sure !"

"Hear ! hear ! hear !" roared Carew, knocking the handle of his knife upon the table by way of applause, and then, in proposing the ladies' healths, collectively and individually (several times), he always accompanied the gallantry by some mirth-provoking "sentiment" or "yarn," so that though those old walls had in their young days echoed to racier wit, they certainly never inclosed a merrier party, "sans compter le manger," and if Rosinscrape's stories (as his friends continued to call him), proved, as Rabelais says of another hero, "qu'il auoit, comme ay dict dessus, soixante et troys manières de recouuer argent;" the magnificence of the dessert also showed that he likewise had "deux cens quatorze de la despendre."

Of the ponderous wedding-cake he had just done the

honours, (with more health-drinking) and presented his sugar-effigy from off the top of it, to Ruby, telling her that, *that* was a *real sweet* heart, when Fowkes, the waiter, re-entered, carrying an old worm-eaten oak-box, about a foot and a-half in length, opening with folding doors in the centre like a cabinet, with a lock and key.

"I don't know hif hany of you gents cares about *curosities*," said he, apologetically, as he glanced round the table at the bottles and glasses, which, Spriggs perceiving, winked at his companions, and filling out a bumper of water, rose, and, before the unhappy little man could get out of the way, seized Jerry by the nose, as he would have done a terrier pup, and literally drenched him with it, saying, "*I'm pertícklar* fond of *curosities* for one, and therefore wish to have it to say, as I once see a waiter drink hoff a glass of water, when he might have had wine for the hasking." And while poor Fowkes was still coughing from the compulsory draught having gone the wrong way, his tormentor poured out nearly a tumbler of port, and presented it to him with a "Make haste! look sharp! swaller this quick;—nothink so dangerous to pussons of delic*ut constitootions*, like you and I, Fowkes, has a damp gullet; hand when, from any haccidental circum*stan*ces, like the present, it have got a ducking, Humane *Sarciety* happlys this here, *himmejet*."

"Considerably restored by the remedy, and having joined in the laugh that had been raised at his expense, Mr. Fowkes, *revenait à ses moutons*, and planting the middle-finger of his right hand, in the centre of the oak box, with as much energy as a conqueror would plant his national standard upon the battlements of a captured fortress, he resumed, "I don't know, hif so be has hany of you gents cares about *curosities?* but most of the gents

as comes here, considers this has one of the *curusest* things has hever was seen !" And every one rose and gathered round him, as he unlocked and opened the doors of the cabinet, but seeing nothing but a long roll of discoloured parchment, with strange spidery writing in pale-faded, reddish-brown ink, Martha Ray being the first to honestly own herself at fault, exclaimed,—

"Lawr, what hever is it ?"

"Now, you're quite sure, Jerry, my man, that, that ere felonious-looking document haint the Devil's will ? hand that you haint come to hinform us hof nothink to hour *dis*-advantage ?"

"That's the *horiginal dockeyment*," responded Fowkes, solemnly.

"Ugh ! you don't say so," cried Spriggs, making a spring nearly up to the ceiling, and jumping back several paces with his hands behind his back, while the impassible Fowkes calmly turned up the roll of discoloured parchment, as he added—

"And this here hunder-neath, his the heg-zact copy, hin modern Henglish, so as those as runs may read. 'Praps, sir (turning to Mr. Bumpus), you'd be so good has to read hit hout to the company ? for it is uncommon curus, I assure you."

The Amphitryon immediately complied with this request, and read as follows :—

"DIRECTIONS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD OF HIS MOST GLORIOUS MAJESTY, KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

"His Highness's attendants are not to steal any locks or keys, tables, forms, cupboards, or other furniture, out of noblemen's, or gentlemen's houses, where he goes to visit.

"Master cooks shall not employ such scullions as go about naked, or lie all night on the ground before the kitchen fire.

"No dogs to be kept in the Court, excepting only a few spaniels for the ladies.

"Dinner to be at ten, and supper at four.

"The officers of the Privy Chamber shall be loving together; no grudgings nor mumblings, nor talking of the King's pastimes.

"The King's barber is ordered to be cleanly."

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"Coals only to be allowed in the King's, Queen's, and Lady Mary's chambers.

"The brewer not to put any brimstone in the ale.

"Among the fishes for the table, if the porpoise is too big for a horse-load, an extra allowance to the purveyor.

"Twenty-four loaves a day, allowed for his Highness's greyhounds.

"Ordered, that all noblemen and gentlemen, at the end of the sessions of the Parliament, depart to their several counties, on pain of the royal displeasure."

"Ugh!" groaned Spriggs, shuddering, and showing the whites of his eyes. "It is to be hoped, then, as there was no Mornington manors—or Atat Arks of Salvation in those days—or eaven elp the poor Parliament-men! least ways, their grooms!"

"Four-and-twenty loaves. I wonder how many dogs there were? Poor Tatters!" sighed Bob, but seeing a contemptuous smile, or rather the shadow of one pass over Spriggs's face, he hastily added, "There's one very good rule there, and I only wish it could be enforced now-a-days."

"Oh! about the cooks?" suggested Jerry, who was rather one-idead; "well the cooks now-a-days, always does dress their selves, afore they dresses the dinner."

"No, I meant the order, about not stealing the furniture; for, our laws are nothing but a pack of old forms, stolen from those times, and there's no getting our Parliament to give them up."

"I should think not, indeed!" said Spriggs. "You jist look at all the set downs, has the Parliament gits; and what hever would they do, hif they adn't plenty of forms to set on?"

"In all classes in England, politics being only for 'the gentlemen,' (for which we should be truly thankful) Mrs. Ray, not to meddle with matters beyond her," said to Fowkes, who with his hands upon his hips, the palms turned outward, and his eyes gazing widely and dreamily, on the "Rules to be observed in his Highness's Household," as if the onerous enforcing of them, had devolved all upon him.

"I believe as this here Boar's-Head, is pretty near the oldest house of call in London? I don't mean actelly existing now, but as ever was built."

"Oh dear, no, mum," said Mr. Fowkes, with that air of placid superiority, which, having the power to contradict with data, always gives one human being over another, whether the moot point be the priority of the invention of crumpets to muffins; or that of YAO, the seventh Emperor of China, who, according to the Celestials, reigned about the year two, before the world was out of long clothes, and has left it on record (?) that in his time, the sun did not set for ten days together, and it was feared the world would be set on fire, (though perhaps it was only the Thames, from all we heard of the great intellectual superiority of the Chinese! in the last Parliament), where

according to Martinius, YAO reigned from the year of the world 2479, to 2560, the same year in which the sun stood still over the hill of Gibeon, and the moon over the valley of Ajalon. "Oh dear, no, mum," repeated Fowkes. 'The White Hart,' in Bishopsgate Without, is older, that was built in 1480, wherehas, this here ouse, I mean the horiginal Boar's Head, as one Prince Enry, as the story goes, used to come to hon the sly, wasn't built till 1482, and then it was all plaster and wooden beams like; and I've heard master say, as there war a holder tavern nor heither of these, somewhere down at Westminster, but hit was pulled down undreds, and undreds, of years ago.*

* No doubt Mr. Fowkes alluded to "The White Rose," which was built at the time of the Wars of York and Lancaster; which stood in old Palace Yard, and bore the symbol of the York faction; it was near the chapel of our lady, behind the high altar of the Abbey church; together with that chapel, it was pulled down in 1503: and on the site of both, was erected Henry the Seventh's chapel. At the Restoration, the cavaliers and other royalists, on account of their joy at that event, were for a time incessantly inebriated; and from the picture of their manners in Cowley's old comedy—"The Cutter of Coleman Street," must be supposed to have greatly contributed to the increase, and prosperity of taverns.

When the frenzy of the times was abated, taverns, especially those about the Exchange, became places for the transaction of almost all manner of business; there, accounts were settled, and conveyances executed; and there attorneys sat, as at inns in the country on market-days, to receive their clients. In that place near the Royal Exchange, which is encompassed by Lombard, Gracechurch Streets, and part of Bishopsgate and Threadneedle Streets, the number of

Here, a bell was heard to ring imperatively; and Mr. Fowkes hastily turning the key on "the directions to be observed in the household of his most glorious Majesty King Henry the Eighth," and announcing that "the party" in No. 4, was a ringing for his cheese, hurried out of the room. The "party" alluded to, consisted of a solitary "commercial gent," paying his devoirs to a single mutton chop, which *moutonière* flirtation, was rendered piquante, by pickles.

"Come now, Bob, my hearty, tip us one of your staves," said Tom Carew, as soon as the door had closed on Fowkes.

"Well, if I do, it's only to set you a good example; but I haven't got anything new, so I hit upon an old thing, which I mean to give them as an *original* at the opening of my Circus, and it will do them as well as the best, for my belief is, that there is nothing new in the world but what has been forgotten; and as in regard to injuries, oblivion does duty for forgiveness, so with regard to other things, it puts the hall-mark of novelty on them, and what matter so long as the world thinks it has got the genuine article."

"Hear! hear! hear! three cheers for the clown; that's the way he means to touch them up in the Circus, and so he's practising like beforehand upon us," said Carew, with a wink round the table.

"Hallo! Jack; but what about your better half, your fiddle, eh?"

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taverns was not less than twenty; and on the site of the Bank of England there stood four, at one of which, "The Crown," it was not unusual in a morning to drain a whole butt of mountain or sack, consisting of a hundred and twenty gallons, in pints alone.

"Oh! Mrs. Rosinscrape, she's all right; when we've had your stave, I'll send for her, she's only in the bar, I told them to bring her down this morning; so now weigh anchor and pull away, old fellow."

Accordingly Mr. Bumpus, who really had a very agreeable tenor, plunging his hands into his trouser-pockets, as if he had been already addressing himself to an appreciating public assembled at "BUMPUS'S UNRIVALLED ATTRACTIONS," intoned the following song to a quaint old English air:—

I.

"An actor's a comical dog!
Now frisky, now dull as a log;
So changeable all,
Now short, and now tall,
Now plump, then as slim as a frog.

II.

"Now Paddy, the brogue he puts on,
Then with the pride of a Don,
Now a French, *Oui*, *Monsieur*,
Then a Dutch, *Yaw*, *Mynheer*,
Or bra Donald, the head of his clan.

III.

"How rarely they take in a town,
From one shilling, up to a crown!
They pant and they cry,
Fight, tumble, and die,
But laugh when the curtain is down.

IV.

"The world is all nonsense and noise,
Fantoccinis, and *Ombres Chinoises*,
Mere pantomime mummery,
Puppet-show flummery,
A strange magic lantern deceiving the sight;
Like players or puppets we move,
On the wires of ambition, or love;
Poets write wittily,
Maidens look prettily,
Till death drops the curtain—all's over! good night.

"Hoorah!

'Good night, and sweet repose,
Half the bed, and all the clothes!'"

laughed Carew, "I never heerd you in better voice, Bob."

"Yes, there aint nothink the matter with his wind, that's a fact," said Spriggs, rising, and sticking his napkin through his button-hole.

"Hollo! that's a false start!" said the host, laying his hand upon Spriggs's arm to prevent his going.

"No, it aint," rejoined that worthy, adding with a wink, as he placed his fore-finger at the side of his nose, "but I always looks arter the ladies."

"Oh! if there's a sweetheart in the case I waive all objections; is it so?" said Bob.

"Well, partly yes, and partly no; there's a beau (bow) to begin with, and it's decidedly what the nobs and gents at the west end calls 'a case,' cause there's a fiddle in it; the truth is, as I don't think it civil to leave Mrs. Rosin scrape in the bar, fuming away *con spirito* there, hall by herself, so I'm just a going to hescort her hin, that's all."

"Square the yards there, and I'll go for the old gal, myself," said Carew, springing to his feet, while the bridegroom obeyed his orders, by clearing the table of the glasses, decanters, and dessert, as one of Rosinscrape's *tours de force* was dancing the dog-feast dance of the Sandwich Islanders on a table, to his own playing; so, no sooner did he return with his "missus," as he called the really valuable old Cremona that he was the happy owner of, than, springing on the table, and first waving his hat to all present, as if in the act of bidding them adieu from the deck of a receding ship, he then flung it to the other end of the room, and after preluding on his violin without the bow, as if it had been a guitar, he next drew forth a very scientific *coup d'archè*, when suddenly stopping, he said,

"You'll excuse me, ladies and gemlen, but though I aint got nothing of Madam Mornington's Ark of Salvation, and such like conventicle tackle about me, yet ever since I see poor Tom Piper drop down dead aboard a Chinese junk, where he was a going through all his anticks to bamboozle two old Mandarins, I always sings a scrap of a grace like, afore I begins, in case the Black Rover (that we must all sail with, sooner or later), should run me down."

And a silent nod from all present having given their assent to the propriety of such a proceeding, he forthwith sang, with its touching words, that most pathetic old Irish air of

"ROSIN THE BOW.

"I have travelled this wide world over,
And now to another I go,
Where I know that good quarters are waiting,
To welcome old Rosin the Bow.
To welcome old Rosin the Bow."

He had just concluded this first verse, when a Hansom drove up to the door of the Boar's Head; and the next minute Fowkes made his appearance, and handing Mr. Bumpus a paper, said—

"Please, sir, the gent as give me this, is hat the door in a Ansom, and ave called respecting hof this here adver*tize*ment hin 'The Times;' hand wishes to know hif you har the *har* (R.) B. mentioned there-hin?"

Quickly Robert Bumpus cast his eyes over it, and recognised his own advertisement about poor Tatters; when all the blood rushing to his face, he said, hastily, "Yes, to be sure, I am the person. Who is he? Where is he? Let him come in. Has he any one—any thing with him?" said he, sinking down into his chair, literally unable to stand.

"Nothink, as I see, sir—hexcept it is a precious good opinion of his-self; and a curus way of olding on his cane, —orizontal, like a parish beadle's."

"Quick! quick! let him come in," cried Bob, as Tom Carew sprang from the table, and with electric rapidity replaced the decanters and glasses, and the *débris* of the dessert, upon it,—and had scarcely completed his operations, and Spriggs thrown himself back nonchalantly in his chair, with the *mise en scène* of some nuts, and a glass of wine before him, when the door was thrown open, and Fowkes (who looked like Gulliver in the suite of the King of Brobdignag), announced—

"The gent respecting hon that ere adver*tize*ment—please, sir."

And literally obliged to stoop his head, in order to enter, an elongated figure in a *paletôt*, all-round collar and lemon-coloured kid gloves, swang himself into the room,—while his very dusty dark hair, had the effect

being prematurely grizzled; but this was only owing to its having failed, like many wiser heads, to

"Snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,"

and so, it still retained traces of its normal powder.

Martha Ray, quite awed by so great, at least so tall a man, rose instantaneously, and with her hands folded before her, dropped him one of her best curtseys; telegraphing the while to Ruby, who followed suit. Mary bowed, without rising; Carew gave him a scrape of his right foot; Robert Bumpus rose up, as if moved by a spring. Spriggs alone retained his aristocratic *sang froid*, till casting a supercilious glance of inquiry over his right shoulder, in the new arrival he recognised an old acquaintance,—when, wheeling completely round, and putting out his hand without rising from his chair, he exclaimed,—

"Ah! Delpops! my boy, how are you? Who the dooce would have hever thought of seeing your ludship here—hin the far heast, as we call it hat hour mess?"

But all, in reciprocating Spriggs's shake of the hand, Mr. Delpops—for it was no less a personage—perceiving that Martha and Ruby, who, when about to sit down, had been transfixed by the words "your ludship," were still standing—said, with his most patronizing air, and in a voice as bland, and as like his master's, as the hoarseness engendered by giving the topographical word of command over the top of a carriage, and occasional orgies under the servants' hall-table, would allow it to be—

"Augh—augh—really, augh, I must beg the, augh, ladies to be seated; and, augh—indeed, augh—I have, augh—to apologize for, augh—presenting myself, augh—at their dinner, augh—in morning *costhume*."

"Oh!" said Spriggs, with a wink at his friend, "it's not

as hif it was the Queen's Drawring-room, where *one's* obliged to go hin uniform. I'm sure the ladies will hexcuse your ludship's *dishabilly.*"

"Pray, take that chair," said Bob to the unexpected guest, pointing to one, which Carew had placed on the other side of the table, next to Ruby.

"Hallo! Delpops, what's the row? It seems to me as you walks drakeish—lame-like," said Spriggs.

"Augh—augh—augh—merely, augh—a slight haccident," responded Mr. Delpops, making an involuntary retrograde wave of the hand, as he seated himself. "Augh, —quite the fashion, augh—to be—augh, wounded—augh, since—augh—Moultan."

"Dear heart!" said Mrs. Ray, with admiring sympathy, "was that the place where you was wounded, sir?"

"Augh, no—augh, not exactly—augh, I had some business to—augh, transact with Lord Portarjis—augh, in Downing Street—and—augh—and, in fact—augh—"

But, the host perceiving the subject was not a pleasant one, and moreover, dying to know if he had brought him any tidings of Tatters, asked as a preliminary to that inquiry, if he would not take a glass of wine? so Martha Ray pushed towards him two decanters, saying—

"Which would you please to have, sir?"

"Augh, sherrry augh, if you please; I augh, never take port—augh, of a mawning, and I've got a most *orrid ead-ache*, aving been *wictimised* at the *hoprer* last night, by Lady St. Heliers."

Here, wink the second, from Spriggs, and a "Why? was her hown I—ahem! her hown umble *suvant* hout of the way, as *you* was obliged to do *dooty*, Delpops?"

"Augh, yes, augh—out—augh, out of town, augh," said Delpops, catching at the little grappling-iron of a

fiction, Spriggs had thrown to him, in suppressing the footmanity of his colleague, Jukes, and, merely delicately alluding to him as Lady St. Heliers' humble servant, the Brummagem English name, for *Cavaliero Servante.* But the host was getting quite out of patience with all these *pour parlers*, and said at once, *à propos de bottes*—

"The waiter told me you had come about this advertisement of mine in "The Times." Can you then give me any tidings of my poor dog?"

"Augh! a most confounded hanimal, augh, if he is yours; no legs are safe from his infernal sharp teeth!"

"Country-bred," put in Spriggs, "and therefore used to running after the calves; but you don't mean to say, that my friend Tatters—for from your flattering *picter*, I think I recognizes that *hindiwidual*—you don't mean to say, as *he's* taken hup his quarters at Lord St. Heliers?"

"No, augh, no—augh—not *egz*actly, but, augh, at a friend of his, at whose *ouse*, I'm augh in the *abit* of—augh, visiting some ladies."

It would have been bad taste to have proclaimed the interesting fact publicly among strangers, but the truth was, that Mr. Delpops was paying his addresses to one of Lady Portarjis's nursery-maids, and as his suit was only in the first *plush* of success, Tatters following so close upon the heels of Cupid, proved a far greater impediment to all the "soft impeachments" Mr. Delpops had to make against Miss Fanny Felloon, than the *de trop exigeances* of the ladies Naomi, and Gemma De Vere, or even that "*howdacious young limb*," Lord Clanhaven.

"And augh," resumed the silver-lace Lovelace, "I assure you, augh, that augh confounded hanimal, augh, is such a decided noosence, hand so completely prevents

hall* conversation, that a committee hon us the hother night, passed a resolution to garotte him, when luckily for him (if he *is* your *dawg ?*) we *sawr* your advertizement in the papers, hoffering a reward of five guineas for him, hand I spose it *is* the same *dawg ;* as this one hanswers to the name of Tatters ; at least that's what they calls im, and goodness knows he deserves the name, and tries to make hevery one helse deserve it, too—for such a *wishus* hanimal as that, his enough to tear *hany* one to tatters !"

"Oh ! thank you, cried Bob (who like most persons under similar circumstances, never once thought of defending his absent friend, or refuting these calumnies against him), "where—where is he ? can you, will you, have the goodness to take me to him ?"

"No occasion for that," said Mr. Delpops, reversing the order of things, by rising to ring the bell, which being immediately answered by that "listening slave," Fowkes, he added—

"Augh, be so good, augh, as bring in a *amper,* you'll find in the cab ?"

Robert Bumpus was about to rush to the door, when Mr. Delpops pulled him back. "Now, don't, pray," said he, "for you ave no hidear hof the *wishusness* of that hanimal, if he shouldn't be your dawg, after hall."

"Tatters in a hamper !" cried Bob, his arms dropping listlessly by his sides, as yielding to circumstances (as the sternest of us are compelled by them, *to* do) he allowed Mr. Delpops to pull him back into his chair. "Tatters in a hamper ! it can't be Tatters ; he'd never submit to being stuffed into a hamper, he'd have gnawed every twig of it asunder, before you could have said Jack Robinson."

* Servant's-hall understood.

"Augh! No doubt, but we muzzled him, and it was a reglar case of *habduction*, I assure you; as he was a being led into the park by their ladyships, hor hat least by Lady Naomi, for little Lady Gemmar, she went down to Beechcroft last month hon a visit, for the benefit of sea hair, to some friend of her mar's, aving sprained her hancle, hand just has Lady Naomi ad got as fur has Hapsley Ouse with the dawg, Miss Felloon, a friend of mine and hern, has was a walkin with us, she says, 'Now, Lady Naomi, my dear, you let go, hand Mr. Delpops will be so good has carry Tatters across has fur as the Killies statyer.' Now it was hall a concerted thing between me and Jukes, who vas at the corner waiting with a ansome hand a amper, while I slipped hon the muzzle. You know Jukes, Spriggs?"

"I should think I did, a few."

"Well, while Miss Felloon hand their ladyships, hand the nussry govness was all making for the Killies, I slips the muzzle hon, whips hup Tatters, squeezes him down hinto the amper, hand Jukes, who had a packing-needle and cord hall ready, sews him hin, while I jumped hinto the ansom, he shoved hin the amper, hand we druv hoff."

"Poor fellow! I should not wonder if he was suffocated by this time," cried his afflicted master.

"Oh, deaw, no; I can hanswer for his being alive, *and kicking!*" said the unprincipled abductor, a statement at that moment fully corroborated by the entry of Fowkes, carrying in, a round hamper before him, encircled by both his short, dumpy, arms, but for every step he made forward, he was kicked back two, by the throes of a local earthquake, which appeared to be going on inside the hamper, but to every kick, Jerry furnished the external accom-

paniment of a rapid blinking of his own eye-lids. At length, however, he succeeded in anchoring the labouring hamper on the chair from which Robert Bumpus had sprung, and to which he pointed, as he said to Fowkes, "Here, put it down here."

But no sooner had he uttered the words, than at the sound of that well-known and much-loved voice, the muzzled moanings from the hamper, and the intestine commotions, which nearly kicked it off of the chair, and would have done so but for Fowkes, became perfectly terrific! The next moment, Bob had seized a knife from the table and cut the cord all round which secured the hamper, when no Jack-in-the-box ever sprang up so suddenly as poor Tatters did, with his paws round his old master's neck; but when Bob removed his muzzle, and his feelings found a voice, it was not a bark, it was a positive canine *scream;* so that Mr. Delpops put his hands to both his ears, while all the other assistants, with the exception of Spriggs, wiped their eyes.

Another proof—

"Qu'il échappe souvent des sons à la douleur,
Qui sont faux pour l'oreille, mais sont vrais pour le cœur."

And, after all, intense joy *is* pain, as poor Tatters, more, even, than his master, experienced at that moment; but at length, he threw himself back, quite exhausted, in his master's arms, and when his other friends gathered round him, with a—

"Well, Tatters, poor old fellow, you are welcome back! where *have* you been all this time?" and "how smart you are grown, with this fine blue ribbon! and how beautifully combed and brushed you are!" and a peroration

from Mrs. Ray of, "I declare, you smells as sweet as a bunch of *vilets*! Times is altered with you, Tatters, and I hope as you won't never go back to your Cinderella-rags no more!"

He extended his paw, graciously and languidly, to them all, accompanied by a little, low, tremulous whine, and quivering of the upper lip; but his eyes instantly returned to the home of his heart,—his master's face.

"Poor Tatters, how smart you are with your blue sash!" said Mary, stooping down to kiss his head, and at the same time to re-arrange the splendours of the bow of ribbon, which the stringent necessities of the hamper had somewhat flattened.

"Augh," said Mr. Delpops, backing his chair and elongating his right leg, as a preliminary to his departure, "augh—yes—augh; Lady Naomi was uncommon fond of him, to-be-sure; no accounting for taste, ladies *do* sometimes like *hugly* dogs; ha! ha! ha!" and here he winked at Spriggs, who, pulling up his collar, responded—

"Can't say, as *I* avent ad no hexperience him *that* line," to which Mr. Delpops, assenting with a wave of his hand, added—

"Augh, yes—it was Lady Naomi as tied that ere ribbon round the *dawg's* neck."

"Lady Naomi—who?" asked Robert Bumpus, anxious to know with whom Tatters had been, and by whom so well taken care of.

"Augh—Lady Naomi De Vere, a daughter of—augh—the *Hearl* hof Portarjis; but she's honly a little *gurl*, about height years hold."

Mary again hid her face in the forest of Tatters's rough head, and this time, some hot tears mingled with the

kisses; and her husband, who alone perceived them, silent as they were, fondly pressed her hand, thinking they were shed, in tributary regret, over the brief splendours of that "DAY," which every dog is said to have once, and never but once in his life; so little can men, and, perhaps, more especially husbands, ever trace the source of that Nile of a woman's heart—TEARS! which, if often smaller, is also deeper, than they have any idea of.

"Well," said Mr. Delpops, rising, with all the noise a great man's exit or advent, is sure to create in this poor little mole-hill of a world, "well, I must be goin, has her ladyship means to *wictimhise* me a*gin* to-night."

"Stay—Tatters always pays his debts of honour," cried Robert, pulling out five bright sovereigns and two half-crowns.

"Augh," cachinnated Mr. Delpops, with an approving smile, but nevertheless careless look, over his shoulder, at these auriferous effigies of sovereign power, meaning thereby to imply, that—

A London footman
"Could not think of such trifles, you know."

"But be so good," added Bob, handing him, not exactly our old friend the betting-book, but a new one, of the same dimensions, but far more respectable appearance, "be so good as just to write your name here, for it does not suit my book ever to pay money without taking a receipt for it."

"Here's the pitch," said Carew, taking a leaden ink-stand off of the mantel-piece, armed with a steel, and a quill pen, and handing it to Mr. Delpops.

"Augh," repeated Mr. Delpops, taking the duck-billed steel-pen, and holding it very low down, near the nib, between his knobby, stumpy fingers, which, notwithstanding the huge gold-ring, adorned with a shield-shaped tomb-stone in white cornelian, which he wore on his little finger, looked anything but patrician, as with great deliberation (for common people, however 'fast' they may be in other respects, never write quickly) he inscribed in Robert Bumpus's book, the following curiosity of literature, first, however, pausing to propound his accustomed query of—

"What name, sir, shall I announce?" he was going mechanically to ask, for "chassez le naturel il revient au gallop," but changed it to that elegant word, so rife in modern light literature—"*please?*"

"Bumpus—Robert Bumpus."

"*Ree*-ceived hof Mr. Robert Bumpus, the *some* hof five *guineys*, for delivering hup to him a *skigh tarryer* dawg, hansering to the name hof Tatters, has haccording to *hadvertusment* hin *Times* noosepaper.

"N. DELPOPS, St. Heliers."

"Delpops, St. Heliers!" repeated the holder of the receipt, reading it over, as the writer, with well-acted nonchalance, transferred the golden equivalent for Tatters to his pocket, and then replied to Bob's look of interrogation—

"Augh! yes! Augh, it's the way in hour *perfession* allways to hadd the guv'nor's name to hour hown, cause hit lets people know hall about one, without being hat the hexpense of buying that ere book called 'Who is Who,' as you sees so hoften hadvertised. Spriggs, there, 'll tell you that, that's the time of day."

"All right," assented Spriggs, pouring out another glass

of wine, adding, as he sipped it, "That's the reglar thing, halways do it myself, when I gives what the gents call my oats-and-chaff, or signeter of my name."

"You don't mean to say," roared Carew, "that you have the imperence to blow that sou-wester in the Cappen's teeth when you signs for your wages?"

"Wages? we don't understand your sea-slang, Hadmiral," rejoined Spriggs, leaning back in his chair, and fanning himself with his napkin, "wot hever the job may be, *salary* is the sauce as we puts to it."

"Ha! ha! ha!" re-roared Carew; adding, as soon as he could speak for laughing, "so I suppose if our black lubber of a cook, who was paid off yesterday, because he says he is going to be married to a '*widdy*,' had lived with the Cappen, he'd be for blackening the register with Tiberius Cæsar Mornington."

"Oh! niggers is different; in course, we never meets none of them at White's, or hany of the hother clubs, though as his ludship will tell you, niggers is riz considerable, since them there 'merican *sore eyes* at Stafford House, when the quality took nothink whathever in the way of refreshments but Old Tom," said Spriggs, again winking telegraphically at Mr. Delpops, the latter drawing himself up majestically, and putting on his lemon-coloured kid-gloves preparatory to his departure, said, with a deprecatory shrug—

"Augh! too true! carriages four deep, ours and ours before they could set down, hand yet this is what they calls aunty-slavery."

"In course, Huncle Tom's English female relative, as he was come hover to see, and like most old gals, this one too, is all talk."

"Well my time's up, so good bye," said Mr. Delpops,

flourishing his "yellow cowslip," silk pocket-handkerchief, and extending two of his "pale primrose" fingers to Spriggs, after which, making the same murderous bow (with which some months before he had garotted the affections of Miss Felloon) to Mary, Mrs. Ray, and Ruby, whom in his own mind he of course classified as "*the females*," with a *dégagé* nod to Bob and Tom Carew, he undulated out of the room, and shut-to the door, accompanied by a growl, not loud, but deep, from Tatters, who, without altering the position of his head, as it reclined in a perfect state of canine beatitude on his master's arm, nevertheless jealously followed every movement of Mr. Delpops, with eyes that flashed like two revolving balls of fire, varying alternately from topaz to green.

Carew rose and walked to the window, to watch him, as he expressed it, "weigh anchor," accompanying the cabman's efforts to gather up the reins from his high perch at the back, with "reef the main topsail. Put her about, lay her head to the wind," and similar superfluous orders. No sooner had the Hansom fairly driven off, than he burst into the following soliloquy:—

"Now there's a chap, as I should say, would be afeard ever to venter into the country."

"Why so, Hadmiral? for fear of tilting the birds' nests hout of the trees, he's so tall, eh?" inquired Spriggs.

"No, but for fear of being kicked to death by grasshoppers. I only know if so be as I was a grasshopper, wouldn't I pitch into him."

But just as Carew was "suiting the action to the word," and indulging in these theoretical gymnastics, at Mr. Delpop's expense, Eastcheap became vocal, with the shrill clamours of a street-row, whereupon, Spriggs and

the bridegroom joined Rosinscrape in a reconnoitring party at the window.

"I'm bless'd," cried Carew, making for the door, followed by the other two, "if there aint our black rascal, Tiberius Caesar, at fisty-cuffs, with a great strapping fellow that would make two of him, to say nothing of a burning bush of red whiskers, which the short pipe in his mouth seems to have set on fire. "Back your starboard oar—there, and let's board them," added he, putting Spriggs's hand aside from the lock of the door, and making the foremost rush into the street, where they found the game of *rouge et noir* at its height, as the red-haired Hibernian had inflicted such telling blows upon poor Tiberius Caesar's ebony face, that the latter was streaming with the crimson fluid, while his implacable assailant was accompanying his blows, in a rich vernacular, and the contents of a basket of potatoes he had formerly carried on his head, were now all rolling about the pavement.

"Yer sowl in a bowl, and de bowl, in de Liffey, ye black thafe of a nigger you, I'll tache ye to be putting yer come hither on dacent lily white shaymale women, fit for Solomon in all hish glory, bad cess to ye; but it's the black hole at Calcuttee ye should be afther, if it's coorting you want; for Christian widdies, and walentines, is not for the likes o' you, but for yer betthers."

"Betters be hanged! you one Irish blackguard, Massa Finerty, you try to blacken me in de eyes of Missy O'Toole."

"Oh! listen to the thafe of the world; blacken ye, what would I do ould Nick's work over again, and blacken ye for, you spalpeen? whin he's finished ye off as compl-- as his own kitchen chimbley, and niver spared de sut, (so which is as plinty as sin, in his plache."

"Hallo! Snowball, what's the row?" said Carew, laying his hand on the black Cook's wrist. "I told you you'd be out of the frying-pan into the fire, if you didn't stick to the stewpans, and leave the widows alone,"

"Oh! Massa Carew, such dam rascal! as dat ar Irishman, he hab insult me in a manner not fit for de pigs. I pay my distresses to one widdy lady, Missy O'Toole. She hab two of her piccaninnies stolen six month ago. She say she marry which eber gemlen find de piccanniny for her. I say Tiberius Caesar am de man. But dis child's back no sooner turn, den dat dam Irish rascal, he call me Tibby! to make nobody ob me wi' Missy O'Toole, and say Tibby neber find de piccaninnies, and dat Missy O'Toole should take him, Massa Finerty at once, as he hab carried half de houses in Lunnon on hims back, cause him a bricklayer, and him pull em down again; but him find de piccaninnies, but dat Tibby no find dem, and de debil send cook, and great many more insulting ting, dat no gemlen can put up wid."

"Whisht! now listen to dat! divil a word of truth in it but what's a lie, I'll jist make yez sinsible," put in Mr, Finerty, appealing to the trio who had joined them. "Mishthress O'Toole conshented, more nor three months ago, to become Mishthress Finerty, when dat black fellow comes and puts betune uz, wid no ind of soft sawder and savory dishes, and promishes that if the childer, (a gossoon about siven, and a schlip of a girl about six,) wash above ground, he'd find dem; and den Mishthress O'Toole, wid de wakeness of a woman, and de winding-tackle of a widdy, shifts her hod of promishes to de oder showlder, and sez she'll marry which iver finds the childer. Dinnis Finerty was not de boy to be afther saying black was de white of her eye to dat, so I guve in, whin she stud out, and I guve

Bogie dere, me word of honour that if he found the childer, I'd retire into private life intirely, and not meddle wid widdies, or any oder matters, beyant me capacity."

"Ha! ha! ha! Massa Finerty's word of honour; where hab dat fruit been planted? on what tree does him grow? cause dis child don't care how high he climb for him; but oh! Massa Carew, dem Irish don't call nuffing by same name dat we English do, and vot dey call dere vord ob honour, is vot we niggers call trap; you only just ax him vot he call dose Irish vegetable pills dat roll all about de pavement, and see if he aint name you nebber heard before."

"Well, Mr. Finerty," laughed Carew, to humour his sable friend, addressing his Hibernian rival, who was now reposing on his laurels with tightly-folded arms, while he whiffed vigorously away at the *dudeen*, or short pipe, that graced one corner of his mouth, "what *do* you call those very useful vegetables that are now strewing the pavement?"

"We don't call dem at all; sure we go for dem when we want dem," responded Mr. Finerty, without removing the pipe from his mouth, and quietly looking askance at the potatoes, with a degree of phlegmatic philosophy, that all Germany might have smoked after in vain."

While the bystanders were laughing at Mr. *Dinnis* Finerty's most diplomatically, uncompromising reply, which could not have steered clearer of the information required, had it been concocted on the banks of the Neva, and filtered through Downing Street, Robert Bumpus began to take a strange interest in the missing scions of the O'Toole family, and drawing Finerty aside, req to know Mrs. O'Toole's address, as he thought he m able to give her some clue to her missing *babbies*.

Vhish't now, man alive," said Mr. Finerty, actually rawing his pipe from his mouth, so as to concentrate ɜ energies into his visual organs, in order to make, if ɔle, an analytic synopsis of the speaker's motives.

Vhisht now, man alive, and sure it's not yer come · on de widdy, ye'd be afther putting on sight, *on* ' (unseen.)"

Γonsense, my good fellow, I. was only married this ng; so you may suppose widows are the last things · thoughts."

Iarried dish morning? Och! muscha, but it's yerself a cridet to conjugality, and bearsh up under it like a but sure, as Fader O'Driscoll says, de Lord tempers ind to de shorn lamb." And here, Mr. Finerty ɛd his dudeen at the corner of his mouth, and began ng with a sly twinkle of inimitable humour in his hat (among his class) popular Irish air of

"The night before Larry was stretched,"

, having done, and whiffed forth two perfectly pian clouds, he once more withdrew the pipe from outh, and said—

Γell, now, look at here; if itsh any ting about de r, Patsey and Norah, dat ye can be after bringing to and you won't let on, to dat black thafe o'de worald, ill let *me* tell Judy O'Toole dat I fell in wid a boy ɔult me where I could clap me two good-looking eyes m, I'll mate ye at hur plache dish very night."

can't to-night," said Bob; "but at eight to-morrow ng, if that will do?—and you shall have all the r and glory of the discovery, and so carry off the r with flying colours from Snowball."

"Och! Murder! Say twelve to-morrow, man alive! whin I'll be back to dinner; for I'm obleeged to be out airly in de morning, by raison of soome tops dey ar putting to de chimbleys at Bookingham Palace; for divel a fut them, English would be able to do a hand's turn, wid-out uz."

"I can't possibly do that, for I have to leave London by twelve. Say half-past seven,—will that do?"

"Faix it musht," responded Mr. Finerty, scratching his head. "And ash Prinche Albert is a riglar brick himshelf, and knows what shmoking ish—long life to him!—sure he wont be-groodge the chimbley a shmoke for wancht in a way, any how."

"Especially," laughed Bob, "if he knew that you wanted to smoke the widow."

While this, apart, was going on between Messrs. Finerty and Bumpus, Tom Carew was in vain trying to assuage the stormy surges of the Black Sea; or, in plain English, to calm the conflicting emotions of Mr. Tiberius Cæsar Cuffey.

"You jus look a-here, Massa Carew," cried the latter, pointing with a quivering finger to a gorgeous set of red cornelian shirt-studs,—two of which now fluttered in the breeze, attached to the frail tenure of a torn strip of his snow-white calico shirt, "I buy dis fine fashionable stud, tc pay my distresses to Missy O'Toole; and that dam brickbat dere, he tear em all to pieces out ob spite, because Missy O'Toole is a woman ob tase, and prefer gemlen like me, wid dark hair, to him dam kitchen-fire whisker."

"Ha! ha! ha! Well, all's fair in love and war, you know, Cuffey; and you must allow the kitchen fi smoke away, and look black, when the cook has put so confoundedly. So never mind your studding-s

his flying-jib, but take my advice and hawl up your gaff-topsail," added he, picking up the negro's straw-hat, and replacing it on his woolly head. "If you *will* be such a handsome fellow, and always filibustering after other men's crafts you must expect them to show their letters of mark."

"Dam! letter of mark, dis," retorted the disconsolate Cuffey, holding out the fragment of his dilapidated garment, gemmed with the trophies of its former splendour.

"Hold on there, Lily-white! you should have marlined your ropes-ends better, than to let yon hulk of a Red Rover there, unravel your designs upon the widow, but as he has, why dress her in colours, Cuffey; that is, deck her with ribbons, and ply her with ramboose,* and she'll soon strike her flag, to the Tiberius Caesar, or call me a Dutchman."

"Oh! Massa Carew, you am de hero to put heart into de poor lubber, but lub is a terrible ting! him like de Scotch fiddle, nobody ax him to come, and de more you scratch, and scrape, to get rid of him, de more he won't go."

"Ha! ha! ha!" re-roared Carew, at the same time, "setting on a few barren spectators." "Don't say that Cuffey," said Carew, "or folks will fancy that your courtship is no go."

"No, no, Massa Carew, him go well enuff, if it was not for dat dam brick-bat, dat come and build upon him."

"Where do you hang out, now, Cuffey?"

"I got very genteel partments close by, in Lub Lane, Eastcheap."

* A strange compound of rum, sherry, brandy, ale, eggs, milk, and sugar, more odd than agreeable, and more inebriating than either.

"Love Lane! well, come; that's not the long lane that has no turning, however; for I should say, there was no lane as had so many!"

"You forget Petticoat Lane, Massa Carew."

"Six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other, Cuffey. But is the Judy O'Toole laid up in dock there, too?"

"Fie! Massa Carew; what you tinking ob? it's all very well larking wid de gals, but when Tiberius Caesar cruise after Mrs. Cuffey, it must be respecable, and genteel. I assure you, she live more den mile-and-a-half from Lub Lane, and when I return home dis afternoon, from taking Missy O'Toole a goose pie, which I did not wait to be tank for, but just leave instead of nosegay, which all very well to look at, but ain't no good to eat; dat fernal Irishman, he follow me, set on me, and make me into mince-meat like you see. Oh! but Cuffey make Irish stew ob him before he hab done wid him!"

"While accompanying this threat by pantomimically shaking his clenched hand at the Hibernian Lothario, amid the renewed laughter of the mob. Bob, for the third time of asking, inquired Mrs. O'Toole's address.

"Well, now, look at here, till I thry and make you sensible; do you know where Greysh Inn Lane is?"

"Yes."

"Well, itsh not dere, by raison of Greysh Inn Lane being to the fore, and Judy's plache to the back; but onecht yer in Greysh Inn Lane, the babby thatsh unborn might find their way, for *yuve* only to *folley* yer nose, as if yer wife wash lading ye by it, and niver draw breath till ye coome to two coorts, de wan, forenint the oder, well do you see me, now? it's not de wan on dish sid" added Mr. Finerty holding out his left hand, "but coort at de lift hand side."

"Why, man, but that *is* the left hand side you are pointing to."

"Whisht! aisy, now, don't be confushing me; what head do you tink cud stand it? Sure you'd put out Cocker himself, at the rule of thray; where wash I? tear an agers! but it would pushezzle de Danes. Och! I ricollict, well, not de coort here, on your right-hand, but de wan on your lift."

"Why, man alive, I tell you that *is* your left hand."

"Me lift hand? Lishten to dat now; dish ish me right hand, sure; eh? no faix, I blave yer right. No, dish *ish* me lift hand; boderation to 'em for hands, but I blave they've been changing *arums;* me right hand, me lift; divil a know, I know which is which; be jabbers yer right! dish *ish* me lift hand, after all!"

"Well, never mind; can't you tell me the name of the court I'm to go to?" suggested Bob in despair.

"Well, dat bangs Banahor for cuteness! I'd have bane a moonth of Soondays before dat short cut wud have coome into me head; an a mighty purty name it ish too, for any boy dat had his wits about him—Fox Coort ish de name of it. Well, as shoon as you do be in it, make schtraight for number siven; no nade to tell you which shide itsh on, for sure, which ever shide you find it, will be de right shide. Itsh de top windeys of all, yer to luck for; an illigant pratee plant run to sade in a flower-pot, wid a beautiful goolden flower to it, that bates laburnems and crocuses hollow, for any one that has a fancy for flowers, and a taste for gardening. And beahide dish, dere's a cord streatched acrossh de windey, and (more's de pity) skewered up a horse-back on it, wid wooden pegsh, ish a pair of little corduroy troushers, of poor Patsey's, and a rag of a flannel pitticoat of Norah's;

and the divil in Connaught wudn't git Judy to take dem down, but dere she sits, lucking at dem as if ivery wind dat blow'd wud blow de childer back into dem, for deresh no hookaback dat iver wash made, can sthand de wear and tear of time, like loove in a mudder's heart. 'Judy mavourneen,' ses I to her times and often, 'but itsh de standard of rebillion you're unfurling agin de decrays of Providence, wid dim rags for iver forenint you?'"

"Indade, thin Mishter Finerty, (and its Botenay Bay she's sinding me to, whin itsh *Mishter Finerty* she does be calling me, and divil a Dinnis, for love or money, whin de wind sets dat way.)

"Indade, din, Mishter Finerty, I wish ye'd mind yer own business, and lave me to mind mine; itsh plain, dat barring a broken head, or an empty bottle, you've never had a rale grafe to contind wid."

"Weirasthrew! listen to dat now, Mishthress O'Toole, maam; and *you*, putting de heart of me on a tridmill of offsh, and onsh, for de lasht sixsh moonths; but suppose I *had* what you call a rale grafe itshelf, do you tink, woman alive, dat I'd make a stall-fed ox of a grafe of it, by fading it wid de clover of incooragemint, as you do, from morning to night?"

"Well, that's very good advice, and such as we generally give to *other* people, for it's only civil to give the best to our friends," laughed Bob, "but be quick and tell me, my man, how I am to see Mrs. O'Toole!"

"How yer to shee her? why, wid de eyes in yer head, ave coorse, barring ye were a paycock, and wore dem in an opposite direction."

"Nonsense! I have no time to fool with you any longer; if you wish me to put her in the way of recover-

ing her children, and providing for them too, as I think I can do, tell me at once when, and where, she will see me?"

"Well I've toult ye de coort and de windey; and whin ye git dere, ye've only to clap your two hands, wan at ache side of your mout, so as to make a sort of spaking troompet, and looking oop at de windey, scrache out at de top of yer voice, Mishthress O'Toole ma'am, are ye below?"

"Below!"

"I mane aboove, sure itsh all de shame ting, wid de differ of de schpashe dat ish betwane de two; well, afther ye've scrached out her name, jist say, 'becase itsh a jantleman from Dinnis Finerty, that has the rale good news for you if yer in it?'"

"But when will you see Mrs. O'Toole, to tell her that she may expect me?"

"Whin will I say her is it? Och! immajetly, if not sooner."

"The first will do," smiled Bob; "so now make haste and pick up your potatoes, and not a word to any one about what I've told you."

"Niver fare, Fader O'Driscoll himself wudn't get it out o'me, wid purgatory on de wan shide, and a man thrap as big as Maynooth on de oder," responded Mr. Finerty, winking his right eye, and patting the side of his nose with the forefinger of his right hand.

"If you'll take my advice," said Robert Bumpus, "you'll ask the negro's pardon, and part friends."

"Eh! din what wud I be afther axing pardon o' de loikes of him for?"

"Why, to throw dust in his eyes, and keep him away from Fox Court till after half-past seven to-morrow morning, to be sure."

"Oh! be dad, if it's doost ye want, deres not a mudder's son of dem in de city of Loonun dish day, including de Rothschilds, and deir big broder de Bank of England, can coome down wid de dust like Dinnis Finerty; sure isn't it me thrade man, and boy, dese tirty yare. Och! murder! only jist wait till I've killicted de pratees, and am all ready for a scthart, and you'll say de illigant spache I'll make him."

So saying, he hastily gathered up, and threw the scattered potatoes into the basket, and then withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, and flinging out first one leg, and then the other, like a raw recruit, endeavouring to master the first mysteries of marching, he with two solemn strides, crossed the gutter that was flowing rapidly Thames-ward, and stood flinging back his head, and very broad shoulders, so as to look a model of mock dignity, and real ragamuffinism, within two paces of the exasperated Cuffey, who instantaneously backed four, as if he had been suddenly embraced by a boa constrictor.

"Ahem! Mishter Tibarius Caesar Cooffey, sur, I'm not de boy to bear malice, nor to be aboove owning I'm in de wrong, and derefore I humbly ax yer pardon for de damage I did in de hate of loove, and madness, jist now, to yer fine chamalion stoods, which are de hoight o' gintility, and to yer linen Mishter Coffeey, sur, (do I blave itsh only calico) and do I do be a little hasety dat way, itsh over in a moment do you see; sho if I vash to break ivry bone in your schkin, I'd tink no more of it de next minute."

"Oh! de fernal coundrel! I'm sure him wouldn't, Massa Carew," said the dilapidated cook of the Hans Van Kelp, grinding his teeth, and rolling his eyes fearfully, while by way of accompaniment, he shook his clenched fist at his rival, who affecting not even to perceive this hostile pan-

tomime, made an artistic pause in his oration, and then dropping his voice to a tone of mingled pathos and diffidence, he added, taking his five inches of pipe in both hands, so that unlike my uncle Toby, having no widow at hand for the moment, one of his own somewhat more clumsy fingers served as a tobacco stopper.

"And indeed Mishter Cooffey sur, ash after dat, I'm sure you'd de do shame, I'd be afther axing you a bit of a favour, which ish, dat ash I'm obleeged to be down at Graveshind all to-morrow, you'd act honourable by me, and kape away from de widdy till I do be back?"

"Honour! honourable! vot you know about honour? Stuff, nonsense!—moonshine in mourning."

"Moonshine in mourning! Och! but dat's de illigant sight! wort going any distance to see, by raison of dere being noting to be sane."

"Ah! dam rascal! you ready to swear now you seen moonshine in mourning, listen to dat! good people! dat show you what big liar, dat Finerty am."

"Well, now, whin dere do be an eclipshe of de moon, sure doeshn't dat take de shine out of her,—and ishn't de moon bames in mourning den?"

"Go on! go on! you shall not always insult Cuffey wid *immunity!*" foamed Tiberius Caesar.

"Inshult you! Och! but they may well call ingratitude de black sin! whin I was paying you the illigantest compliment in my own mind. Nayther more, nor less, than that you banged de moon; for sure ishn't niggerish de eclipshe of de human rashe?"

The roar with which the mob repaid this speech, so exasperated Cuffey, that nothing but Spriggs, and Carew, keeping him back by main force, prevented his springing on him, and eclipsing at least *one* of Mr. Finerty's eyes;

but the latter perceiving he was for that time at least safe from any such retaliation, continued with the most imperturbable *sang-froid*,

"Why thin, indade, Mishter Tibarius Caesar Cooffey, sur, dey've got a mighty purty fashion among de quality now, of guving what dey calls tistimonials,—if de parish badle ish active and sphritely, in kaping off de childer from playing on de tomb-stones, he'll git a tistimonial of a sthick, or a sthool for a tebackey box, or a moushe-thrap bated wid Bishops' aprons to catch de church mice in. Or, if itsh a boy dat hash taken de plidge, and become a timperenche,—den dey guve him a tistimonial of a wathering pot, or a poomp-handle, or some thrifle dat shows respict in dat way. So I'm thinking Mishter Cooffey, sur (do a soon-shade,* wud be more use, on account of your complixion) dat if you dont like de little complimint I paid you about de eclipshe, and you will acchept dish schlip of a dudeen as a *tistimonial* from me, you can put the eclipshe in it, sure, and schmoke it!"

Amid the roars of the mob, and the impotent rage of his culinary rival, whom Spriggs, and Carew, were still by main force constraining to keep the peace, Mr. Finerty stuck his rejected pipe in the corner of his hat, hoisted the basket of potatoes on his head, and coolly walked through the crowd, who made way for him, as he sang out—"Ould Blackberries! who'll buy me ould blackberries?—a halfpenny a cart-load, ould blackberries!"

While the mob were still laughing, and following Mr. Finerty with all the honours of the *pavé*, and, of course, to complete the ovation, insulting his rival with a parting jibe of—"I say, Uncle *Taum*, taters is riz, and niggers is fell; and there ain't no widders to be ad in the market."

* Sun-shade, anglicé, parasol.

Tom Carew, promising to return immediately to the Boar's Head, offered his services to escort Tiberius Caesar, to his "veby genteel partments close by, in Lub Lane," and with great difficulty persuaded him to accept his arm and advice; the latter consisting of a philosophical injunction, to eschew that highly-exciting essence of Grundy, called public opinion!"

"For," continued he, "you hadn't ought to mind a rope's end, Cuffey, what such a set of blackguards say to you. As a man—why Lohr bless you—you ought to be able to kick the whole lot on 'em into the middle of next week; and as a cook—why, dang it! my hearty—you ought to be too used to the pot, and the kettle, to mind 'em."

And with similar never-mind panaceas on the one hand, and appeals to the imperial pride of Cuffey's names and nature, on the other, he at length succeeded in leading him quietly away from the field of battle, while Spriggs and Robert Bumpus re-entered the tavern, and gave Mary and Mrs. Ray, a full account of the cause of the fray, of which they had only been eye-witnesses; and, as Bob was a capital mimic, they were not a little amused at the narration. The pith of the matter, however, he kept to himself; for he was rejoicing in his own soul, that he had discovered the rightful owner of poor "Orlando and Angelina," and so in rescuing them from the clutches of "Blinking Sal," should not be compelled to take her *rôle* of kidnapper, but would in all probability, be able to mount them honestly in the hippodromic career (upon which he had set his heart,) with their mother's full consent; and he made no doubt of Mr. Finerty's, as in no sphere of life does a gentleman feel particularly defrauded, or maltreated, if in marrying a widow;—any, philanthropist on division-of-labour principles, relieves him of her children.

When Carew rejoined them at tea, instead of adding to their mirth at the poor negro's expense, he seemed a shade more thoughtful.

"Hallo! old fellow; I hope you havn't been and caught the blacks from Tiberius Caesar?" said Bob, slapping him on the shoulder.

"No—it aint that," replied the latter, stirring his tea with great earnestness, and holding the spoon as perpendicularly as if he had been dropping a plummet five hundred fathoms deep. "It aint that—but I think it's a shame to laugh at poor Cuffey, for he spun me another yarn after I got him under hatches—and it seems, as he's really fond of the woman; and I tell you what, Robert Bumpus, I have 'travelled the wide world over,' as you know, and I've always found—no matter in what latitude, or at how many, or how few, knots an hour they were going—that Nater always hoists the same flag in every heart; no odds whether it's a king's, or a nigger's; and that's a flag, as I for one, will never see insulted."

"Course not—it's not in natur as you should; so here's three cheers for the old gal!" said Spriggs, with a circular wink round the table, which, Carew perceiving, said—

"And in return, suppose as I gives three cheers more, for a young gal, if I may be so bold as to ask how my pretty cousin Patty gets on, among the dismals down at Morrington Manor?"

"Oh, ah!—yes," rejoined Spriggs, with a forced laugh, shying at the question; "but you see, Hadmiral, the stables is my department—so I don't know nothink about the *unstable* department—the petticoats; but if it's all the same to you, and the rest of the company," added he, springing to his feet, and pushing back his chair, "I vote *that* we concludes 'the festive scene' and the 'alls of daz-

zling light,' and hall that sort of thing, with a game of Blind Man's Buff? for this is unkimmin slow, and I should like to put this little ruby filly here, through all her paces."

"Ay, ay," laughed Carew, also rising, and clearing away the tables and chairs. "I believe it *is* all the same game sure enough, for it all depends on whose caught, and whose blinded, but fair play's a jewel! So let's draw lots who shall be blinded now," and to the infinite delight of Spriggs, the lot fell to the share of Martha Ray, who like a tidy body as she was, tucked the skirt of her Padusay silk through her pocket-hole, as a preliminary measure, while Spriggs adjusted the handkerchief, or as he called it, the blinkers, and then spun the little woman round like a teetotum, with the usual order to catch who she could? Every one of course getting out of her way, over chairs and tables, and Carew actually clambering up to the high chimney-piece, and comparing himself to

"The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,"

with sundry *jeux d'esprit* from Spriggs, at Martha's deplorable failures in attempting to catch a substitute; but the great event of the evening was a misfortune which befell Fowkes, the waiter, while he was distinguishing himself in what Carew designated the "England expects every man to do his duty line," that is, when having at eleven o'clock brought in, according to previous orders, a tray of hot negus and strong punch, which he had deposited on the side-board, he was zigzagging his way out of the room, with all the dexterity of an adder, and all the evaporative volatility of a waiter, while roused to additional exertion, by having a solid body actually within her reach at last, Mrs. Ray

stretched out her hand, and this time, clutched not empty air! but a large handful of Mr. Fowkes's Hyperian locks, which, alas, being like many other conquerors in time of peace, *unattached*, remained in her hands! from the fact of his losing his head, as well as his wig, and ducking down, so as to effect his escape *viâ* the underneath portico of a table. At this, the mirth of the *clairvoyants* became uproarious, more especially, when Martha, squeezing her capillary trophy, with an unnecessary degree of tightness, as it had no intention of emancipating itself from her grasp, exclaimed—

"Ah! so I've caught one on ee, at last!"

"No, you have only caught *it*," said Spriggs, holding his sides.

"What do you mean by it? I tell ee its Tom Carew, I knows by the thickness of the hair."

"How are you sure it's not me, Spriggs?"

"Oh! cause I couldn't tell *you*, by the thickness of your hair."

"No, I suppose it's by the thickness of the head, as you'd know him," laughed Carew.

"Drat you! do ee make haste, and untie this here handkitcher, for I'm well nigh stifled?"

"I'll untie it, Mrs. Ray," said Mary, advancing for that purpose.

"Thankee, my dear, why whathever! in the name of wonder! have I got here?" said she, as soon as she recovered her sight; and it rested upon Fowkes, "abstract and brief chronicle" of the Black Forest, which seemed to have the same effect upon her, as if it had been the head of a Medusa.

"Well, I never! did you ever?"

And while she was still wondering, and looking in vain

for the eclipsed owner of the Art-treasure. Spriggs s ized a glass of punch and holding it in abeyance, said—

"Ladies and gentlemen,—Aving had the honour, arter dinner to-day, to purpose the ealth of the igh contracting parties, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bumpus, I now beg leave to purpose another toast, vich hif not so hinte*res*ting, his praps done more brown, Hi hallude to the *low retreating party.* Ladies hand gemlen, I give you Mr. Jeremiah Fowkes and his vig, and like the appy pair whose nup-shalls, we are met this day to celebrate—when hever they parts, may it be honly, to meet agin. Jerry—you dog—there's the *hare*—now sheer; and hadd the currant jelly," continued he, wresting the wig from Martha Ray, and flinging it to its owner, who still lay *perdu* under the table, but who had no sooner regained his lost hair! than he effected a precipitate retreat on all fours, amid roars of laughter, which had scarcely subsided, when Spriggs hearing a clock strike, looked at his watch, and said—

"Bless me! half-past eleven! and you know at twelve ve're shut hout of that confounded Tower, by the harticles of var; but I must say, Rosinscrape, has you've behaved particklar shabby, not to have given us heven von song; come, tip us a stave afore I go?—there's a trump."

"Do, Tom," said the host, "and then we'll all go together."

"Well, you see I aint got nothing new."

"If it's true, it can't be new," said Bob.

"Music!" authoritatively roared Spriggs, as he was in the habit of doing at the theatre, when he honoured the one-shilling-gallery with his presence.

"Well, mind as you all jines in the chorus," said Carew.

"This life is like a troubled sea,
Where, helm a-weather or a-lea,
The ship will neither stay nor wear,
But drives—of every rock in fear.

"All seamanship in vain we try—
We cannot keep her steadily;
But just as fortune's wind should blow,
The vessel pitches to, and fro.

"Yet come but Love on board,
Our hearts by him well stored,
No storm can overwhelm,
Still blows in vain
The hurricane,

While he is at the helm—
While he is at the helm!"

They all joined in the chorus.

The bridegroom, if less loudly, more fervently than any of them, as he pressed Mary's hand; and even Tatters lifted up his voice in assent, intoning the canine "Brindisi," with which he had for the last month, during his "elevation to the Peerage," been in the habit of accompanying "Those Evening Bells," the dinner-bells at Clanhaven House; and, indeed, considering that his master had on that day discovered the "*segreto per esser felice*," it was the least he could do.

When the preparations for departure were finally completed, the landlord, and landlady, appeared, curtseying, in the passage, and hoping they were satisfied with their entertainment; while Fowkes, owing more to his recent misfortunes, than to any natural, or acquired diffidence, (for

which, indeed, a London tavern is *not* the most congenial soil), "fell back to the left," as Gil Blas has it, but not so much out of sight, as to be out of mind, for Mrs. Ray, stepping up to him very "genteelly," (as he afterwards reported to Sally Slocome, the slim scullion of the Boar's Head, to whom he was in the habit of uncorking his feelings) presented him, from her own privy purse, with a separate, and gratuitous shilling, saying at the same time—

"I humbly ax your pardon, Jeremiah Fowkes, for making so free with your head just now; but blind folks, and deaf folks, is pretty well always making mistakes, as you may know by old Dorothy Windsor, your aunt Fowkes's next-door neighbour, down at Field-Fleury, who is deafer nor twenty postesses."

"Oh, pray don't never mention it, Mrs. Ray, maam," said Fowkes, pocketing the shilling, as he would have done a whole cloud of affronts, had they existed, and "turned their silver lining" on him in the same manner.

"Pooh, pooh," put in Spriggs, energetically brushing his hat with his elbow; "as one of Madam Mornington's 'lambs,' though, he looks pretty sheepish now; he vos brought hup pious and patient, so he must consider ow much better hoff he is than Habsolem, for ad that hindiwidual, honly ad the good fortin to patronize wigs, he'd niver ave come to sich a huntimely hend. But I must be hoff, or I shall be locked out, that's certain—so good-night, ladies and gemlen in ginral, and Mr. hand Mrs. Robert Bumpus in particlar; for, Bob, my boy, when once a man's married, or hanged, you know his friends can't do no more for him."

"Good night! Heaven bless you both, and fair weather for the whole voyage," said Carew, shaking both bride

and bridegroom cordially by the hand, "I had better go on with Spriggs, for the boat is waiting for me at the Tower Stairs."

"Come, Ruby, let us run on, child, and get the door open, for you looks ready to die with sleep."

Thus left, the new married pair followed slowly. The night was dark, but the stars were bright ; the street was narrow, but the world was wide ; and yet, all that *one* of they twain cared to possess in it, then walked beside him, and bounded before him. Could all the Cæsars ever have said as much ? And the other?—Oh ! she was a woman, ———— they may not choose, ———— but bear.

END OF VOL. I.

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